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The modern pariah :a story of the South



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THE MODERN PARIAH

A STORY OF THE SOUTH.

BY

FRANCIS FONTAINE

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ETOWAH, A ROMANCE OF THE CONFEDERACY, ETC., ETC.

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PREFACE.

Observe the following statements, made by the slave-holder and author of the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson, the Father of the Democratic party in the United States; and of the great emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, the Father of the Republican party in the United States :

All men were created, and of right ought to be, free and equal.—Thomas Jefferson, in Deelaration of Independence, 1776.

Nothing is more certainly written in the Book of Fate, than that these people are to be free; nor is it less eertain that the two raees, equally free, can not live contented in the same Government.—Thomas Jefferson in 1782.

I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social or political equality of the white and black races. I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of making jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with the white people. And I will say in addition to this: there is a physical differencee between the white and blaek races which, I believe, will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality.—Abraham Lincoln (in his famous joint debate with Stephen A. Douglas, before he beeame President of the United States.)

If I could save the Union by freeing every slave, I would do it; if I could save the Union by refusing to free a single slave, I would do that.—Abraham Lineoln, President of the United States.

Note also the following from the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States:

It is difficult to realize the state of public opinion in relation to that unfortunate race which prevailed in the civilized and enlightened portions of the world at the time of the Declaration of Independence, and when the Constitution of the United States was formed and adopted. But the publie history of every European nation displays it in a manner too plain to be mistaken. They had for more than a century before been regarded as beings of an inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or politieal relations; and that the negro might justly and lawfully be reudeed to slavery for his benefit. He was bought and sold, and treated as an ordinary article of merchandise and traffic when-

ever a profit could be made out of it.—Chief Justice Taney, of the United States Supreme Court, in the Dred Scott decision in 1856.

In this connection, I will quote the words of a prominent ecclesiastic, a writer and a Bishop, who appropriately says in this enlightened year of 1892:

The ethnological distinction between the races is God's own work, and the best people of both races have no desire to obliterate the distinction. The amalgamation of the races would demoralize both, and lead to the extirpation of the weaker.

There is practically no difference between the Northern and Southern people in regard to the color line. It is drawn as unmistakably in one section as it is in the other. The people of the North declaim against caste and racial distinctions, but they draw the line just as closely as we do in the South.

They will listen, it is true, to a black orator on the platform and applaud him to the echo, but they do not invite him to their parties, however charming he may be in conversation, nor do they ask him to their homes, however congenial he may be socially. They never think of intermarriage with him, and there is not a white congregation in the North that is served by a colored preacher.

They have done a great deal for the negro, for which they deserve credit, but their talk about the obliteration of caste is flatly contradicted by their practice.

Time, the great solver of all problems, has adjusted the status of the negro in the United States more favorably than either President Jefferson or President Lincoln anticipated. Realizing that the wisest statesmanship and the broadest philanthropy go hand in hand in this Republic, the superior race has done all in its power, since the negro became "lord of himself, that heritage of woe," to aid the inferior race in advancing to the full stature of citizenship.

While common humanity revolts at the efforts of irresponsible leaders to induce poor and ignorant negroes to leave comfortable homes in America to go to the savage wilds of Africa, when such emigration becomes voluntary, whether to Mexico, South America, or Africa, and is led by competent leaders, no valid objection can be made to it. With a half million white immigrants to this country annually, and not one negro, the race problem will solve itself; and the most unfortunate of all of God's creatures, perhaps, are the daughters of octoroon mothers like the character which constitutes the argument of this story.

THE MODERN PARIAH

A NOVEL.

I.

In one of the few dwellings left standing after the siege and capture of Atlanta in 1864, a gentleman, who was just beginning to recover from a severe illness of typhoid fever, was reclining on a lounge. By his side sat his wife, who had arrived a few days previously from their home in Connecticut in order that she might nurse her invalid husband, Colonel John Adams, of the —th Connecticut Regiment. She was gently stroking his hair and trying to entertain him, but he seemed preoccupied with some anxiety which he had not expressed. "What is troubling you, my dear?" she asked him, kissing his forehead as she spoke.

"I feel anxious about the condition of the best nurse I ever saw—to whom, I think, I owe my convalescence, if not my life."

"Who is she? I would like to meet her."

"She is a rarely beautiful and gentle young woman—a volunteer nurse in the hospital where I was sick, of whose antecedents none of us knew anything. She has evidently had the best social connections."

"It is strange that such a person should be a nurse in a Federal hospital, if she is Southern-born."

"No, it is not; because many Confederate officers were too grievously wounded to be carried further, and many of them are in our hospital now. She may have sought among them some relative, and thus became a nurse."

"Where is she now? I would like to thank her for her kindness to you."

Taking a worn card from his pocket he handed it to her, saying: "That is her address; she gave it to me before leaving a month ago that I might send for her if I had a relapse. I have heard that she is ill also."

"I will go to see her this afternoon," said his wife.

The desolate city was a heap of ruins, and it was late before she found the humble house where the sick woman lived. It was a servant's house, the residence of the owner having been burned, as were nearly all the residences in the city, when it was captured. Underneath it a "bomb-proof" cellar had been dug during the siege, when bombshells were thrown in every portion of the city. She entered, after knocking repeatedly and receiving no response, and found the sick woman alone on her bed and very ill, indeed.

"Can I do anything to relieve your suffering?"

"No, ma'am; I thank you, but death will soon end it."

"You must not talk thus—must not think that you are going to die. We will take care of you."

The sick woman's hours on earth were indeed numbered. With that strength given to mortals a few hours before dissolution, when all physical pain has ceased and the mind passes in review the life that is flickering away, like a candle burned low in the socket, the sick woman fixed her gaze upon the lady and spoke with a mind as clear as if sickness had not wasted away a once beautiful form and lovely face; for the octoroon maidens in the South are frequently remarkable for physical beauty, and this dying girl was noted for her lovely form and perfect features.

Who was she?

Simply a slave girl, whose parents were—the mother a quadroon woman, raised in the family of her master as a "house-servant;" the father—*l'inconnu*—no one knew.

"My dear girl, let me aid you in some way, you saved my husband's life." The dying woman evidently appreciated what was said, and the lady continued: "He is still too feeble to come to see you, but he has told me of his struggle with disease in the terrible typhoid fever, and he has commissioned me to say that anything he or I can do for you will be cheerfully done. We consider it

a sacred duty to do all that we can to alleviate your sufferings." The dying woman extended her feeble hand—her voice had grown weaker, and she was conscious of the near approach of death. "Bend down so that you may hear me," she said; "my voice is failing, and I feel that my time is short."

The lady took her hand, and with her own she gently caressed her head until she perceived that already death had dampened her brow. With a startled look, which she could not repress, she bent low to the ear of the dying woman, who said, in gasps: "I leave her to you—my little baby—take care of her; she has no other friend except poor old Aunt Charity." Then rising up in bed with an almost superhuman effort, she pointed to a cradle in the corner of the room.

"She is there—she was born ten days ago, and even the hospital nurses are not aware of her existence."

The lady moved as if to approach it. "Stay!" said the sick woman; "a moment more, while I have the strength to speak. Aunt Charity is an old colored woman whom I call 'Mammy.' She alone was with me at its birth, and she alone knows that I am its mother, except the doctor, who has pledged himself to keep my secret. She will be here to-day to take care of my child."

"Why should you do that? Why should you not acknowledge it to the world?" asked the lady. "Let the child at least know its father."

"I have not the time; and you could not understand if I explained," she said. "I do not wish it to be reared as the child of a colored person. S'death! ah! the sting of death! This—is—death! Its father—God bless and preserve him! is a white man—and a noble one—and I wish the child to be raised as a white child—it is white. Will you take care of it? Oh! promise me this, and I will die happy. Bring—my—child!" She fell back, an appealing look upon her eyes, even in death, for in a moment she was dead. Scarcely had the lady recovered from the shock caused by this unexpected revelation, and the sudden termination of the interview, when the cries of the infant summoned her to its side. It was a strong, healthy, blue-eyed babe, with straight hair and not a vestige of negro blood in its appearance. If it had been

placed among a thousand infants, it would probably have never been selected, if it had been stated that the offspring of an octoroon slave was among the number.

As she gently lifted it in her arms and placed it beside its mother, whom she supposed was a white woman before this interview enlightened her, she noticed that the linen in which it was clothed was of the finest texture and evinced the care and handiwork of an accomplished laundress and seamstress. Alas! the hand which had been wont to caress, the heart which had longed to love the helpless babe, was stilled forever. The lady would have removed the infant, which was now crying lustily, but for the accents which greeted her from the doorway of the humble cabin: "Hush up, chile, I'se a-comin'; mammy's a-comin'!" An old negress with large form, and features which smiled with good nature, entered the room, her head turbaned with a yellow handkerchief after the fashion in vogue on the plantations. "I'se a-comin', honey; mammy's a-comin'; hush up, chile!"

She ceased suddenly, as the unexpected vision of a lady standing by the bedside, bending over mother and babe, greeted her eyes. As the lady looked around to see who the visitor might be, the old negress courtsied respectfully, and said: "Howdy, Missie, glad to see you, ma'am; how is Mandy now?"

"Are you this woman's nurse?" she asked.

"I'se her baby's nuss, ma'am, an' I'll nuss Mandy ont-well she is well. Poor, dear chile! How is you dis mornin', Mandy?"

The child was crying still, and the old woman advanced to the bed to take her from its mother's arms, when, as she saw that death was there, she fell back as if stricken herself, and gazed in speechless sorrow.

"Take the child!" said the lady, finally.

The command brought her to her senses, and she mechanically obeyed, the tears streaming down her face meanwhile, as she walked the baby up and down the room until it was quieted, when she placed it in the cradle again. Then she gave way to her grief with the loud demonstrations peculiar to her race, and seemed to the lady to be almost demented. The position of the latter was embarrassing, and she sought to calm the old

woman, who became more incoherent in her ravings in proportion to the efforts of the lady to quiet her. Finally she said to her: "Is this dead woman your child?"

"Who, me, ma'am? Is Mandy *my chile*?"

"Yes, *you*; are you this woman's mother?"

"Who! Mandy's? Me, Mandy's mother? W'y, don't you see she's a-most white, and I am black, ma'am?"

"Yes, I see that plainly, but I am not familiar enough with the distinctions of color to know what is usual in such cases."

"Well, ma'am, I ain't Mandy's mother; nur her father nuther! She ain't had nair one, father nur mother, all her born days, Mandy ain't, bless de pore chile!"

"What do you mean, woman? Don't trifle now, at this sacred hour; in the presence of death."

"Oh! Lordy! Mandy! Mandy! Wake up to life, Mandy; who gwine to tak keer uv your chile?" Then she caressed the dead woman as if she was her own child.

"Surely such affection cannot be feigned," thought the lady as she witnessed the scene.

II.

The dead woman had been buried two days, and the old negress was now in the apartments occupied by the strange lady and her invalid husband, in a large old house which had been abandoned by its owners during the siege.

Colonel Adams had gone for a drive in the sunshine, and the visit of the old negress was by appointment at an hour when he would not be present, so that he could not be excited or disturbed by the recitals concerning the gentle nurse to whom he owed his own recovery to health, and who had been thus suddenly taken away from life just as she was entering womanhood. The babe had been placed upon the lady's bed by her instructions, and she kissed its sleeping face, saying:

"What a beautiful child it is!"

"Deed it is, ma'am; jist lak its mother when she was a baby."

The lady took a chair near the fire and motioned to the old woman to do likewise. The latter remained standing.

"'Seuse me, miss, but I ain't used to settin' down wid ladies."

"Sit down, my friend. I am not accustomed to have an old woman standing up to tell me a long story; sit down; I insist upon it."

Thus commanded the old negress obeyed.

"Now tell me, first, your name," said the lady.

"I am Aunt Charity. Marster's oldest chile warnt no bigger 'n dat baby dar when I took charge uv him; and I nussed him and all his chillun. *He* calls me 'Aunt Charity,' and so did all deir chillun, but dare ain't but one-on 'em left now. Yes, ma'am; my name's *Aunt Charity*; all de folks at home knows me by dat name, an' *dat's my name*."

The lady smiled. "Here is an original," she thought. But in truth this old woman was but a type of a very numerous class.

"Well, Charity, what is your other name? Charity, I suppose, is your Christian name."

"To-be-shore it is, for ain't I a Christian? But I ain't got no other name, ma'am, 'ceptin 'tis *Aunt Charity*. Beggin' your pardon, ma'am, but you is de fust pusson what has called me 'Charity' for twenty year an' more, ma'am; 'ceptin-'tis ole marster, ma'am."

The lady's quick intelligence grasped the idea, and she at once replied:

"It is I who must ask your pardon. I did not mean to offend you, and, if you wish it, I will call you 'Aunt Charity,' too."

"Thank you, ma'am; now I feels more home-like, and kin talk better. I know you've got a kind heart, or you would not have come to see Mandy—pore, dear crittur! —and yit, ontwell you calls me 'Aunt Charity' I can't feel like you was anything but a furrin stranger."

"Well, Aunt Charity, proceed with your story."

The old negress smiled as she again addressed her thus, and said: "Mandy didn't know it, and I'm mighty proud she didn't, but dis baby's father, Marse Henry, died a week afore Mandy did. He was shot by dem Yankees."

"What!" said the lady; "is the child's father dead?"

"Yes, ma'am; an' I nussed him ontwell he died, an' he made me promise dat I wouldn't tell Mandy how porely he was, 'cause he was afeared she would come to nuss him; and he knowed she warn't in no fix to nuss nobody jist at dat time."

The lady's interest was doubly enlisted now. Surely here was a sentiment that honored humanity, and was rendered all the more marked by the circumstances attending it. Public opinion, as well as common sense, would not countenance a marriage between an octoroon girl and a gentleman anywhere in the United States; in the slave States it would be the most cruel act which he could have committed. Yet the spirit of caste was in her own veins, and she was, in a measure, isolated by reason of her white skin from her fellow slaves. Never in her life had she been treated as a slave, and yet she had never been the equal of her playmates, the children of her master, not one of whom was as pretty as this dependent orphan.

"Yes, ma'am," continued the old negress; "dat's de way hit happened. Marse Henry, he tuck and went along wid Ginaler Hood's army, after de Yankees had tuck dis town and burnt it all up, or down, ma'am, drot 'em! an' lo! an' behole, week afore last, my boy, who was Marse Henry's body-servant, knocked at my door, he did, one night about midnight. 'Who dat?' I up and say, an' soon as my Bob heerd my voice, he knowed it, God bless de chile! an' he bust de door down and run in and say, 'Howdy, mammy; how's all? Hit's me.' Oh, Lordy! how glad I was to see dat boy; and den he tole me dat Marse Henry had been shot all to pieces at de battle uv Franklin away yander in Tennessee, and was a-lyin' now in a cabin on a plantation near dis town; and den he cried an' cried, and I jined him, and we bofe on us cried; fur I loved Marse Henry next to my own chillun. Den Bob, he ax me, 'Mammy, is Mandy in Atlanta?' And I tole him she was. 'Well, den,' says he, 'don't, don't, for de Lord's sake, let on to her about Marse Henry's bein' here and wounded. Wait ontwell her chile is born. Marse Henry made me promise dat, fur he said he knowed he was a-gwine to die and never

would go no furder toards home.' And wid dat speech, ma'am, Bob broke loose agin an' cried as if he had already put pore Marse Henry in de ground."

Here Old Charity's feelings overcame her, and she cried with uncontrollable grief.

Finally the lady said to her in a gentle tone: "And the young man died, did he, Aunt Charity?"

"Yes, ma'am, he died de very next day, an' my Bob an' me, bofe on us, were wid him to de last. He would not let me bring Mandy to him. 'Don't let her know of my death, Aunt Charity, ontwell her chile is born, an' she is strong and well. I have placed money in a bank in Atlanta for her, and that will take care of her.' Dem wus amost de last words he spoke, ma'am. Atter dat he jist choked to death atryin' to say more."

"Was he buried here?" asked the lady.

"No, ma'am; Bob and me, we tuck him home, an' pore ole marster will never be de same agin. An' de folks on de plantation seemed lak dey had lost one of dere own kin—dat they did! Marse Henry wus de kindest boy I ever seed, ma'am."

"Where is your son now, Aunt Charity?"

The old woman hesitated, then said: "You wouldn't a thought it, ma'am, nor me nuther, but dat ar son of mine, *dat Bob*, is a Yankee soldier dis very minute!"

The lady could not refrain from laughing at this unexpected announcement.

"Why, I thought you disliked the Yankees," she said.

"An' I does, ma'am. Ain't dey done burnt down dis here town, and stole all my chickens, an' de pig, an' trompled down all my gyarden, and played de very tarnation devil wid everthing and everybody? No, ma'am, dey ain't none o' our folks; an' I wants 'em to go 'long 'bout dere business, an' leave us alone, ma'am, dat I does!"

"But what will you do about your son?"

The old negress laughed with glee as she thought of Bob.

"Well, ma'am, to tell you de God's trufe, dis here is de curiousest world I ever has seed. Dat ar Bob comin' here one day wid his Marse Henry's old gray uniform on, wid de officer's strops and gold bands tore offen hit, a

grieveen hisself to death and a cussin' dem 'dam Yankees,' one day, and de very next week a wearin' a spick-an-span new blue uniform wid a leftenant's sign on de coat! An' he a marchin' along past my house wid a lot uv niggers, all on em fresh turned into Yankees." Here Aunt Charity fairly shook with laughter and gratified pride, as she thought of Bob's martial appearance as an officer in the Federal army.

The lady smiled, amused at the changes in the old woman's expressions and thoughts.

"Well, Aunt Charity, let us hope that Bob may not have to fight any of his master's kindred, nor burn their homes."

"Bob dasent do dat!" said Old Charity, rising from her chair with indignation at the thought.

"He dasent harm *nair one* uv old marster's fambly. Ef he did, I would hunt him to de very *eend* of de yeth, and I'd burn him, dat I would!"

"Was Amanda ever punished by her master or mistress?" asked Mrs. Adams.

The old woman had taken her seat again, and now, in the earnestness of her feelings, she placed her black hand upon that of the delicately reared lady beside her. The sense of social inferiority, of caste degradation, of "the color line," was obliterated for the moment, as she slowly said: "Whar wus you raised, ma'am?"

"In the State of Connecticut, God bless it!" said the lady.

"An' whar is dat, ma'am; is it up Norf?"

"Certainly; you don't suppose that I am a Southern woman—a slave owner—do you?"

"Not now, ma'am; but I did afore you axed me dat question." Then she arose and said, almost indignantly, "Mandy never wus whupped all her borned days; no ma'am." Then, remembering that her foster-child was dead, she moaned again, as she sank back in her chair: "Oh! lordy, I wish she had been whupped; I wish Mandy had been'bused and whupped."

"Why, what do you mean, Aunt Charity?"

The talismanic word "Aunt," prefixed to her name, again brought the old woman to her senses, as she calmly said: "It ain't no use my tellin' you ef you is frum

de Norf, fur I ain't seed nair one on 'em—nuther man nur ooman—who *kin* understand it. But you wus good to Mandy," she continued, "an' I will tell you more, if you wants to hear it."

"Tell me Mandy's history, Aunt Charity; never mind where I came from, or whether I can understand it or not. I know that you have a mother's kind heart, and that is enough to enlist my sympathies."

"Well, den, dat chile's father, Marse Henry, was as white as you is, and as grand an' high-like, an' I do bleeve dat he loved Mandy, an' would a done right by her if he had lived; dough, *in course*, he warn't gwine to marry her, an' she knowed it, too. An' dat's what made Mandy come here: she knowed he wus wid our army here, an' she tuck an' come an' hunted me up agin, an' when she larned dat he wus gone, she went to de horsepital and nussed herself to death—to keep from gwine crazy wid grief," she said.

"Ah!" said the lady, "it is indeed a sad history." Then going to the bed, she found the babe awake and cooing like a bird, its little fingers seeming to grasp at the rays of light as the curtain was swayed to and fro by the breeze. The old woman now stood by her side, smiling upon the child as if it was her own.

"I have never seen a finer child in my life; it is beautiful," she said, taking it in her arms and caressing it.

"It can't *hep* bein' a likely chile, ma'am; its daddy wus, if anything, better lookin' dan its pore mammy wus."

"Did she not feel her disgrace keenly?"

"Yes, ma'am, she did; but she knowed she couldn't marry a white man, and she wouldn't marry nur 'sociate wid no nigger man; no more'n you would."

"Did he feel remorse for his conduct?"

"I ain't a gwine to say nuthing agin my dead Marse Henry," loyally said the old woman, placing her arms akimbo.

"More'n dat, ma'am, we don't look at life as white folks does, no more'n de niggers do in Afriky. All I know 'bout it is, Mandy loved de very ground he trod on, an' he wus mighty good to Mandy. He sont her here to me to take keer uv six months ago, an' den,

when de Yankees come dis way, he sont 'her away; an' he put in de bank in Atlanta a thousand gold dollars for her."

"Where is that money now?" asked the lady.

"De good Lord knows; I don't, ma'am, no more'n Mandy did atter dem Yankees sont de bum-shells through de town an' driv us into de cellars to live, and burnt down de whole town, ma'am. Dey *did* do it, ma'am, fur I seed em set de houses on fire, an' I foun' em off from burnin' my cabin, ma'am."

"What did you fight the soldiers with?" asked the lady amused at this statement, made with all the manifestations of temper which the irate old darkey could give expression to.

"Wid my ole man's shovel, an' de hoe, ma'am; an' what's more an' dat, when one on dem hit me back wid his gun, I drapped de hoe, an' tuck de ax, an', Lord bless you, honey, de way dat Yank got out o' my yard was a caution!" exclaimed the old woman, her fat sides shaking with laughter as she recalled the scene.

The lady, too, seemed convulsed with laughter, and just at that moment her husband, leaning on a cane for support, stood in the doorway.

"Ah! John, I am glad you have come; I wish you had come in an hour earlier. This is Aunt Charity, John."

"How-de-do, Marse Cunnel, I think I have totted vittles to you, sir, afore dis."

"What!" said the lady, "do you know this old colored woman, John?" Colonel Adams smiled as he extended his hand, saying: "I am thankful to say that I do; how do you do, Aunt Charity?"

A broad grin illuminated the old negress' face as she replied: "Porely, thank de Lord, Mars Cunnel; Mandy is dead, sir." As she made this statement, she bore her apron to her eyes, and in a moment was weeping with grief.

"What! I am truly sorry to hear this," said Colonel Adams.

"This old woman, my dear, was the friend, or servant, of the young girl to whose careful nursing I am indebted, I think, for my convalescence. Aunt Charity

was, it seems, her nurse when a child, and she was as beautiful as she was good."

Mrs. Adams had carefully refrained from telling her husband of the fatal termination to the illness of the poor girl, or of its cause, and she was relieved to see that she need not fear the result of excitement now.

"Come here, John, I wish to show you something," she said, moving to the bedside. There, with his arm around her waist, she told him briefly what old Charity had said to her, omitting, however, all reference to the child's negro origin; and when she had concluded he bent down and kissed the infant.

"We must take care of it for her sake," he said. She hid her face upon his shoulder, and thus this motherless child found in this childless wife an adopted mother.

Mrs. Adams decided that she would wait until they had reached their home in New Haven before she informed him that this little waif was the illegitimate child of a woman whose grandmother was a mulatto and whose mother was a bright quadroon. "He may then send it to the orphan asylum," she reflected; "but, for my part, as the child is as white as any child I ever saw, I have no prejudices in the matter." A new nurse was provided, and they decided to take the child with them to their Northern home.

At the plantation home of the venerable gentleman, Mr. Lee, the father of young "Harry" Lee, as his friends called him, the announcement of his death was followed by the most indubitable evidences of grief on the part of the family, now narrowed to three, and of the slaves numbering three hundred. But a short time before, the daily newspaper published in the nearest town, had announced the following statements in its telegraphic columns:

ATLANTA GA., August 12, 1864.

Brisk skirmishing on the extreme left last night without important result. The batteries on Marietta street and east of the State Railroad opened upon the city at one o'clock this morning, and continue to the present. Many houses were struck on McDonough street. No casualties reported. The enemy is reported to be massing on the left, but making no efforts to extend its right.

Lieutenant Henry Lee had greatly distinguished him-

self in the famous battle at Atlanta of the 22d July, and, being slightly wounded, had accepted a furlough and had gone home for a few days' rest with his aged parents. But as soon as the above telegram was read by him, he decided to return immediately "to the front" and bear his share of a patriot's duty there. Thus it happened that no news was received from him until his remains were brought home for interment by "Aunt Charity" and her son, Bob.

The old gentleman was a grizzled veteran two weeks before, but "hale and hearty," and ready with his musket to take his place among the "Home Guards." His home was noted for its generous hospitality, and he enjoyed a game of whist and seemed as full of vim and energy as the youngest men of the day. Now his hair became as white as snow in twenty-four hours, his step seemed feebler, and age suddenly stamped its impress on form and features. It was known that, after the burial of his son, he was closeted for a long time with "Annt Charity," and it was whispered around the "quarters" that his will had been changed, and Amanda's child had been remembered and provided for.

III.

"Tell me something of the siege, Aunt Charity," said Mrs. Adams to the old negress, who had called a few days after her interview with the old woman.

"I'm come dis mornin, ma'am, jist to see Mandy's chile, ma'am," she had said as she entered the apartment with a courtesy. The child was sleeping and she turned to the lady and asked:

"Of de what, ma'am? de bum-shells done busted my old ears, I reggin, kase I don't understand easy."

"Of the siege of Atlanta—of the time when they threw those terrible bombshells into the town."

"Oh! is dat what you wants to know about—when de Yankees throwed deir bums at everybody?"

"Yes," said the lady, "only I must dispute your statement that our soldiers fired at the defenceless people in the city."

"But dey did do it, ma'am; I don't want to 'spute nothin' no white lady says to me—I've lived too long wid quality-folks fur dat—but I was here, ma'am, and *dey did do it!* beggin' your pardon, ma'am."

"The order was given by the general commanding our army for the non-combatants—the people—to leave, and they fired at the rebel army."

"I don't know nothin' 'bout no 'rebel army,' ma'am; de Yankees come fightin' our white folks to free us niggers, dey tell me, but I don't bleeve dat part uv it; fur what good is it gwine do dem Yankee furriners to give us freedom, ma'am?"

"Tell me all about the siege, Aunt Charity," replied Mrs. Adams, not wishing to discuss the knotty problem thus presented by the old darkey for her consideration. The stirring scenes which were daily enacted during the memorable siege of Atlanta in the year 1864, were still fresh in the mind of Old Charity, who replied:

"Well, den, de fust bum-shell was flung in de street up yonder on de corner, whar I was drawin' some water frum de well—I seed ole Miss Cary a walkin' along wid a chile, a little gal. She was holdin' de chile by de hand and waikin' along jist as peaceable-like as me an' you is now, when I heerd somepen 'ner whistle through de air—an dat sound was wuss dan air steam ingine's whistle I ever heerd, ma'am. Den, all of a sudden, de bum busted an filled de air wid dust and smoke, so dat de lady and de little gal was kivered out of sight. When de smoke cleared away, dat ole white ooman was standin' dare lak she was 'stracted, fur de little gal was shot all to pieces by dat ar bum!"

The lady leaned forward to hear this graphic recital, for it was with difficulty that she could understand the old darkey's plantation dialect.

"What a pity! that was horrible," she said.

"Yes ma'am, hit wus; but 'twarnt as bad as some of de sights I seed."

"Go on and tell me all about it, Aunt Charity."

"One day, uv de next week, I went over to Markham Street to see another nigger ooman, who was as big a fool as me fur stayin' dar after dem bum-shells told us to git up an' git; an' I found de white folks and de black

folks all in de basement. De white lady's face was pale as—as ashes, ma'am, an' she was a huggin' her baby lak she feared she never gwine to see it no more. De nigger ooman was a kneelin' on de flo', and de way she sont up dat prar would a' shamed de preacher uv Big Bethel church, ef he hadn't runned away an' lef de oomen and chillun to take keer uv deirselves."

"What was the matter with them?" asked the lady, for Old Charity's indignation, when she thought of the preacher's desertion of his flock, caused her to omit the interesting part of her recital.

"Dem bums was jist a screechin' an' a bustin' all about de yard, an' de lady riz frum her cheer in de hall whar she was a rockin' de cradle wid de baby in it asleep, when one uv de bums went through a room upstairs. She hadn't hardly tuck de baby in her arms an' runned down into de basement when a bum-shell come right in de hall and tore de cradle an de bedclothes into kindlin' an slivers."

"Mercy on me! What a narrow escape! What else did you see?" said the lady, becoming more and more interested.

"I seed a little white boy hit by a bum while he was gwine across Forsyth street fur a bucket of water. De well was in de yard where our soldiers had deir horsepital, and de little boy was on his way dar, when de shell busted an' a piece hit him in de stomach, and tore his stomach all to pieces."

"Disemboweled the poor child?"

"Yes, ma'am, dat hit did, fur I seed hit; an' one of the soldiers runned out de horsepital yard an' toted de chile to de horsepital, an' he a dyin' on de way dar."

"And what did you do?" queried the lady.

"I made a bee-line fur home, an' when I got dar, I went down into my bum-proof, as we called 'em, an' I stopped up de bunghole, an' I staid dar ontwell de next day."

"Did you ever dodge any of the shells?"

"Yes, ma'am, I did; but I knowed dey warn't a shootin' at me but at de white folks."

The lady smiled and asked: "Were any of your friends hurt, Aunt Charity?"

"None uv my colored friends, ma'am; but de superin-

tendent uv de new gas works was very good to me, an' but fur him I bleeve I'd a starved."

"And was he hurt?"

"Yes, ma'am; he went to bed one night, an' bein' a widder-man, he tuck his little gal, six years old, to bed wid him. When I went dar de next day to git some meal, I found a heap uv folks dar, an' he an' his chile wus bofe on 'em dead in bed—killed by a bum!"

"That was sad, indeed. But it is strange that the colored people were not killed also."

"No, ma'am, it warn't; ole marster in heaven knowed dat we warnt fightin' no war—Why, one day a bum come through the servant's room at Judge Payton's, whar two little pickaninnies wus a sleepin', one in a cradle an' one close beside t'other one in a bed. De bum busted and sot fire to de cradle bedclothes, but nary one uv dem little nigger babies wus hurt."

The lady smiled at this singular faith in the workings of Providence, even when bombshells were flying about.

"Does you know Ginaler Sam-Sam, ma'am?" asked Old Charity.

"No, I do not know General Salms-Salms; but I have heard of him. Why do you ask?"

"Bekase his wife was mighty good to ole Mrs. Schneider. All her sons wus in our army, an' yit she wouldn't go away frum home. She lives over yonder on Forest street, an' one night she was a sittin' at de supper table, when a buin come in de room, an' hit de table leg an' passed between her feet, an' cut off bofe on 'em; leastways de doctors finished de job what de bum commenced."

"Dear me! and is the woman still living?"

"Yes, ma'am; and she never took nothin' to ease de pain while de doctors wus a spilin' of her by cuttin' off her feet. I stood dar and seed 'em do it, an' I never seed sich grit showed by nair nother human, man nur ooman."

"You must take me to see her to-morrow; I wish to do all I can for the poor woman," said the lady.

"I knowed you would, and dat's what I come here dis mornin' fur. In course I want to see as much of Mandy's chile as I kin, but I come here, fust an' foremost, to git

you to go an' see her, an' help me keep her from perishin', fur Mrs. Sam-Sam has done gone, an' tuck de Ginal wid her."

"Truly," said Mrs. Adams, "here is a good Samaritan, in spite of her black skin and rude manner," and thus her charities began.

After that interview, the old negress disappeared, and neither Colonel Adams nor his wife had thought of asking her the name of the unfortunate young officer, whose history she had thus graphically related. They expected a visit from her the next day, but they never saw her again. Thus they had adopted a nameless babe.

IV.

Fifteen years later found Colonel and Mrs. Adams, with their adopted daughter, Amanda, living in a beautiful home in that most classic of American cities, New Haven.

The secret of Amanda's birth had been carefully concealed from her, and she supposed that she was the daughter of Mrs. Adams, as did all of her acquaintances.

"Mamma," said Amanda, one Saturday; "I sometimes think I must be too happy. Everything seems so beautiful in this lovely world, and every one is so kind to me, that I wonder how any one can consent to give up all the delights of a home, such as ours is, to—"

"To what?" asked her mother, amused at her hesitation; for Amanda had hesitated when she thought of how ridiculous it might seem to her mother, that a girl fifteen years old should be contemplating the results of giving up such comforts as she possessed for the uncertainties of married life with, comparatively, a stranger.

"To do as Ella Holt has done; it is the talk of the school; haven't you heard it?"

"No, you foolish little gossip; how could I hear any school news if my little girl was not given to the atrocious habit of 'telling tales out of school?' What has Ella done, my dear?"

"There, now! I must not tell tales out of school."

Mrs. Adams smiled and continued to sew, apparently

absorbed in her fancy work. But as she had foreseen, Amanda's eagerness to tell overcame her wish to repel the charge that she was given to gossiping, and she soon said: "Mamma, if a girl thinks that she loves a young man, and her parents will not consent to her receiving his attentions, do you think it *very* wicked if she runs away with him, and marries him?"

Mrs. Adams dropped her work with a startled look, and said: "What do you mean, my child; what put such ideas into your head?"

"Oh! it is not me, mamma; I don't love anybody extravagantly, except you and papa. But suppose I were to fall in love, as you did with papa, I am afraid, dear mamma, I would do just like Ella Holt has done, if you refused to let me even see him, and placed me in a convent."

Amanda, amused at her mother's troubled expression, laughed gaily, and added: "Don't borrow trouble, mamma; I don't love any young man, but I like everything and everybody." Gentle and affectionate, the maiden seemed to be the picture of happiness, as she wound her round, supple arms around her mother's neck and kissed her again and again.

"You 'like everything,' do you, my pet?"

"Yes, mamma; I like everybody, and I do not fear anybody. Every one is so good to me; and, mamma, New Haven must be the prettiest town in the world, and our home is the sweetest home in New Haven."

Then she was interrupted by the sound of the door-bell, and she leaped up and ran to the front door to admit one of her schoolmates and especial friends who had called to spend the Saturday holiday with her. Though the newcomer was cordially greeted by her mother, the two girls soon found their way to the spacious lawn, and were, for the time, lost to her view.

Resting her elbow upon the table near the window, the amiable lady yielded to the inclination to think of the past. Her mind was decidedly analytical, for a woman, and she at first sought to concentrate it upon the one thought: "Why am I so often worried by the expressions of this dear, innocent child? What did she say just now to arrest my attention? And why should her

name be criticised by her friends? ‘Amanda! is it a queer name? No; it is absurd to think of it further; yet in all my acquaintances there is not one called Amanda, and now my poor little pet tells me that there is no other girl among her friends and companions called Amanda. It certainly must be a strange name—Amanda—‘Mandy!’ Oh, horrors; *that* would be dreadful! Surely no white girl was ever called ‘Mandy.’ We must guard against *that*, at all events. The dear child is so affectionate and loving that she can scarcely find words sufficiently endearing, but I must say I would prefer that she would use less extravagant expressions, and yet I had not the heart to correct her as she came in the room, a very sunbeam, yesterday, and handed me her album, a gift from her father.

“‘Oh, mamma,’ she said to me, ‘isn’t papa the sweetest, loveliest man on earth? See what a pretty album he gave me to-day—my fifteenth birthday.’ What could any mother do but acquiesce without selecting such a time to impress upon her mind that the words, as thus used, are in defiance of all the rules of our language. ‘The sweetest man’ does not sound right.”

Just as her mind reached this train of reasoning, she saw the two girls, each with an arm around the waist of the other, walking on the lawn. She smiled and said audibly: “Indeed, she is a pretty child.”

So absorbed had she been with her thoughts that she had not observed her husband’s entrance into the room. He stood watching her; then, glancing over her shoulder, he saw the girls as they approached the house, and kissing his wife’s forehead, said: “I quite agree with you, my dear; she is the most loving and the best child I know. I have noticed, though, that she is growing somewhat darker.”

“You must be mistaken,” she replied. “Look at them now; Mary Windom is the darker of the two.”

“Yes, that is true,” said Colonel Adams; “but Mary is a pronounced brunette, while our little girl,” he added, after a moment’s hesitation, “was almost a perfect blonde; don’t you remember?”

“Yes, I do, since you mention it, but when one sees a person all the time, as I do our little Amanda, such a

slight change is overlooked. After all, it does not matter."

"I am greatly troubled about it," he replied. "I love the child more than I do any one on earth except yourself, and her happiness is of supreme importance to us both. Now, if by any chance the secret of her birth is made known to her, she will be as miserable as she is now happy, and her future life will be blighted."

"Hush!" said Mrs. Adams; "the girls are coming in now."

"I will conceal myself behind this curtain and surprise them," said her husband, who, an hour before in the court house, had commanded the undivided attention of every one present by his dignified bearing and masterly eloquence. He was not only a brilliant advocate, but was the peer of any lawyer in the most scholarly city of Connecticut. To be familiar with Colonel Adams in public, or in the court room, was to invite a frigid courtesy, which soon taught the presumptuous mortal that familiarity with him was reserved for the home circle or his few intimate friends. And yet, in adopting Amanda, he was acting in defiance of the social ethics of America.

The door was thrown open and the two girls ran in, each one eager to tell the news first.

"Oh, mamma, do let me go!" said Amanda.

"Yes, Mrs. Adams, do, *please*, let Amanda come to my birthday party," said Mary.

"Then I am not to be consulted, eh, you little witch?" said Colonel Adams, emerging from his hiding-place.

"Oh! here is papa; now I know mamma will let me go, May; won't she, papa?"

In a moment she ran to Colonel Adams, who received her caresses and returned them in kind. Then, taking a chair, he said to his wife, with mock solemnity: "The court will hear what you have to say, madame."

"If you are 'the court,' papa, we want 'the court' to do some courting; please do! Just show us how you made mamma say 'yes,' and make her say it again," said Amanda, laughing gaily as she spoke.

"I give it up," said Mrs. Adams. "I yield, if your papa and mamma are invited also."

"Why, mamma!" said Amanda, "begging for an

invitation! Now, I appeal to your Honor," she said turning to her father, "is it right for grown people to attend children's parties?"

"Certainly you are invited," said Mary, "Mamma and papa will be delighted to see you, and so will I."

Colonel Adams laughed, then said gravely: "You have reason, my daughter, in urging upon us the impropriety of our being present at a '*children's party*.'"

"You are too old to have a nurse, and too young for a chaperon, called a '*beau*,'" said her mother.

"I see the point," said Amanda, quoting an expression she had heard her father use frequently when conversing with his legal friends. "You mean that it is not proper for me to go to any party unless my parents go with me."

"Exactly, my child; very clearly stated. Until you 'come out' in order to *go in society*, that should be the condition."

"Then the court may come," said the little autocrat, "and my dear, good, sweet mamma must come too."

This exhausted the argument, and Colonel Adams only noticed the colloquy by stroking Amanda's golden head, a form of caressing to which he was much addicted.

At the party, Amanda proved to be the most popular girl present, and Charles Windom, a youth nineteen years of age, who had just entered his junior year at Yale College, seemed to find much entertainment in her society. She was his only sister's most intimate friend, and the three had played together as children, but now for all of them the fairy days of childhood were rapidly passing.

To the other girls of her age, Charles Windom seemed quite conceited, and one was heard to say: "See how young-manish Charlie Windom is to-night."

But Amanda seemed incapable of finding fault with anyone, or discovering a blemish in anything. To her the world was more beautiful every day of her happy existence, and everyone seemed good, and honest, and pure. Surely, if ever there lived a child to whom is applicable the expression: "To the pure, all things are pure," it was this little orphan who did not know that she was

an orphan; this little adopted waif who, in her innocence and guileless beauty, was the most beloved of the young girls with whom she associated. Her associates were the children of the most cultured people of New Haven, for all the advantages of wealth and social position had been hers from her birth. Whatever misgivings her foster-parents may have had as to the result, should the secret of her birth be revealed, her whole life had been a living witness that they had no prejudices in the matter.

Meanwhile many changes had taken place in the household and circumstances of the venerable planter. An *ante bellum* security debt of fifty thousand dollars caused Mr. Carter Lee, senior, to go to his Mississippi plantation, and lease the one in Georgia, on which he had lived all his life. With his wife and child, little Carter Lee, and one hundred negroes, he might have been seen in January, 1868, on one of the great Mississippi steamers *en route* for "Coahoma," the name of his plantation and village on the Mississippi river.

In a few years he had cancelled the debt, and then, just as his means would justify his returning to Georgia to live, he was stricken with yellow fever in New Orleans, and died, leaving his widow with an ample competence assured, and no one to demand her care except her boy. Hardly had her son attained his fifteenth year when she also was taken from him, and he thus lost the most priceless of all human possessions—a mother's devoted love. His guardian entered him as a student the next year at Princeton College.

V.

It is a lovely summer day in the "Elm City," and all New Haven seemed interested in the contest between the Yale and Princeton teams. Among the enthusiastic spectators, each wearing the insignia of Yale, were two beautiful girls, one a pronounced brunette, Miss Mary Windom, and the other her most intimate friend and a blonde beauty, Miss Amanda Adams; for the brother of

one and the "sweetheart" of the other was the Yale "half-back," by name Charles Windom. He was the son of the wealthiest banker in New Haven, who had died two years previously, leaving his wife and two children a large fortune. The girls were both sixteen, and he a youth of twenty years.

At the opening of the game, Princeton guarded the western goal, their colors red, while the Yale colors were blue. The Reds formed into a wedge with a youthful looking Freshman at the apex. Stooping suddenly, the quarter-back touched the ball to the ground, then passed it on, and then the whole team rushed wildly forward. They were met more than half way by the Blues, and red legs and blue legs seemed entangled in inextricable confusion, but the Blues had gained ten yards, at the cost of their champion, who went down in the crash. Windom was then sent in and gained ten more. Then Yale, flushed with victory, attacked Princeton's center, driving their heads through the rush-lines, and placed the ball to the five-yard line where they lost it to the Reds. On the next line up, the Reds gained ten yards on a rush through the center. Then they tried a punt, but the ball fell short and was seized by Windom. Around the end went the Yale man dodging and bounding, and guarded finely by the long arms of Winter and Foster.

The game was at its height, and the bright cheeks of the girls glowed with healthful enthusiasm as cries of "Yale! Yale!" greeted the almost certain triumph of the Yale team. As a particularly successful stroke was made by the Yale half-back, the two girls clapped their hands with enthusiastic pleasure, and seemed eager to join the cry of "Yale! Yale!" for soon these cries ascended to a cheer as the people cried: "Windom! 'Rah for Windom! Yale! Yale!"

But now these cries cease, and necks are eagerly craned forward to see the phenomenal run of the Princeton half-back; for, notwithstanding many attempts of this half-back of Des Campe's team, he had hitherto been unable to make any gains against the Yale forwards, led by Captain Peterson. The Yale men had scored a goal from the field, and the time limit of the second half was almost reached. No one thought it possible for Princeton

to retrieve her fortunes. The ball was not far from the side line, and a trifle in Princeton's territory, when Windom, the Yale half-back, was called upon for a kick. He punted well down, inside Princeton's twenty-five yard line, and Foler advanced to the ball. It bounded from him, and Lee, coming forward to assist Foler, gathered it in his arms, and was off like a deer down the field. On, on he sped over the white lines, outstripping the despairing Yalesians, and finally, amid cries of "Princeton! Princeton! Hurrah for our side!" he placed the ball behind the goal-post, and secured for Princeton a touch-down, which was readily converted into a goal and a victory. Cheers greeted the young victor, and he was borne in triumph on the shoulders of Des Campe's team, the generous crowd silencing their disappointment and joining the visiting team as they cheered: "Hurrah for Lee! Princeton! Princeton forever!" The two girls witnessed the scene and heard the cheers in silence. Finally Amanda said: "I feel as if I could cry, May; it is too bad!" Mary did not respond, and Amanda was surprised to see that her friend had actually accomplished the feat; she was crying with vexation. But the approach of their defeated champion caused them both to "brace up," so that he should not have additional chagrin by seeing that they were so disappointed as to actually cry! "It's a shame, Amanda, but don't let brother see that we feel it," said Mary. He was greeted, therefore, with smiles instead of tears, as Amanda said: "You made a splendid fight of it, Mr. Windom, and we are more proud than ever of Yale."

"Glad to hear you say so, I'm sure," said Windom, "but I am not. We had the game won, I thought, but Gad! can't that Southerner run!"

"Who is he?" said both girls in a breath.

"His name is Carter Lee, from somewhere down South, and he's a hummer; that's what."

"Do you know him?" asked his sister.

"Certainly; met him yesterday at the club, and he is a capital fellow after he gets warmed up, but they say he is proud as Lucifer, and hard to get acquainted with."

The girls exchanged glances, which Windom perceived,

as he laughingly added : "Sister, I would get well enough acquainted with him to invite him to tea if you girls were 'out.'"

"Do bring him, anyway," said Mary.

"And what do you say, Miss Amanda?"

"I would like to peep through the window when you introduce him to May; as for me, I am not 'out' yet, and don't wish to be for ever so long."

"Not even to meet the man who has gotten the best of me?"

"Not even to meet the man who has gotten the best of you," she replied.

"By George! I'll see if I can't put both of you to the test."

"I hope you will," said his sister, while Amanda was discreetly silent.

But Charles Windom did not carry into effect his threat and the young Princetonian returned to college without having met either of the girls.

A few days after, Amanda and Charles Windom were strolling together under the classic shades of the elms that meet across the street in New Haven. "It seems so strange to me, Mr. Windom, that you are not content with the honors you have won as a student at Yale College. To have graduated first in one's class in the leading university of the country should satisfy any American, I should think."

Charles Windom looked at the fair creature at his side with a manner which implied either the thought of possession, or the hope that such a result would follow the avowal which he had made but one week before—an avowal which had been delicately parried, without giving either encouragement or offense.

"Then you do not know what ambition means, Miss Amanda, or you would encourage me in my desire to finish my university course at Oxford, England, or Heidelberg. What is life worth, if we are not to seek to be leaders of men?"

"And rulers of women," suggested Amanda.

"No, indeed. The humble adorer of a woman, Miss Amanda. I have no respect for the plural in matters of love, and I have always declared my allegiance."

"Mr. Windom, please do not allude to that again; I am but a school girl yet, and we are both too young to commit ourselves, and you know that nothing on earth would tempt me to consent to any engagement without papa's consent first, and that you seem averse to asking for."

"Yes, I must have it, with or without his consent," said the imperious young man, who had just avowed himself her "humble adorer."

"I am sorry for that, and can only reiterate my solemn protest against any further allusion to this painful subject."

"Then you do not love me, Amanda; it is cruel, I think, for you to exact this of me."

"It is not cruel, it is right; I never concealed anything from my parents, and I never will. If you will not come in, I must bid you good evening, Mr. Windom." They had reached the gate which led to the home of Colonel Adams as Amanda thus spoke. There was a witchery in her manner which charmed the youth, in spite of her refusal to consider him as her suitor until he had announced his purpose to her parents. He lifted his hat to bid her adieu. She extended her hand to him and said: "You are not angry with me, I hope. I would not wound your feelings for any consideration—indeed, I would not."

But the young man who, but a moment before, had declared his wish to be her devoted suitor, bowed again and said: "Good-bye, then, Miss Amanda; it is all or nothing with me."

She stood at the gate and watched his form until it disappeared among the many who thronged the street two blocks distant, then she entered her home.

"I like Charlie Windom exceedingly," she thought, "but I am thankful that I did not love him. He has many very noble qualities, but he little understands my character, if he thinks that I am to be dictated to thus. He is a goose!"

In this state of mind she entered the parlor, where she found some visitors who were awaiting her return. In a few moments she was gaily chatting with them, and no one would suppose that there was a burden on her heart.

which love had placed there in spite of her protestations to the contrary.

"What a cursed fool I was!" said Charles Windom as he walked away. "I have lost the loveliest girl on earth by my infernal pride of opinion. God knows I would work my hands off to protect and support her, and yet I have offended her past all remedy."

Mary Windom lingered after the other young ladies had left, and, giving way at last to her ardent nature, she placed her arm around Amanda's waist as Amanda's was placed around hers, and the two strolled upon the lawn again as in the days of their childhood.

"Oh, Amanda, a little bird has told me all about it. At least, last night one sang at my window and seemed so happy that I could well imagine it to be rejoicing with me at what I hoped was true. Did I understand him aright?"

Amanda blushed. "Of what are you speaking, Mary?" she asked.

"Of you and your future, my dearest, best friend. Are you not engaged to Charlie? I hope so; you know I have learned to claim you as a sister all my life. Now don't let Charlie go away off to Europe, but make him begin his life work here and now. You can do it, and no one else can."

Amanda trembled, but forced herself to say with apparent calmness: "You deceive yourself, May; we are not engaged, and it is not probable that we will ever be. We are good friends, that is all. But, really, I would not check his ambition if I were engaged to be married to Mr. Windom."

Without knowing it, Mary withdrew her arm and stood silently thinking, as if perplexed for an answer to this unexpected announcement. Then, turning to her friend, she said: "Forgive me, Amanda; if I had not been morally sure of this engagement I should not have mentioned it. My brother, unintentionally perhaps, certainly left me under that impression, without any request as to its being kept secret. Indeed, I interpreted his language and manner to mean that he would like you to know that I knew of it. I am sorry that I alluded to it."

"You need not be, Mary, for, a week ago, there was an understanding between us which we thought might result in an engagement. But it is better thus; your brother is but twenty-one, and I but seventeen. Surely, four years hence we will both be wiser and better fitted to undertake such an irrevocable step."

"Not irrevocable. I can prove by my own case that 'engagements' are not irrevocable, and I am just seventeen," laughingly answered Mary, anxious to change the subject.

"It will be irrevocable with me," said Amanda, "and that is why we postponed it. There is nothing of the coquette in my nature; if I once give my love to a man, it is his forever."

"I guess I can say the same thing, but sometimes we like a gentleman so much that we think it is love, when some speech or act at an unexpected time shows the deception, and our lion is revealed to us as having asinine qualities. My hero must be perfect, or he must delude me into the belief that he is."

"May, let me take you into my confidence this far: until to-day I thought your brother as nearly a perfect character as I had ever known, and I still like him better than any man whom I have ever met. But I have learned that, while we like each other as friends and find it very pleasant to be together as often as possible, there is an incompatibility of temper which might widen our differences with time, instead of making them less difficult to check. Hence we have mutually agreed to remain two good friends; never to be anything more."

"Mercy on me! Lovers a week ago, friends to-day, and without a lover's quarrel! Why, Amanda, such a thing is impossible. Charlie must see you again, and if he does, I will bet he will return his steamship ticket to Liverpool."

"Remember, May, what I have said is strictly in confidence."

"Oh! it is too provoking!" said Mary. "It is unkind to him, to me, to you, to us all, to prevent my telling Charlie that he will be insane if he does not get on his knees and ask you to pardon him before he goes."

Mary said this half in earnest and half impatiently,

but was brought to a realization of the situation by Amanda's answer.

"You would despise him, Mary, if he did that, and so should I."

"Then there is no help for it, and Charlie will go to Europe and waste four years more in one of those horrid colleges."

"And return the most accomplished and scholarly man in New Haven, and the pride of his friends," answered Amanda.

"I will tell him that, at least," said Mary, as she kissed Amanda and bade her good-bye.

In a week Charles Windom was *en route* to Liverpool. In a month he was a student at Queen's College, Oxford, that most classical and venerable of all university cities.

VI.

At the age of twenty-three, Carter Lee, who had traveled extensively after his graduation at Princeton, devoted his time to managing his estate in Mississippi and the study of law in New Orleans. Without having distinguished himself as a scholar, he was the athlete of his class and very popular. At this time he was "heart whole and fancy free," though so popular socially that roses and *billets-doux* adorned his bachelor apartments when in New Orleans almost constantly. After having been admitted to the bar, his interests called him to his Georgia plantation, which he had not visited since he left it as a little child.

When he reached his destination after having spent the autumn months in Mississippi at Coahoma, he found that not one of his name lived there. The old house looked deserted and desolate, although the faithful "Bob" had prepared a sleeping room and the dining room as best he could for the reception of the young master, whom he had not seen since, as a child, he accompanied his aged father to their new home, "Coahoma," in the wilds of Mississippi.

"Howdy, Marse Cyarter; howdy, howdy, howdy!

'Fore God, I'm glad to see you, young marster.' Such was Bob's greeting when he arrived.

"I am glad to see you, too, old man; how is everything prospering?"

But Bob did not answer for he had stepped back a pace after grasping Carter Lee's hand, and now his eyes wandered from head to feet and back again as he surveyed the newcomer.

"Bress God!" he ejaculated.

"What do you mean, old man? Why do you stare at me as if I was an elephant in a circus?"

"Young marster, you is de very image of Marse Henry; dat's why I say bress de Lord! Marse Henry was jist about your age, and 'zactly your shape and size when he was shot at de battle near Franklin. Didn't nobody ever tell you you looked lak Marse Henry?"

"Yes, father used to say that he thought I would grow to be like brother Henry; but, you know, he died over twenty years ago. What is your name, old man?"

A look of pain came into Bob's face as he said with embarrassment: "Why, young marster, don't you know Marse Henry's body servant, Bob?"

"Excuse me, Uncle Bob, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings; I know all about you now, but you must remember that I was only five years old when I left this old home. Now you will hurt my feelings just as much if you have forgotten my name."

"Who, me! forgot little Cyarter? Didn't I used to tote you about on my shoulders, and let you ride behind me on my mule to de field many en *many* a time way back yander when you was so high?"

With a grateful smile, Carter extended his hand and grasped that of Bob, saying: "Now I begin to feel at home; I know I have got one good old friend here."

"Bunnance on 'em! bunnance on 'em, Marse Cyarter. De last *one* uv old marster's niggers has come back from Mississippi, and are settled about here. If you wants to make your home here agin, and live out your days wid us, we will see dat you don't perish."

"I am very much obliged to you, and will be glad to meet any of my father's old servants who would like to

see me, but I can only remain here a week, and have decided to live, for the present, in New York."

"Can't stand free niggers; is dat what's de matter?"

"Oh, no; but we all have to make our living now, you know, and I can do better there than here. I will come to see you all, and go to Coahoma also once a year, or so, but had rather rent the plantations than to superintend their cultivation."

"An' you is right, Marse Cyarter. We ole niggers knows our places and were larned to work, and we don't know nothin' else. But, bress your life, dese here young niggers what has had too much larnin' outen books stuffed in 'em, dey ain't *no manner o' count!* an' de less you has to do wid 'em de better off you gwine to be!"

Carter laughed at this wise speech, and proceeded to enter the house, Bob following with his valise. But the latter stopped a moment to cry out: "Come here, Calline; come here and fetch de chilluns wid you to see young marster."

This was superfluous, however, for his wife, Caroline, had already preceded him to the house and with neat apron and the traditional courtesy stood in the hall and respectfully welcomed him. The supper was all that the young master of the five thousand acres embraced in this plantation could have asked for, and the logs in the wide hearth of the old-fashioned homestead burned with a bright glare that wintry night for Carter Lee had not come to his Georgia property during the summer or autumn months, the more important crops and enterprises on his Coahom:a place having demanded all the time not given to hunting in the magnificent forest which skirts the Mississippi river. Barring a few short pleasure trips to New Orleans and Memphis, Carter Lee had developed a taste and aptitude for the pleasures of the chase which would have pleased his college friends not a little. He felt no attachment, however, to the locality itself, except as the source from which he derived his income.

Thus is the change from the Old South to the New South, so far as plantation life is concerned, and thus it seemed to Carter Lee, as he gave himself up to meditation that night. "What shall I do with it all?" asked

this young master of this old Georgia home that was going to decay as fast as "free niggers"—as Bob, with a tone of contempt, had called the rising generation of Afro-Americans in and about that bailiwick—would permit.

Thoughts flashed in his brain without utterance, and among them, as the most fitting description of his inherited plantation "home" were the words so frequently used, "innocuous desuetude"—harmless disuse. "But is it harmless?" he asked himself, as the fire burned low and he sat alone in his father's bedchamber reflecting upon the past. Where are those tall Lombardy poplars that guarded yonder long and wide approach to the old mansion? And where the closely trimmed hedges that bordered the fifteen miles of roads, that were as carefully kept in the "barbarous days of slavery" as were the famous "turnpikes" in Kentucky, or the average road in England? And where the acres of roses and other flowering plants that adorned the grounds around the old homestead? Oppressed by these thoughts, the young man arose, and going to the window, looked forth. Ruin, ruin and decay seemed omnipresent. Turning, his eye caught sight of his father's old bell on the huge mantelpiece, which was covered with dust from disuse. He remembered then how imperious the old gentleman was, and how quickly the identical "Bob" had responded to his master's summons when he rang that bell. Prompted partly by mischief, partly by a desire to test the sincerity of Bob's professions of fidelity, the young man seized the bell and rang it as nearly like he had seen his father do when he was a little child as he could.

"Good God! Calline, old marster's a-ringin' dat bell agin. He'p me on wid dese close. Dar 'tis agin!" And Bob leaped from bed, his spouse meanwhile being amused at his nightmare. She was a child when Carter Lee, senior, left Georgia for his Mississippi home, and knew but little of the characteristics of her former master. She knew Bob, though, and she was laughing in her sleeves, so to speak, when she heard him abusing the "wuffles-free niggers" to "young Marse Cyarter," as he called Carter Lee. She frequently asserted that Bob was as lazy

and self-indulgent as any of them. Again the old bell sounded and echoed through the wide hall and tenantless chambers, until Bob rushed in at the front door and stood at the door of "old marster's room," as Carter remembered his father's room had been called by the servants, and said humbly : "Yas, sir! yas, sir, marster; here I is, sir."

Carter had heard him coming up the steps and, trying his best to subdue his inclination to laugh, had thrown himself in the chair before the fireplace and seemed deep in thought. Turning his head deliberately, he said to his servitor as carelessly as he could :

"Have you forgotten your training that you leave me here without water, or wood to keep up the fire with? Do you expect me to bring fresh water, before I go to bed?"

Bob stood for a moment as if he had not heard a word, staring at Carter Lee as if he was a ghost. For Carter's voice, eyes and expression at that moment recalled Henry Lee vividly to Bob's mind. But the spell was broken and Bob was brought to his senses by the merry peal which greeted him, as Carter Lee, unable longer to control his risibles, gave utterance to laughter.

Bob immediately said: "'Scuse me, young marster, but I was sound asleep, and when dat bell rung I dreamed hit was ole marster a-callin' me, fur hit ain't been rung afore sence his time."

"From its looks, covered over with dust as it was when I saw it, I should say it has not been rung for a century," said the young man.

"Bob, *you* don't believe in ghosts, do you?"

"Yes, sir, I does!" said Bob, emphatically. "'Cause whiy—ain't I heerd ole marster a-callin' me in de night many en *many* a time? An' ain't I heerd Marse Henry talkin' to me jist like he used to do when him and me was in de army together? An' ain't I done heerd Mandy a-callin' fur her child, an'a sayin' dat somethin' dreadful would happen to her ef she couldn't find her? An' ain't I done seed *you*, Marse Cyarter, and seed Marsé Henry over agin in seein' *you*?"

"Stop a minute, Bob. Who is this 'Mandy' you are talking about?"

"Ain't *you* done heerd tell about Mandy yit?"

"Never; I never saw or heard of any one named Mandy. Who was she?"

"An' ain't you never heerd tell of mammy—my ole mammy—what lived in Atlanta when Mandy was born?"

"Never. You know, Bob, I was an infant when the war began."

"Yes, dat's de God's trufe; but I keep a forgotten dat you ain't as old as Marse Henry, when Marse Henry was old enough to be your father."

"Yes, brother Henry died when he was twenty-three, and that is nearly my age now."

"To be shore, to be shore!" said Bob looking at Carter intently again.

"But what about Mandy, Bob?"

"Dat's what I can't tell you, Marse Cyarter, ef you has never heerd tell of her. Marse Henry won't like for me to be tellin' an' I ain't gwine to do nothin' what I know he don't want me to. I ain't a sassin' yóu, Marse Cyarter. You are too much like Marse Henry fur *dat*—but I jist *can't* say nothin' more about Mandy." And with that speech Bob went out to bring in the water and wood, and, very humbly, offered to take off Carter's shoes.

"Good night, now, Bob; I am sorry I waked you up and hope you will have pleasant dreams the rest of the night."

Alone thus in the great old house, with the wintry winds sounding without, Carter Lee gave himself up to reflections. His mind, with that wonderful capacity of the human intellect to traverse space and time with the rapidity of the lightning's flash, bore him swiftly back to his childhood days. In his mind's eye he saw again his aged father, a courtly "gentleman of the old school," and his mother, and all her tender love for him, her only child. And with such thoughts he went to sleep.

VII.

The vigorous young master of this Georgia plantation awoke the next morning fully refreshed in mind and body. Scarcely had he finished his breakfast when Bob appeared at the library door, where he had gone, partly to inspect the dust-covered tomes deposited there, and partly to enjoy his post-prandial cigar. The scene which greeted Lee from the open window of the library of this Georgia plantation home, with the broad river rushing along the rapids in mid-stream, the great forest on the opposite side, and the well tilled field near by, but below the eminence on which the old homestead stood, delighted him, despite the ruined look of the buildings, and evinced that the elder Carter Lee was not deficient in appreciation of the beautiful landscape.

A train of pleasant thoughts brightened the reveries of this young bachelor as he peopled the house and grounds with imaginary guests, while an imaginary Mary presided over a modernized establishment. Had he been possessed of millions, this day dream could not have been more magnificent in its conception. His life had been chiefly passed away from the South, and only by his childhood's recollections and hereditary traits was his opinion of, and manner to, his father's former slaves guided. So that each day had for him some new experience, and he felt that he was as free from prejudice as the son of a slaveholder could possibly be. His manner was natural and simple, and he readily adapted himself to the ways and habits of the negro servants who, he thought, were born his inferiors and would die thus.

"The bishop—Bishop Hunter—young marster," said Bob, throwing open the door as he spoke.

The sound of Bob's voice would have dissipated the air-castles which he had been building anyway, but the picture now presented to him astonished him beyond measure, and, for once, he was disconcerted. His hesitation was noted by the newcomer, who, hat in hand, advanced and extended his hand, saying: "I am glad to meet you, young master; you resemble your brother

Henry very much, and I think I can see a resemblance to your father, whose memory we all revere." This was said with perfect grammar, proper pronunciation, and a dignity rarely found among the recently enfranchised race. The speaker was a man of fifty-six years—a black man, with a large and well proportioned frame, and a head that seemed to Carter Lee to be abnormally large.

What he might have done had he not seen Bob's grinning face at the door is not known, but this restored his natural ease of manner, and he accepted the hand of "the bishop," saying to Bob : "Bob, you can retire to the kitchen until you learn better manners."

"Yassir, yassir!" said Bob, immediately complying with this order, while his whole demeanor changed to that of the humble servant of yore. As soon as Bob was out of the room, Carter Lee, with a manner that was respectful, yet familiar, and involving that subtle racial distinction expressed in the words, "thus far shalt thou come, but no farther," said: "To what am I indebted for your visit, bishop—what can I do for you?"

The bishop smiled, and with equal ease, answered : "To my natural desire to see the son of my best friend, our old master, now in his grave. You can do nothing for me individually, for I have been signally blessed, but you may do much for my people, many of whom were your father's slaves, and all of whom revere his memory."

This was altogether a new experience to the young gentleman, who, judging all colored people of African descent from the Congo negroes on his Coahoma plantation, supposed that they were all ignorant dependents. But here stood before him a man who would command attention anywhere—a man whom he recognized as his intellectual, but not his social equal—and, involuntarily, he said : "Thank you, take a chair; I will be pleased to aid you in any way that I can. Will you have a cigar?" To his surprise the bishop accepted both.

Carter Lee regretted having offered the cigar the moment after he had done so, but it was too late to withdraw it, and the bishop said: "If you do not object I will lock the door, for it is not well for any of the servants to see me seated in your presence and conversing as if we were socially equals."

Lee smiled as the bishop, suiting his action to his words, locked the door and then resumed his seat. His thoughts were of what his father would think if he could see him thus familiarly conversing with his former slave, who had, by sheer force of intellect, educated himself and become one of the acknowledged leaders of his race. But curiosity got the better of preconceived opinions of his own importance, and he decided to let matters take their course. "You do not consider the negro the equal of the white man, then?" suggested Carter Lee, as the bishop resumed his seat.

"No, sir; no more than I consider all white men equal to each other. There is no more absurd statement than that one of Mr. Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, 'All men are, and of right ought to be, free and equal.' All men should be free, except when, in God's providence, they shall have been prepared for freedom through the instrumentality of slavery to their superiors in civilization. Slavery has prepared us to civilize Africa."

"Do you favor all the colored people leaving this country?"

"Oh, no; not by any means. Thousands of us are not prepared to go anywhere. There are many thousands of Congo negroes and their descendants in this country; they are the most inferior of all African tribes. They ought to remain here for a hundred years to come. It will take about that time to enable them to fully appreciate the blessings of civilization; but they could have never reached that evolutionary plane as slaves. God knew when that portion of us were freed, in common with the higher type of the negro, that it was necessary for us to pass through the crucible incident to freedom. You white people, generally, believe that all negroes are alike, but there is as much difference between them as there is between the white races. I believe that slavery was a providential institution; that the negro was allowed to become your slave and to be thrown in contact with the whites of this progressive nation for the purpose of imbibing its civilization and Christianity, ultimately to return in such sufficient numbers as to rescue the millions of our race in our fatherland from heathen darkness.

And to accomplish this gigantic work through a few missionary agents would delay the grand results for a thousand years! Those who are familiar with the characteristics of the negro will readily understand that he needs example, and that is God's mode of giving it to him."

"Who do you regard as the best friends of the negro, the Northern white people or the Southern?"

"Well, we have white friends and some enemies in both sections; I would not attempt a comparison. If I did, I might say politically we have more friends in the North, but in point of business, giving employment in every phase of industry and encouragement in procuring a subsistence, I should say the South. I mean, in plain language, that I know of no occupation that the negro in the South is capable of performing that he cannot find employment at, except to drive a railroad locomotive and a few things of that sort. But I am no great admirer of white friends, anyway, unless that friendship is founded squarely upon general philanthropy. I want no white man to love me or my race any more than he does the Indian, the Chinaman, or the Laplander. All I want is the respect of a man, and I think that is all my race wants."

"Don't you believe that the blacks and the whites can live peaceably together?"

"Oh, yes; they could do it, but are they going to do it? Have any two distinct races ever lived peaceably under similar conditions? You white people will not live with any race unless you are, in every particular, masters of the situation. I see that it is a foregone conclusion that you propose to treat the negro both in the North and South as an alien race, and I know from my personal knowledge, that the educated negro does not intend to be satisfied with such treatment. I believe the hand of God is in it. Antagonisms are destined to work out grand and glorious results, provided the blacks and whites will both put themselves in harmony with the plans of the Almighty."

"You mean emigration, I suppose. If your people were to emigrate, could they provide for themselves and perpetuate their existence?"

"Of course; why not? We have a far higher civilization than you white people had a thousand years ago. Yes, five hundred years ago—in many respects two hundred years ago—for we would not burn our old ugly women as witches. We have too much ancestral veneration. The negro, in the aggregate, will work, and loves to work. Why, even in slave times, I can remember well hundreds of masters who would not have a white overseer on their place, and they would not put a foot on their plantations for two or three months at a time. Yet their colored people without the sight of a white face, raised the finest crops for their masters in the world. Now, if the negro, as a slave, without any hope of reward, would remain by hundreds on the old plantation and work, take care of the horses, mules, cows, raise hogs and sheep and poultry and collect the eggs by thousands, and send them to 'the big house,' as it was called, with milk and butter, and all the necessities of life, without the presence of a white face, how could any one presume that he would not take care of himself? Besides, look how he has lived and thrived since the war, without a foot of land in many instances, or a cent. The truth is, the negro can live anywhere; for that matter he can beat the world living! Put the white people in the same condition under which the negro has lived and thrived and he will die ten to one! But I wish to talk to you about our emigration scheme."

"Do you intend to go to Africa?"

"Yes, sir. I am going on a visit next year, if I am spared, and can make financial ends meet, and that is why I wished to meet and talk with you. I hope to make some observations in my lecture tour through the North this season which, I trust, will be of much practical benefit, touching the variety of the African tribes or races. I want to show the people that the negro tribes are as different in their make-up as the white tribes were in ancient days; even if negroes are all black. In other words, that the Mandingo, Krew, Vey, Gaulish, Bassa, Housa, Guinea, Ebo, Ioloff and Congo tribes, from which the black people of the United States came, are as distinct in their characteristics and mechanism as the Englishmen and Italians. I have

heard white people say, when you see one negro you see all. Such language is a jargon of nonsense, and advertises the ignorance of the man using it. The race distinctions between the blacks are as manifest as they ever were among the whites—the Mandingo, Krew and Vey negroes are as far above the thick-lipped Ebo and broad, oval mouthed Congo, as the Frenchman is above the Russian Jew.

“Now, I have been invited by the Young Men’s Christian Association, of New Haven, to lecture there some time this year, and I would like to have you present, so that I can refer to you. It will aid me, because it will show the good will which exists between the races here when the demagogues let them alone.”

“But,” said Carter, curious to hear more, “the negroes have been taught that Africa is the most unhealthy country in the world.”

“Yes, the fool negro thinks it certain death to set foot upon Africa; whereas, in fact, after you get back into the interior, there are vast regions of territory, where it is so healthy that it is no uncommon thing to see men and women from a hundred and ten to a hundred and thirty years of age. But, then, look at the wealth of Africa; everything is in Africa that the human mind can conceive of. It is the only continent under heaven in which you could find all the necessary materials to build the New Jerusalem described in the book of Revelations. I know more about the negro than any white man in the nation. I have been a negro myself for fifty-six years, and have mingled with them in every form from the Atlantic to the Pacific.”

Just as the bishop concluded this sentence, there was a knock at the door, and the confused sounds of many voices reached their ears. The bishop threw his cigar in the fire and was about to go to the door when Lee detained him:

“Wait a moment,” he said; “you have told me that you formerly belonged to my father; what did you do as a slave?”

“My work was chiefly in this room; as a boy and a youth, I was taught to do all that is required of a butler. I have been the guest of many rich men at the North—at the clubs and restaurants, I mean, not in their

homes, for a colored man is as obnoxious to them as a social guest as he can possibly be here in the South. I was going to say, that I have met no one—not even Senator Sumner of Massachusetts, whose manner was as stately and gracious as your father's."

Ignoring this compliment to his father, Lee asked :
" How did you educate yourself?"

" Your mother, 'old mistress,' as we used to call her, taught me to read and to write. At the same time she taught her maid, Amanda, also."

At this moment the knocking was renewed, and " Bishop Hunter" seemed immediately transformed into a servant again. Opening the door quietly, and closing it behind him, he asked Bob who stood without: " Robert, what does this noise mean? Don't you know young master don't wish to be disturbed by such unseemly rudeness?"

" I knows it; in course I knows it; but I can't hep it! dese here niggers got de word last night, an' dey is jist bound to see Marse Cyarter afore he leaves."

Carter had heard this colloquy, and tried to compose his thoughts and features. A knock at the door such as experienced servants give in the South, indicated that the bishop had assumed that *rôle*. And, indeed, no one could have done it better in the White House of the Nation. The bishop had discarded, for the time being, all thoughts of his high office, of his noble aspirations for his race, of his wonderful success, and stood before Carter Lee, the typical servant of the best type. Again he used the negro vernacular, and lead the old servants, one by one, the oldest taking precedence, to see his old master's son and heir. The influence of habit and example was never more forcibly shown, for, as soon as the negroes saw that the noted " Bishop Hunter" treated this young man as he had treated his old master, each man as he entered the door dropped his hat on the floor of the hall, and greeted Carter as if he was still their young master.

And never were slaves greeted with more kindly inquiries concerning their wants, and their families than were these freedmen; and during it all " Bishop Hunter" stood quietly by, like a well-trained and faithful servant, while his benevolent face glowed with satisfaction as he saw the result of his experiment. Had his manner been

different, theirs would have also been different, and Carter Lee would not have left "the old plantation" a changed man in all his ideas as to the negro, the slave, and the freedman. As it was, he decided to take advantage of the excuse thus offered to visit New Haven again. He was much interested in what this negro bishop had said, and wondered how he had acquired information of which he was himself ignorant. He did not know that Bishop Hunter had returned the year before from Liberia, where he had gone as the accredited representative of the United States, to that benighted Republic.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" he exclaimed, when he did learn of it through the newspapers. "Wonderful! a slave in 1865; a Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States in 1886!"

VIII.

Mr. Arthur DeBrosses, President of the —— Trust Company, had been one of the most prominent lawyers in New York City previous to his retirement from professional practice. He had reluctantly accepted the presidency of the trust company, which was offered him, partly because of his record as a Trustee, and partly because of the legal complications arising from the extension of the trans-continental railway systems.

Carter Lee, on his first arrival in New York City, had presented to this old gentleman a letter of introduction from his former guardian, stating that he was a son of that Carter Lee who had been a friend and classmate of Mr. DeBrosses at Princeton University. A warm friendship had been formed between the two in their university days, before war had desolated the South and estranged the two sections; before immigration had made the American subordinate to the foreign element in a large part of the country, and the pride of the citizen, North and South, was that he was an American citizen. That war had impoverished the richer of the two friends, and had made a millionaire of the other; but it had left in the hearts of each the warmest sympathy and friendship for the other.

Lee was most cordially greeted by Mr. DeBrosses, and, as the son of one of his earliest friends, was invited to his house. Lee dined there the next day, and the acquaintance, thus begun a year before, had ripened into a warm friendship. Mr. De Brosses, though a cordial friend to Lee in social life, was a staunch Republican in politics, and gave the young Southerner many hard argumentative raps whenever the subject of politics was broached.

Lee was charmed with his handsome daughter, whom he found a sympathetic listener. She even dared occasionally to champion his side when he differed with her father in conversation, and, thus, their friendship was cemented and Lee found her home the most agreeable one to visit in the city. One evening, after dinner, the old gentleman took the liberty of advising the young man as to his future. "Success all depends on whether you have common sense enough to forget, or overcome, your prejudices, and have energy to back your common sense," said he.

"I supposed it depended rather on uncommon sense; it seems to me that it requires ability beyond the common herd to win success among the two millions of people in this city and Brooklyn," replied Lee.

"So it does; but it takes a deal of common sense to become uncommonly successful. Neither Commodore Handbill, nor your friend old Billy Outlaw, of the Cotton Exchange, speak grammatically, and I doubt whether either of them can write good English, but no one doubts their great abilities. They may be said to possess uncommon common sense."

"What is your definition, then, of common sense?"

"The knowledge of men and things—the ability to grasp the situation comprehensively—to take the tide at the right moment."

"That applies to speculation chiefly, doesn't it?"

"Not at all; or, rather, not more than to any other mode of making a living. What is the use of a knowledge of Sanscrit, or of the sciences, if a man is to fritter away his time as a waiter."

"I don't understand that allusion; I never heard of a scholar who chose to do menial service."

"You have not traveled in New England in summer, then. Many Harvard and Yale students may be seen acting as waiters at the summer resorts. Such men may be 'crammed' with book knowledge, yet they manifestly lack common sense."

"I agree with you, sir; I don't see how any manly man—any gentleman—can choose such a vocation," said Lee.

Miss DeBrosses showed by her approving smile that he had accurately expressed her ideas on that subject.

"But is it a fact?" enquired Lee.

"Certainly; spend a part of your vacation there and you will see it done; and accepted, too, quite as a matter of course."

"Imagine yourself a Harvard Senior, Mr. Lee, and that, during vacation, you accept the position of waiter—or, if you are ambitious, of head-waiter, say. Imagine, also, that the sister of your most intimate friend arrives, and it becomes your duty to show her to a seat at the breakfast or dinner table—wouldn't you feel a little embarrassed?" remarked Miss De Brosses.

"You tax my imaginative faculties too much; I cannot imagine myself as occupying any menial position."

"Neither can I," she said, with a look that gratified his vanity.

"And if I did so far forget my self-respect," he resumed; "I should expect all gentlemen to refuse to receive me as a social equal."

"That is my view of it, too," she said.

"If you would get along here, my young friend," said Mr. De Brosses; "you must overcome some ideas that may be as objectionable here as that New England custom would be to the Southern people. You must learn to be national, not sectional. Forget that you are from 'The South'—a term, by the way, which is a misnomer. You call Texas a 'Southern' State; it is Western. You speak of Minnesota, or Idaho, or Washington as Western States, while they are Northern. And Virginia, New York, all New England, and North Carolina, are Eastern States. Forget State lines; they are practically obsolete. Railways don't observe them; commerce don't know them; and it would be as well if they were swept

away in name, as in fact they have been. The United States constitute a Nation, not a collection of weak, dependent ‘Sovereignities’ so-called. ‘State Sovereignty’ is an exploded heresy! Consider the whole country as *your* country, and you will prosper; be narrow-minded—provincial—and you will fail. This republic is destined to embrace the whole continent. I will not live to see it, but you may.”

Lee listened to this advice with good humor, for he knew that it was sincerely uttered and that it would be folly to attempt to change the opinions of the old gentleman by any argument which he could advance. Indeed, it was easy for this happy and fortunate youth to look upon the rose-colored side of life. With an ample fortune and all of life before him, and no one to direct or interfere with his movements or plans, life seemed rosy indeed. He would have been blind not to perceive that the handsome and vivacious daughter of Mr. De Brosses was already interested in what he did and said. She was beginning to be a part of his thoughts when he was absent from her society, when this chance suggestion that he should pass a part of his vacation in New England determined him to do so. He had no acquaintances in all New England, but invitations to attend the college contests had annually been mailed to him since the Yale-Princeton games in which he had triumphed as a Freshman five years previous, and he decided to accept the one just received from Yale. Thus Lee found himself once more in New Haven, and a smile was on his face while his cheeks glowed with health and his eyes with enthusiasm. It was summer again, and cannon were being fired, horns blown, and sky-rockets sent upward on this July the Fourth, the country’s natal day.

Carter Lee was in the camp of Yale when the rejoicing was at its height, for Yale had won the victory in the boat race at New London, between the Harvard and Yale College crews, and the superiority of the Yale stroke was evident from the start to the finish. Harvard was depressed; Yale exultant. As he entered the city of New Haven with the victorious crew, they were received with a tremendous ovation, and the crew were escorted to the campus of Yale College on the top of a big tally-ho.

From the railway station to the college grounds, the cheering was continuous, and New Haven was wholly enthusiastic and altogether good-natured. As an alumnus of Yale, who had distinguished himself in athletic sports, Charles Windom and his friend were invited guests of the Yale crew.

"Ah!" said Windom to his guest; "old Oxford, with all its anti-materialistic spirit; all of what Matthew Arnold calls 'that ineffable charm which keeps calling us near to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection, to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side'; Oxford, with its Heads of Houses, its Masters, Dons, and Fellows, and rigid social tone, cannot inspire a welcome such as this! It takes young America to thus enthuse Americans, young and old."

Lee's eyes were directed to the pretty girls on the street, but he answered: "Do they not have boat races there?"

"Oh, yes; and fine ones, too. We have annual eight-oared races, the college barges are crowded and the opposite bank of the Thames is thronged with people viewing the contest. A gun booms, and, amid cries and the noise of bells and the band of music, the leading boat shoots forth, and the excitement begins and continues to the finish. But there is no such ovation as this at the home-coming," said Windom, waving his hand to the enthusiastic crowds that thronged the streets and huzzaed as the tally-ho, filled with victorious Yalesians, passed by.

When the two young men separated, Lee went to the hotel and Windom joined his sister, whom he recognized among the spectators.

"Charlie, who was that very handsome young man seated on the tally-ho with you?" she asked. "Amanda and I were impressed with his appearance; he is very handsome."

"Oh! he is a professional athlete from New York," said Windom, carelessly.

"Indeed! it is too bad: Amanda, in calling my attention to him, said: 'Look at your brother's friend, Mary; if ever a man looked like a gentleman, he does'; and I quite agreed with Amanda."

Windom laughed and said: "You were both right; so far as I know he is tip-top, a gentleman in every sense of the word. Sister, do you remember the young Princeton student who made the extraordinary run which defeated our Yale boys five years ago?"

"Certainly; is this handsome stranger he?"

"The same. By the way, I threatened then to have him here to tea, to meet Miss Amanda and yourself, didn't I?"

"Yes," said Mary, smiling.

"Well, I have invited him to take tea with us to-morrow evening, and if that fellow DuBose doesn't take all of Miss Amanda's time, confound him!—"

"I will fix it," said Mary, interrupting him. "I'll ask Amanda to be present, and, as Dr. DuBose is quite a favorite of mine, I'll invite him, too."

"That will be returning evil for good, with a vengeance," said her brother.

"I promise you that I will not let him monopolize Amanda. In truth, I think it is due Dr. DuBose to give him a chance to see Amanda without having to encounter Professor Von Donhoff, who is more in love with her than he is."

"What!" said Windom, laughing heartily at the thought of his old professor as a rival. "Is that so? the last man on earth that I thought would be foolish enough to fall in love with a pretty girl."

"You need not take it so lightly; I think you have more to fear from him than any one else."

"Come, now, sister dear, don't go back on me so soon after my return home. I confess that I have been disappointed, and Miss Amanda does not seem to have any more serious intention of accepting me now than when I went to England."

He was in a more serious mood now, and his sister noticed it.

"Well, my dear brother, would you have her throw herself at your feet just because you courted her five years ago? For my part, I think any belle, and Amanda is one, is very foolish to think of marriage until she has many more scalps, metaphorically speaking, than either she or your worthy sister can yet boast of."

"I quite agree with my 'worthy sister,' so far as she is concerned, and I pray that she may never marry; no man is good enough for you, my dear," caressing her as he spoke.

"Thank you; I quite agree with my 'worthy brother,' and he may reconcile himself to the thought of having me on his hands for ever so long—say until I am twenty-five."

"So mote it be, amen! And until twice twenty-five, sister mine."

Thus, the next evening, Carter Lee was the guest of Charles Windom at tea. As he had never met any of the ladies or gentlemen before, he was rather quiet at first, for he had learned the art of being a good listener.

There was one feature of the conversation, however, which interested Lee greatly, and resulted in an invitation to him, extended then and there, to join Mrs. Windom's party on an excursion along the New England coast in two weeks.

"Our chief objective point will be the Isles of Shoals," said Mrs. Windom to Lee, who accepted the invitation immediately, and said to her :

"Pardon my ignorance, but where are the Isles of Shoals?"

"On the coast of New Hampshire, or, rather, off the coast, for it is ten miles from the shore," she replied.

"That is a unique idea, isn't it? My idea has always been that a successful resort must be accessible above all things," said Lee.

"I think it is the only summer resort in America of the kind; but the very reason which you give as a bar to its success makes its popularity."

Lee's eyes were interrogation points, but he awaited in silence for further explanation, when she continued:

"You know, Mr. Lee, that the ultimate aim of society, in the highest meaning of that word, is to be as exclusive as circumstances will permit. Now, almost all of our New England coast has been purchased for summer hotels or villa sites, and the summer hotels are thronged all the season with people of every class from our large cities. Newport is an exception, and so is Bar Harbor, but only multi-millionaires affect those two places.

Newport, it is said, has the finest beach on the New England coast, yet the cottagers there do not indulge in sea-bathing."

"Poor things!" said Miss Windom.

"Why do you call them 'poor things,' and why do they not enjoy themselves?" asked Lee, who began to feel that he did not know all things, and was still in some respects a verdant green.

His question was directed to Miss Windom, who laughed as she answered:

"They are so rich that they are afraid of each other; and, as 'the common herd'—that is to say the people who are vulgar enough to stop at the hotels, take sea-baths, they will not do it."

Lee laughed and said: "I suppose you escape all such snobbishness at the Isles of Shoals?"

"Yes; people go there to escape both the 'Society as I have found it' class, and also to escape contact with the low, drunken class who frequent cheap excursions."

"No excursion parties are allowed to land there," remarked Windom.

"Have you read 'Society as I have found it,' Mr. Lee? I believe the author is from your State," said Miss Amanda Adams.

"No, I have not read it, but from the newspaper criticisms I infer that the writer's imagination is more comprehensive than his education. His scorn for the rules of grammar seems to be heroic in its frankness."

"He is the prince of snobs, and his book is an autobiography," said Windom.

"His autobiography merits an *auto-da-fe*, then, if that is true. I can stand vanity, but I despise toadiness," rejoined Miss Adams.

"Good!" said Windom, clapping his hands at this witticism; "I'll stop in Newport long enough to tell the author that."

"Miss Adams," said Lee; "I am reminded by your remark when you alluded to 'my State' of an incident which happened to me in Union Square the other day. It was quite warm and, unlike your Newport cottagers, I took a seat on a bench beside an Irish laborer. We talked some time and, finally, I told him the wages

paid to laborers in Georgia, alluding to it as ‘my State.’”

“Do you own a whole State?” he asked. “I *belong* in New York City, and you are the first man in America that I ever heard of who owned a State.”

Amanda laughed and answered: “I acknowledge that the rebuke is just; but we constantly make similar mistakes without noticing them.”

“Pardon me, I did not mean to call attention to your mistake, but to mine,” said Lee, gallantly.

“Oh, never mind; we both ‘belong’ to Georgia by birth, and so does the author referred to; so no harm is done, and, perhaps, our native clime has something to do with it.”

“Are *you* from Georgia? I never would have imagined it. But, really, Connecticut people do resemble Georgians,” replied Lee.

“Good for the Georgians!” said Windom to Amanda, in an undertone.

“I was born in Georgia,” said Amanda, “but as I left there when I was a month old, my recollections are not very distinct.”

Politeness checked the questions which Lee desired to ask, but his curiosity was piqued, and he mentally calculated the years since she was “a month old” and correctly surmised that her father must have been a Federal soldier, and her birth contemporary with the death of the Confederacy.

“Speech is silvern; silence is golden,” thought Lee, as he prudently kept his curiosity in check.

He remembered the kindly counsel of his venerable friend, Mr. De Brosses, and resolved to say nothing that would occasion any unpleasant reference to the civil war. He already perceived that these Northern people did not suffer from it materially—had not sacrificed fortunes, business, and professions, and the flower of their youth and manhood to prosecute it, as did the Southern people; and that they could not, therefore, appreciate the patriotism that nerved them as one man to continue the desperate struggle long after it was hopeless. Mr. De Brosses’ parting speech to him was: “Remember, my young friend, that the *Year One* does not date from 1865,

and that our little family quarrel is but a speck on the horizon of history. The soldiers of both armies were equally brave and equally patriotic."

Lee did not reply to this impartial speech, but he did his own thinking, nevertheless. He reflected that there were but two hundred thousand living ex-Confederate soldiers, while the pension rolls in Washington showed that five hundred and twenty thousand, one hundred and fifty-eight Federal soldiers were drawing pensions from the Government, and five hundred thousand more are seeking to have their names enrolled. On the Southern side, two hundred thousand living ex-soldiers; on the Northern, or Union side, there are one million, two hundred and eight thousand, seven hundred and seven living ex-soldiers according to the figures of the Commissioner of Pensions. "As there are more than six times as many ex-Federal soldiers living as there are ex-Confederate soldiers living, so there were more than six times as many Federal soldiers as there were Confederate soldiers enlisted during that war which Mr. De Brosses styled 'our little family quarrel,'" thought Lee, and he smiled as this thought greeted him.

But he was not disposed to spoil a delightful visit by expressing sentiments which politeness forbade him to utter, and common sense urged him to keep under a wise restraint.

IX.

"This is, indeed, delightful," said Lee. "Here, at the 'Shoals,' it is a serene, sunny day, while, over yonder shore, see how the black clouds gather; and the thunder, rolling above us, portends a storm there."

"But it will not reach this charmed circle," replied Mary. "Often I have noticed such clouds, followed by rain on the distant shore, while all day long here it was as clear as it is now. Have you ever read a prettier description than this? Read it, Mr. Lee; I wish you to enjoy it and I feel disposed to test your capacity as a reader."

Lee took the paper and read as follows: "With every hour there is a changing panorama. The sea reflects

the blue or gray of the sky. Sometimes, through mirage or floating vapors, the horizon disappears, heaven and earth are blended, and the distant ships seem sailing in the clouds. Sometimes, when there is not a film in the air between Canada and this coast, the dim pyramid of Mount Washington rises in the north a hundred miles away."

"That is pretty," he said; "but it is not an exaggeration; this day verifies it."

That evening they walked along the wide piazzas and enjoyed the scene, which was totally unlike that which had so excited their enthusiasm during the day. The revolving light of White Island, a mile away, flashed its light across the waters, as she spoke to him of the music of the bells from yonder yachts, which sounded faintly above the calm sea.

"There they are, with watch set and with white wings folded; and see, beside them ride the little boats of the fishermen. How peaceful it all looks! What a contrast to the same waters when a storm does come."

"Can't we take a little stroll?" he asked.

"Je voudrais, si je could-rais, mais je cant-rais pas," she answered, gaily.

Lee laughed, and said: "That is pigeon-French, is it not?"

"I guess so; it was spoken by a gentleman who attended the last meeting of the 'Cerele Litteraire Français,' and it was amusing to see how embarrassed he was when informed of his error. He had evidently weighed each word carefully before speaking, which made his mistakes all the more ridiculous."

With a laugh Lee said: "But why can't we take a walk up the ledge? I am told that we can see the star of Newburyport and the twin lights of Cape Ann from there."

"So we can; I have been there at night; and you can see also, to the right, the lights of Portsmouth and New Castle. I don't wish to ask mamma to go at night, but to-morrow, if you like, I will go with you and try to point out the glories that you miss to-night."

This with an arch expression of coquetry.

Lee did not insist further, for he knew that this young

lady was correct in her ideas of propriety, and he liked her none the less for it. Just then the lively strains of the orchestra greeted them from the dancing hall, and Lee said:

"As you will not walk with me, you will at least dance with me; will you not? Let us take a waltz in the dancing hall."

To this proposition Mary assented and, as they joined the merry dancers, Lee thought that he had never seen any one half so beautiful and graceful as she. As they turned from the brilliant ball-room to see again the beauty of the night out of doors, the heavens seemed to Lee to be fuller of stars than he had ever seen it before. Indeed, to both of these happy young people, the ocean seemed to chant their lullaby as they passed on to her apartment, at the door of which her mother awaited them. To Lee this night had been the golden night of his existence.

Early the next morning, he and Mary Windom went to the ledge that she had described to him. They looked forth upon the broad Atlantic while the fresh morning breeze fanned the waves, and the sun shone gloriously over the sea. Already the fishing boats were going to the nearest banks, and the roar of the billows as they thundered with the incoming tide almost drowned their voices. For a long time they watched the splendor of the breakers as they dashed against the cliff, or against each other, while sea-gulls circled here and there above them, with wings that seemed tireless.

"Wonderful birds! I've seen them flying thus a thousand miles from land," he said.

"Then you are quite a traveler?"

"No, but I'll tell you some day of the little that I have seen."

As they arose to return to the hotel, they saw on an opposite ledge two figures who seemed too much absorbed in each other's society to notice the ocean view. They were Windom and Amanda.

After breakfast, as they sat on the verandah, Professor Von Donhoff, to whom Mary Windom had suggested that Carter Lee had traveled extensively, said to Lee:

"Miss Mary informs me that you have traveled in foreign countries. Have you visited Germany?"

"No, my travels are limited to Mexico, Central and South America, and a cruise on the Pacific. Up to two years ago I had seen nothing out of the United States."

"But you have seen the countries that I most wish to see," said the Professor, "and I envy you, for there is but one museum of American antiquities worthy of the name on this continent."

"In Mexico?" queried Lee.

"Yes; what amazes me more than anything else is the indifference of Americans concerning the antiquity of their own country."

"But we have no antiquities, have we?" asked Mary Windom, looking from one to the other for an answer.

Lee smiled; her very ignorance of the art of pretending to vast knowledge, so often assumed by young Americans, amused him.

"Is not this the New World?" she asked.

While the inquiry was general, no one saw fit to respond to it except Professor Von Donhoff, who amiably replied:

"No one who has visited Mexico will say so."

"Now Mr. Lee, what *do you* say about it?" asked Mary.

"I don't know how to answer your question. Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro thought they had discovered a New World, but I was told that the Temple of Cuzco in Yucatan was older than Christianity, and that the cross upon its pinnacle was not a Christian emblem."

"Exactly," replied the Professor; "that cross upon the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco, as well as the triune vessel found in one of the mounds built by the Mound builders in Ohio, do not indicate a knowledge of the trinity, but they really prove their Hindoo origin. The symbol of the cross is older than Christianity. It was the emblem of the goddess Astarte. Similarly the Gregorian hymn is of pagan origin. The cross was found on one of the *bas-reliefs* at Pompeii; and the early Christians knew that it was a sacred emblem among Pagan nations. The Hindoos often wear a cross appended to a rosary; and Brahma is often represented as holding one

in his hand. The rosary is still used in Thibet and in China. The Tartars carry crosses; the Mongols regard the cross as sacred, and it is seen in the pagodas. In like manner copper crosses and necklaces of beads have been found on skeletons found in American mounds, which indicates, as I said, their Hindoo origin."

"I wish I had known these facts before I visited those countries," said Lee. "As it is, I only observed that there were about four thousand specimens of ancient Aztec sculpture in the museum in Mexico—idols, statues, and busts of divinities, figures of animals, urns, vases, some of them of wonderful artistic beauty—are collected there."

"Similar idols, vases, urns, utensils of copper, and pottery are found in the 'mounds,' or tumuli, that stand in various parts of the United States as memorials of the real aborigines of America," said the Professor.

"I thought the Indians were the aborigines of this continent," remarked Amanda.

"That is to say, you have thought very little about it, eh?" replied the Professor gently.

"That's a true bill, as papa would say," she replied.

"And not ten thousand out of sixty million Americans have given it much more thought than has Miss Amanda," suggested Windom.

"That don't help matters; I lose patience when I think of how contented Americans are to remain in ignorance of what we, in Europe, consider essential parts of knowledge."

"I do not know much about the subject, but it seems to me that the earliest discoverers of whom we have undoubtedly knowledge, not misty tradition, like Columbus, for example, were probably correct in considering this the 'New World,' and the Indians the aborigines thereof," said Du Bose.

"You are in error about that. Columbus was informed by the Indians that their ancestors had only been on this continent the age of three old men—not exceeding three hundred years anterior to its discovery by him. It is certain that two races as separate and distinct as the native of Hindoostan and the American Indian inhabited this country long before the conquest of Mexico. It is

almost equally certain that the Indian, so-called, is the more modern of the two."

"Who were their predecessors, the Aztecs?" inquired Carter Lee.

"Yes; or rather their ancestors, the 'Mound Builders.' Cortez was informed by Montezuma that their ancestors touched first at Florida, and made their way to Mexico; whence, it seems probable, they scattered over the continent, wherever these pyramidal mounds stand, and no further."

"That is interesting," said Lee. "One of the mounds to which you allude is on my father's plantation in Georgia, and from it many idols and trinkets have been taken. The hieroglyphics on these images do resemble those found in the museum in the City of Mexico."

"Exactly so. I repeat that that is the only museum of American antiquities, worthy of the name, in America. All of the mounds in America point invariably to Mexico. Marine shells that abound in Hindooostan, but are unknown here, are found in Mexican and American mounds."

"I have often wondered what connection there was between the Indian and the Mound Builders," said Windom. "It is very clear that you are right, Professor, because the Indians never worshiped any idols, or images, and did worship the Great Spirit—God."

"Yes, and the Aztecs in Mexico and Peru were, in their day, as devout sun worshipers as the people of India. Fire worship, worship in temples, and images, were as familiar to the Mexicans and Peruvians as to the Etruscans, Greeks, Egyptians, Hindoos, Seythians, Chinese and Mongols generally. Osiris, in the Egyptian, and Vishnu, in the Hindoo mythology, bear the same relation to Typhon and to Siva, respectively, as Quetzalcoatl bears to Tezeatlipoca in Mexican mythology; one representing the creative, and the other the destroying power."

"Do you mean to say, Professor, that America is the old world, and not the New World? that the Mexicans and Egyptians were the same people?" asked Dr. DuBose.

"There are many reasons for that opinion. The resemblances to Egypt were too many and striking to doubt

that they had a common origin. There are two pyramids at Palenque which indicate, by the figure of the heart, that they believed, with the Egyptians, that the heart is the seat of the intellect. The Etrurian year consisted of three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, and forty minutes, and the Mexican year consisted of three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, and fifty minutes. The pyramid at Cholula is twice as large as that of Cheops, and ten feet higher than that of Mycerinas. The paintings and sculpture in Mexico are likewise analogous to the Egyptian; and the figures found in the Mexican and American mounds are seated cross-legged in the oriental fashion."

"That's so," said Lee; "I noticed that much."

Mary Windom smiled at this honest confession that he had traveled through Mexico and Central America with his eyes almost shut so far as antiquarian research is concerned. The Professor also noticed it with approval, and Mary's smile seemed infectious.

"But, Professor, what of the Indian? I have never seen a Mexican, but I have seen a great many Indians. Where did they come from?" asked Mrs. Windom.

"The Indian knows nothing, by tradition or otherwise, of the Mound Builders, while there are innumerable historical links connecting the ancient Mexicans with Egypto-Indo races. A lieutenant in the United States Navy, who was with Commodore Wilkes during his four years' cruise in 1839, coasting the Pacific Islands, as well as Asia and Africa, stated to me that they paid great attention to this subject. The conclusion arrived at was that the American Indian and the Malay were one and the same race—the latter changed by circumstances of time and place. They bear a striking resemblance to each other, whether seen in Canada, Florida, Peru, or Brazil. I think that the most probable theory."

This subject, while interesting as a suggestion, did not interest the young people as much as it did the Professor and Mrs. Windom, and, as if with a common impulse, they arose in response to a suggestion from Windom that they should take a sail.

"The sea is smooth, and the day is all that one could ask for," said he.

To this Amanda and Du Bose assented, but Lee declined with thanks, saying that he had a prior engagement with Mary, who, he said, had promised to give him his first lesson in botany. The remainder of the party decided to go on a boating excursion.

For the first time, it seemed to Lee, he was thus afforded an opportunity to talk to Mary Windom to his heart's content, and he tried to talk about the island, and society, and every subject that would interest her, when all the time the one subject which most interested him was Mary Windom herself.

X.

"I think you said you had seen Mount Washington from this island, Miss Mary?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; sometimes when storms have passed and the sky is clear, we can see its pyramidal peak."

"How many islands are there in the group that form the Isles of Shoals?"

"There are seven, or ten, I forget the exact number; but only two or three are of interest to tourists."

"Appledore and Star, where the hotels are," said Lee, interrupting her. "By the way, Miss Mary, how very much good hotels add to the delights of viewing scenery."

She smiled and answered.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Lee, that you are utilitarian; or, to use a horrid word, practical rather than romantic."

"I am afraid that I am; but see those flowers, at the foot of the hill; let us go and gather some."

Arrived there he asked: "What are the names of these flowers, Miss Mary?"

"Why, don't you know the names of our common flowers?" she exclaimed.

"I know *tame* flowers, roses, geraniums, and the like—but I don't know the names of these wild flowers. What are these?"

"Marigolds."

"Never heard the name before; and those?"

"Sweet peas; nasturtiums; asters—" she exclaimed rapidly.

"Stop, please, Miss Mary; let me write down those names; I never will remember them in the world."

"And the flowers—will you forget them also?" She handed him a little bouquet as she spoke, and with a pleased smile Lee answered:

"No, indeed; how can I ever forget them? I love flowers for their own sake, not for their names, and I sometimes feel like doffing my hat to them; these I could kneel to," he gallantly said, alluding to the bouquet which she had so deftly made.

"What an idea!" said Mary laughing merrily. "How pretty those yachts are; their sails look like wings," she added.

"Do you like yachting?" said Lee.

"Above all things!"

"That's a pity."

"Why? Don't you like yachting?"

"A poor Southerner need never aspire to win any girl who likes yachting 'above all things;' it's a costly luxury."

Mary laughed again, and, turning, said: "How peaceful is that view!"

For they stood in the flower-bordered path at Star, and looked at Appledore across the water space.

"See!" he exclaimed; "your 'birds' are spreading their 'wings;' the yachts are about to leave us. I wonder where those rich fellows are going."

"To Bar Harbor, doubtless. 'See Naples and die; see Bar Harbor if you would know what it is to live.'

"Did you ever go fishing in one of these little fishing boats?" he asked.

"Yes; often; and once we caught a fish that weighed eighty pounds."

"Ah, me!" said Lee, affecting to sigh.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"I'm afraid you know it all, and I can't teach you anything; it's too bad!"

Mary laughed, pleased at the implied compliment.

"How delicious is this breeze! this view of glorious sea

and sky," said Lee, as they reached a rock which overlooked the vast expanse of waters.

"Oh! I'm so glad to know that you have *some* sentiment," said she. "I have been wondering all this time if it was possible that—"

"That I was a regular dry-as-dust," said Lee, interrupting her. "Well, I must plead guilty to the charge, but—"

"But what?" she asked.

"I was going to say that I am an enthusiast compared to the author of '*The Philosophy of Disenchantment*,'" he answered.

"I have never heard of him before, nor of that book. Why do you object to his writings?"

"Because he is a cynic, who deplores the existence of enthusiasm in human nature."

"Poor man! I am sorry for him; but I am glad you have given me warning, for I do not wish to be disenchanted."

"I fear that I will never be," he said. And he said it with so earnest a glance into her frank, brown eyes that she did not need or ask for the interpretation of his remark. To change the drift of the conversation she asked him :

"Do you know what State we are in?"

"The state of bliss," he replied, and laughed as if to leave her in doubt as to whether he was jesting or in earnest.

"*This island* is in the State of New Hampshire," she answered, not heeding his suggestion, "and Appledore, over there, belongs to Maine."

"Indeed! I did not know that geographical fact. How did it happen?"

Mary looked up with a glance that signified a half-provoked feeling. "Does this young gentleman think me an ignoramus, or is he quizzing me?" she asked herself. But Lee's face was an enigma; so she answered:

"The guide-book will tell you all about it, Mr. Lee."

"Pardon me, Miss Mary, I meant no offense; indeed I did not."

His face showed such contrition, was so free from badinage, that she relented, and said: "At any rate, I will

say this much: I don't like the original settlers, or their descendants, on these islands."

"Why not? I like everybody about here."

"And you have been here a few days only, but they and their descendants have been here two centuries."

"And why do you dislike them?"

"They were Tories during the Revolutionary War."

A shadow seemed to pass over his fine, manly face, for his thought was: "If she feels thus to people who fought against—the Rebels—for that is what England called the Americans in 1776—how great must be her prejudices against Southern people." As this thought greeted him, he smiled and said:

"I quite agree with you; my sympathies were always with the Rebels."

She looked up at him with surprise. "That is unfortunate," she said; "mine never were."

"Beg pardon, Miss Mary, you have just spoken to the contrary."

"Oh! you mean—"

"The Rebels of 1776; your forefathers and mine," he answered laughing; for he did not wish to have any discussion with this lovely girl about the Civil War. Mary laughed, too, as she appreciated how skilfully he had parried a possible quarrel.

"Pardon my mistake; we are not responsible for the mistakes of others," she answered. And thus this accidental reference to the word "rebel" was passed over blithely.

They were seated upon a large rock overlooking the sea, the great white-capped waves breaking against its base, as they looked forth upon the vast expanse of ocean. A bright color glowed in her cheeks as the bracing breeze blew her unfastened tresses to and fro; while she vainly tried to adjust them.

A happy smile greeted his eyes as he said to her: "Please let your hair alone, Miss Mary; I declare it is the loveliest hair I ever saw."

She blushed as she answered: "I thought you were superior to flattery, Mr. Lee."

"And I am; but I repeat that your tresses are the loveliest I ever saw, and I will go even further and say

that they suit the wearer best when loosened thus. Indeed, I think fashion is far too arbitrary, in that it regulates how women shall wear their ‘glory.’”

“Then you think—”

“That nature beats art in arranging your hair,” said Lee, interrupting her.

She blushed again, for his eyes seemed to foretoken a declaration then and there. But just then she looked seaward and exclaimed: “Ah! there they come, and see! Amanda has an oar; doesn’t she handle it dexterously?”

Lee was annoyed at this interruption of the first private *tête-à-tête* which he had had with Mary Windom, but there was no help for it, and the “dory” containing Windom, DuBose and Amanda rounded a point in the line of their vision to seek a landing in quieter waters.

“Do you think our girls strongminded, Mr. Lee?” Mary asked, determined not to allow him to talk more about herself.

“Yes, but I like it,” he answered. “I mean that there is a difference between strongmindedness, as you New England girls interpret the term, and a masculine manner, which is implied when one alludes to ‘Woman’s Rights’ women.”

“Then you don’t like the idea of ‘Woman’s Rights?’”

“Not when it is asserted by women. If there is anything which detracts from the loveliness of woman, I think it is self-assertion, particularly on the rostrum. The bible is right, women were not intended to be public speakers or preachers.”

“So you think we should go through life—”

“Just as lovely woman did in the days of chivalry,” said Lee, interrupting her again.

“But men are not as chivalric in these prosaic days as they were then.”

“Yes, they are, wherever women decide that they shall be. It all rests with the gentler sex whether man shall be a bear or given to the gentlest courtesies, which I think are due to women.”

Her smile, and the evident approval thereby conveyed, rewarded this speech, and he continued:

“Now, imagine, if you can, a ‘Woman’s Rights’ advocate in Rebecca’s place in the estimation of Ivan-

hoe! What knight in the days of chivalry would fancy such a creature? How could he fall in love with her?"

"And you think such love possible in these days?"

"Yes, indeed; where the lover is a gentleman sentiment is most ennobled by the same chivalric traits. And I think that all manly men are governed to a large extent by sentiment.

"I witnessed a striking illustration of this power of woman to mould the conduct of men while I was in the little Republic of Salvador in Central America. Fully ninety per cent. of the people are descendants of the Aztecs—those ancient people who, according to your friend Professor Von Donhoff, peopled ancient America at least two thousand years ago."

"Do you believe that?" asked Mary.

"I don't know what to believe; they themselves affirm it, but I am sufficiently American not to bother my head about abstract propositions or archaeological investigations. The present is good enough for me—especially this hour and place and company."

"Is Salvador interesting in itself?" she asked, blushing as she spoke.

"To me Salvador was intensely interesting. The country is densely peopled, and so well cultivated that even the mountain sides seem like market-gardens. I saw one hundred and fifty varieties of fruit in one garden; and the climate is so delicious that it is a luxury to breathe."

"Oh! how I should like to see it," said Mary.

"We will go there some day," said Lee.

"Don't be too sure of that; it may be safer for you to omit the word 'we,' Mr. Lee. What kind of people are the Aztecs?"

"My friend, the United States Minister, assured me that they were the most amiable and truthful people he had ever known, and he has traveled over three continents. They are very musical, too, and every evening a splendid band of sixty musicians, superior to the band here or at Saratoga I think, play in the plaza near the President's palace. They are yellow people like the Chinese, but have none of the Mongolian features, having

Greek faces, with straight eyes and aquiline noses, and the women are beautiful, very many of them."

"How did you keep from falling in love with some of them?"

"The Aztecs are practically all slaves; you don't think I could fall in love with a slave, do you?"

"Slaves! why I did not think that there were any slaves in America, since the poor negroes in the South were emancipated."

"They are not legally slaves, as our slaves were, but are *peons*, like the *peons* of Mexico. But the result is the same. The laws are so devised that they are bound to the soil and the *chacra* or *hacienda*, where they were born, all their lives. All the land and houses belong to the Don, and according to the law, no man can leave the place where he has contracted a debt until he has paid it. By concert of action the laborers are permitted to receive nine *soles* a month, and no more, and this is insufficient for their sustenance."

"How much is that?" asked this young heiress, accustomed to having her checks honored without question.

"About four dollars," he replied. "As he cannot live on that sum, he is bound to go in debt or starve, so that these *gentes*, or *peons*, become slaves for life."

"It is infamous!" said Mary. "But they do not separate families as they did in the Southern States—they can't do that, can they?"

"Oh, yes, quite as often as it was done in the South. But I never knew of one case of that kind in all my life," said Lee.

"I am surprised and pleased to hear you say that," she answered.

"You thought all slaveholders were very, very wicked, did you—judged a whole people, and a very generous people, by the acts of the few notorious scoundrels?"

"No, not so bad as that—indeed, I have never given the subject any thought until now. But tell me how the Salvadorians can do it!"

"If a man wishes to buy a new *hacienda* and stock it with *peons*, he has to go to some rich Spanish landholder who has a well-stocked *hacienda*—where there are peons in plenty," he explained.

"That sounds better. The way you first expressed it sounded like a cattle-pen, but well stocked implies a comparison of human beings with beasts of burden," she answered.

"Very well, let us call it what you please. He has to go to a well-stocked—"

Mary laughed. "There it is again," she said.

"*Hacienda*," continued Lee, good-humoredly, "pay the debts of such *peons* as he selects, thereby transferring the *peon* with his obligation and bond of servitude from one master to another."

"Whether the *peon* desires it or not?" she asked.

"Certainly; and this is true throughout Spanish America."

"It is horrible!" said Mary impulsively. "If I was a man I would dedicate my life to freeing those poor people! I would try to do for them what Wendell Phillips and other unselfish abolitionists did for the negro race." Then she remembered that she was speaking to the son of a slaveholder, and said: "Pardon me, Mr. Lee, I forgot—"

"Keep it up! continue to forget. I like you a thousand times more for your impulsive generosity," he replied with ardor equal to her own. "Indeed, Miss Mary, you have touched my one weakness, my 'hobby,' that foolish dream of mine to bring about the annexation of Salvador to the United States in order that these descendants of a highly civilized people shall be freed from slavery. It is far more galling to them than it ever was to the African, whose ancestors have been ignorant slaves from the dawn of time."

"Please go on; I wish to hear all that you can tell me about your 'hobby.' It is a noble one, whether it is ever realized or not."

"Well, I will resume where I left off when your chance remark led me away from the illustration which I wished to give you. There are only eight per cent. of the people who are of Spanish descent, and who own all the realty—lands and houses that are as untaxed as Government bonds are here. They also hold all the offices, make all the laws, and do all the governing, just as the bond-holding, tariff-created plutocracy is now doing in this country. All the realty of the country was con-

fiscated by Alvarado, the brutal representative of Cortez, who distributed it among his followers and has been held by their descendants and his successors since. The worst of these so-called ‘presidents’ of the hapless and densely peopled little country of Salvador, was one who was president a few years ago. This corrupt official sold his country to the Guatemalan dictator for three million dollars, who advanced with an army to take possession. The Guatemalans are nearly all of them Indians, and are as savage and brutal as the Indians on our Western frontiers. The people rose as one man, killed the Guatemalan president, and annihilated his army. The Guatemalans make raids constantly, and burn, destroy, and kill inoffensive people in Salvador, and are much feared by them.

“While I was at the capital, San Salvador, I saw several thousand women appear in the Market Place, where they assemble every morning to sell fruits and vegetables. On the occasion referred to, there were fully four thousand of them, for it was rumored that a great army of Guatemalans, fifteen thousand strong, had assembled on the frontier and would march toward the capital that day. The Salvadorian army consisted of twenty-five hundred soldiers, and so demoralized had the people been made by the sudden news that the men had fled to the mountains, leaving their families to the mercy of the invaders.”

“The cowards!” exclaimed Mary.

Lee smiled in assent, and continued: “Amid the general consternation, which was evidenced on every face, as these four thousand women heard and discussed the news, a tall, graceful, and exceedingly handsome young Aztec woman named Margarita Ayla, mounted on a table near the place where our minister and I were standing, and began to address them. She told them that their husbands, fathers, and brothers had fled and left them exposed to a fate worse than death. They grouped around her, eagerly listening to a speech which gradually became one of the most impassioned appeals I ever heard. The minister translated it to me as she spoke, and I could see that he, a former Confederate officer of distinction, sympathized with every word that she

uttered. Finally, she cried: ‘Follow me, my sisters! Let us go to the President and appeal to him to give us the arms that our men should have demanded, and we will meet these ruthless invaders and die fighting for our country, rather than submit to a fate far worse than death!’’

“Did they do it?” eagerly asked Mary.

Lee smiled and continued: “We followed them, and saw the President as he came forth and greeted them as his ‘children,’ and assured them that they need not be afraid, as he would lead his army of twenty-five hundred men and protect them at all hazards.

“‘We are not afraid, *senor*, our father,’ replied Margarita, ‘but we have come to offer our services. Give us the five thousand guns which our husbands and brothers and sons should have demanded, and we will join your army and defeat the cursed Guatemalans!’’

Mary clapped her hands.

“Why, you are as bad as our so-called ‘Rebel’ girls were, Miss Mary. I really believe that you would have joined Margarita’s band if you had been present.”

“Go on with your story, Mr. Lee. It is intensely interesting,” she replied, smiling with excitement.

“The President told them that he approved of their course and, if they would assemble there the next morning he would give them the arms.”

“Did he do it?” she asked.

“The next morning the arms and ammunition having been secured for them, they assembled at nine o’clock to receive them. But the news had spread to the mountains, meanwhile, and before daylight ten thousand men had besieged the President’s palace and pleaded to be enrolled in the army immediately. Two thousand of the women accompanied them to the frontier and the Guatemalans fled without giving battle. Thus one woman made ten thousand men ashamed of their eowardice. Men are just what you women wish them to be.”

“Margarita deserves a monument!” said Mary.

“Exactly so; and when I get my consent to emulate your Wendell Phillips and start a crusade to free those Aztecs from their priest-ridden *conquistadors*, will you join me?”

"You would certainly have my sympathies," she answered, and then she laughed with a silvery laughter that seemed music to him as she said: "How very droll!"

"What is droll? Explain yourself."

"The idea of the son of a slaveholder thus assuming the rôle of an abolitionist."

"There is no telling what you could make me do," he answered.

He saw their friends approaching at this moment and added: "I am so much indebted to your brother for suggesting the 'Isles of Shoals' as the objective point of our little tour; it is the most charming place for a pleasure party of congenial friends that I know."

"I quite agree with you," she said. "I love the sea as I do nothing else in nature; it is so free, so bold, so dashing, so boundless, that it ennobles one's best aspirations."

"At this place it does even more—it inculcates a fearlessness upon the part of ladies in venturing out in these 'dories' that I have never known to exist elsewhere."

Mary smiled, as she thought that this was said more in a spirit of loyalty than as a fact.

"Speaking of human 'bears,'" said Mary, "what do you think of our friend, Professor Von Donhoff?"

"I think you are quite right in likening him to a bear; the old doctrine of metempsychosis is reversed in his case; instead of the man's going into a beast, the bear has been metamorphosed in the person of this German-American professor.

"Oh, you do him injustice! He is only a bear in manner; he is a large-hearted, generous man; wait until you see how gentle is his manner to Amanda at her home, and you will change your opinion."

"If that is to be the test, I have seen it already; but who could be otherwise with Miss Amanda? I think she is one of the sweetest tempered and most attractive young ladies I ever met."

"For once we agree; that is my opinion, and I have known her all her life. But, aside from Amanda, it seems a pity that Professor Von Donhoff should not have stopped here and enjoyed this lovely place, instead of going on to the White Mountains."

"I think he realized that 'two is company,' but six a very uncongenial crowd. For my part I am glad that he was considerate enough to leave us."

"See that vessel in the distance," she said; "can anything be prettier than a ship with all sails set, going out to sea?"

"Only one thing, I think, Miss Mary," he answered, looking steadily at her as he spoke.

"Fiddlesticks! Mr. Lee, have you *no* appreciation of this wonderful landscape? I think it is perfectly lovely."

"So do I; the very loveliest little spot on earth," he answered, laughing as her blushes told him that she understood him. But realizing that even courtship, half veiled as his was, has its limits, he added: "I believe these Isles of Shoals are unique; there is no place like them that I know of; but what suggested these rocks, ten miles out at sea, as a site for splendid hotels?"

"I would say perfection in temperature and landscape."

"Waterscape," suggested Lee.

"Scapegrace!" retorted Mary Windom.

"I think we had better leave them, Miss Amanda," said DuBose, as the party reached the rock on which Lee and Mary were perched. "When a young lady gets well enough acquainted with a young gentleman to call him a 'scapegrace,' matters are getting serious."

Lee laughed gaily as he heard this sally from his rival, as he supposed DuBose to be.

"What are you quarreling about?" asked Amanda playfully.

"She calls this a landscape," said Lee, with a sweep of his arm to the four points of the compass; "while I insist that it is a water-scape."

"And he hasn't one bit of appreciation of scenery," said Mary, archly.

"Haven't I? Just put me on the Alps, all by myself, and I assure you, Miss Amanda, that nobody can admire more than I do the snow-clad peaks, gorges, *mer-de-glace*, and all that," said Lee.

Amanda laughed, and answered: "I never knew before that solitude was necessary for appreciating the true, the beautiful, and the good."

"No; it takes two for that; but for looking from

Nature to Nature's God—scenery in short—one can do it better alone."

And thus they passed two delightful weeks, and, to Carter Lee's credit be it said, no one appreciated and enjoyed more than he the lovely scenery and bracing air of the Isles of Shoals off the coast of New Hampshire.

And in these two weeks Mary had been converted from the error of her ways, and was as demurely happy when Carter Lee was present as it is proper for such charming maidens to be. Meanwhile, Amanda still "held the fort," and Windom, Dr. DuBose and Professor Von Donhoff were all devoted. But Carter Lee had not felt at liberty to express, verbally, what every look and a thousand little delicate attentions made perfectly evident to Mary, and she was content.

Windom, however, was moody and did himself great injustice, for he imagined that Lee was interested in Amanda, and that she reciprocated his admiration. In truth, Amanda was provokingly complaisant to Lee.

Whether Mrs. Adams, as the *chaperon* of the party, had cautioned Mary Windom as to the propriety of being too often alone with any young gentleman at a summer resort like that at "Appledore," or whether she had indicated her desire that Lee's attentions should be less devoted to her, by that delicate freemasonry known to lovers, which needs but a glance to interpret a volume of unuttered thoughts, is not known, but there seemed a tacit agreement between them that he might be Amanda's escort as often as possible, but not her especial attendant, at least until he had visited her at her home.

One evening, though, Amanda was playing whist in a game in which Windom and DuBose participated, and they promenaded along the wide verandas of the hotel where hundreds of guests were seated listening to the music. A sudden gust of wind unfastened the light shawl which she wore and, as he placed it gently around her superb shoulders, his eyes met hers in one look of tenderest love, which was met by a glance as trustful from the beautiful girl as any lover could desire. The wistful witchery of love reciprocated enveloped them, and the hundreds around them and the glorious music were obliterated for the time as if they two were alone,

and all their thoughts were expressed. A month of ordinary happiness seemed concentrated this evening at this moment of passionate love, and Lee could refrain no longer from giving utterance to his feelings.

"If I should express all that I feel, Miss Mary, would you be offended? Could you bid me leave you, a sadder but a wiser man?

"Do I look as if I was offended, Mr. Lee? You do not need that assurance, but *please* do not say more now. Wait until you can visit me at my home. I wish my mother to know you. I am sure that she will like you."

What more could a lover desire? His spirits were as bright and gay as the strains of the "Blue Danube" waltz, which was being played by the band, and which, it seemed to Lee, had never been so beautifully rendered before.

Thus the summer days and nights were passed delightfully, for these islands are far enough in the ocean to belong wholly to it, and yet are close enough to land to be in hourly communication with it.

They made occasional excursions, and one day visited Rye Beach where Lee saw Harvard students acting as waiters at the dinner table. He refrained from criticising this servile employment of scholars serving in the capacity of menials, because the rest of the party seemed to regard it quite as a matter of course, with one exception. That exception was Professor Von Donhoff, who was severe in his criticism of this and other American customs. He seemed to be considered as the privileged member of the party, who was at liberty to say what he pleased. Dr. DuBose took exception to some of his caustic remarks, and an acrimonious debate seemed imminent, when Amanda, without championing the Professor's side of the argument, by her very gentleness relieved the situation and turned the conversation into pleasanter channels. It seemed to Lee like pouring oil on the troubled waters, and his respect was added to his admiration for Amanda. The Professor left them the next day for a brief visit to the White Mountains.

XI.

All were impressed with one remarkable fact, which even Lee admitted, and that was the very great resemblance between himself and Amanda.

"It is one of those unaccountable things past finding out," he answered, as Mary assured him that they were enough alike to be brother and sister. "I only hope, Miss Mary, that you will learn to like me as well as you do Miss Amanda."

"I cannot promise that, for Amanda is my dearest friend; but," she added coquettishly, "I will try to like you."

He smiled, as he answered: "Cold comfort that, Miss Mary, when I tell you that before this year is out, I am going to prove to you that I am utterly at your mercy."

And thus matters stood when they returned to New Haven in time to attend the lecture to be delivered by Bishop Hunter, the former slave of Carter Lee's father. Lee escorted Amanda, and the colored bishop was introduced by Professor Von Donhoff. His lecture, in behalf of an emigrant fund for the return of such of his race in America as wished to return to Africa, was eloquently delivered, and at its close, Lee introduced him to his friends.

Colonel Adams and Professor Von Donhoff had gone together to hear this famous colored orator and ex-United States Minister to Liberia, Bishop Hunter. The next evening Amanda was entertaining her friend and admirer, Dr. DuBose, as they entered the parlor. The conversation of Professor Von Donhoff always interested Colonel Adams, who enjoyed that intellectual combativeness peculiar to characters to whom learning had been a life object. It was refreshing to turn from the abstract science of law as applied to the practical details of life, to the theories of a student as profound, and yet egotistical, as was this grizzled veteran whose shaggy eyebrows almost reached over his eyes. Thus it happened that the Professor dined with Colonel Adams, and Amanda also invited her friend, Dr. DuBose, who had

known the Professor when he was a student at Yale College.

Professor Von Donhoff's massive frame and broad, protruding forehead, beetling eyebrows and firm-set jaws, seemed too aggressive to suggest that he could ever be Amanda's lover. In his countenance one saw will, courage and intellect; but it needed no phrenologist to persuade one that the bump of reverence was sadly lacking on his cranium. He would have made a famous blacksmith if he had not been too intellectual. To the quiet social life in this university city he was as potent a disturbing influence as Count Bismarck was as a statesman to the political world in Europe, and this without malice.

With decided military instincts, he had fled from Germany when quite a young man, after having excelled as a student at Göttingen, because he refused to be forced into military service, and had imbibed radical ideas of the so-called "Rights of Man." Accident had determined his residence at New Haven, where the force of his mental attainments secured for him a chair in the great American university. For years he had been a favored guest at the hospitable home of Colonel Adams, who amiably yielded to his peculiarities without protest. Amanda was the only person for whom Professor Von Donhoff seemed to feel any tender affection, and for her this affection now approximated reverence. From her childhood he had petted and caressed Amanda, and she alone seemed to have the power to make this great human bear as gentle as a lamb. Now, since she had grown to be a young lady, he realized that the barriers of polite society would forbid any further "petting," and the most delicate courtesy characterized all his speeches to her, while his great shaggy eyes, which frowned usually like a fortress, seemed strangely gentle when they wandered to her lovely face and modest bearing. He seemed to her quite like a bachelor-uncle, a familiar friend or relative. To him she seemed the impersonation of all feminine excellencies, that grace, truth, refinement and innate loveliness of nature which the strongest natures most admire.

Professor Von Donhoff, whether from scorn of the petty

conventionalities which are deemed so important by society, or from indifference to the opinions of others, did not discard his bachelor habits when he visited friends in New Haven, and was a voracious eater and a garrulous talker. Yet his very brusqueness of manner on such occasions saved him from appearing to be rude. He was truthful to a fault—"painfully truthful," said Amanda.

"You are a dootor, I understand," said he, across the table to Dr. DuBose.

"I am," replied DuBose; "are you not also entitled to be called Doctor?"

"Ah! yes; I took my degree at Gottingen; like yourself, I took another degree, also, that of Bachelor."

"And, unlike yourself, I would like to disoard that degree," said DuBose.

"Ha! ha! that is good! Ex-cel-lent!" said the Professor. "You will get along, young man."

"We were discussing the new theory, or what Mr. Windom would call the new 'fad,' 'faith-cure,'" said Amanda. "Do you believe in faith-cures, Professor?"

"Certainly, I do; 'throw physic to the dogs,' is a wise saying, I don't care whence it emanated."

Dr. DuBose, with admirable taste, sought to turn the conversation to pleasanter channels, but Amanda had started the Professor upon a line of thought which suggested untold argument.

"What do you think of the lectures that are now being delivered here by the French quack doctor, Dr. Von Donhoff?" asked DuBose, irritated at last, in spite of his good breeding, by the persistency of the Professor.

"I agree with many of his conclusions," he answered. "There is no doubt about it, hypnotism, or animal magnetism is the only rational way to account for the miracles performed by Christ, as in accordance with natural laws."

Though greatly shocked at this sacrilegious speeh, Amanda said: "He is to have what he calls a *séance* tomorrow evening, I believe."

"If it pleases you, Professor, we will attend it," suggested Colonel Adams.

"Would it be agreeable to you to attend it also, Doctor," said Amanda to DuBose.

"Oh, yes; but I think an hour's talk with you will be much more interesting than anything this adventurer will say," replied DuBose.

"Have you investigated the subject, sir?" queried the Professor.

"Partially only, but enough to satisfy me that the report of the commission charged by the King of France to investigate the doctrine advanced by Mesmer, one hundred years ago, was correct. I am aware, however, that a society has been started in London to promote the development of the science of mesmerism and of the application of hypnotism to practical medicine."

"What was Mesmer's doctrine?" asked Von Donhoff.

"Mesmerism," replied the doctor.

"And what is Mesmerism?"

"Mesmer claimed to have found in nature the theory of nature. 'All is simple,' he said; 'all is uniform in nature; it produces always the grandest effects with the least possible expense; it adds unity to unity; there is only one life, one health and one malady, and, therefore, there can be only one remedy.'"

"What a horrid doctrine!" said Amanda. "Surely Mesmer could not have been a Christian, papa."

Colonel Adams smiled. It seemed natural for him to smile at everything this innocent, childlike, but womanly, Amanda said.

"He was a second Christ," said Von Donhoff. "I do not mean that he was a God, but that in the matter of miraculous cures, he did what Christ did. He made the blind to see, the lame to walk, the deaf to hear."

"The medical world pronounces Mesmer a charlatan," said Dr. DuBose.

"So it did Newton!" exclaimed Von Donhoff. "The inventor of brandy was burned as a sorcerer; Solomon de Caux, who discovered vapor, was confined in a lunatic asylum; Galileo was exposed, with a rope around his neck, in the public square; and, finally, the ancient Faculty of Medicine, after having denied the circulation of blood and vaccination, formally opposed the teaching of chemistry in France, as being for good cause prohibited by Parliament. Read Herbert Spencer, my young friend, and you will find these statements made by him."

With a contemptuous expression, which he could not altogether repress, the young physician said: "Well, Doctor" (he persisted in calling the Professor "dootor,") "will you kindly inform us what this occult influence is, which is to make beggars of all accredited physicians?"

"Certainly," answered Von Donhoff, "it is simply comprised in the statement that the human will is the first of all powers, the dominant influence in life, the secret of the so-called 'faith-cure,' as it is called now—'miracle,' as called in the bible. De Laplaee describes it as the phenomena that result from the extreme sensibility of the nerves of some individuals, and which have given birth to different opinions of the existence of a new agent that is called animal magnetism. Thus thought also Cuvier and Von Helmont."

Amanda's sympathies were altogether with the young gentleman who had acquitted himself so well, she thought, in the dialogue with this intellectual giant. Colonel Adams showed by his silence that he was amused and interested.

Earnest and patient, this young physician had been a first-honor man at Yale, and was now recognized as the most promising young dootor in New Haven. He was, moreover, a welcome guest at the home of Colonel Adams, and was a trusted friend and admirer of Amanda. Reared and educated with the New England ideas of personal honor, which proscribed the duelist as a barbarian, his defense he considered must be made before the forum of reason, or, if necessary, be carried to the courts.

Every lineament, every expression of his face, denoted intellectual, physieal, and moral courage. Both Colonel and Mrs. Adams encouraged his attentions to Amanda. Her sympathy with his views, as well as her appreeiation of his character, was strengthened when he said to her in an undertone: "Such theories convinee me that too much learning is a dangerous thing, and always remind me of the French writer, M. Vinet's criticism: 'Christianity everywhere, when it has not penetrated the life of a people, has left a great void around itself; and the man who, in the midst of Christianity, is, nevertheless, not a Christian, carries everywhere with him a desert.'"

But Amanda was too loyal to her old friend to encour-

age further comment, and they left the room, while the Professor and his host lingered over their coffee to discuss matters of absorbing interest to them, but not entertaining to the young people.

In a few moments a servant brought a card to Colonel Adams, which he glanced at, then handed to Professor Von Donhoff. It was a simple *carte de visite*, and bore the name, "Bishop Hunter."

"What would you do about this?" asked Colonel Adams.

"I should send him word to call at my office. I have not 'evoluted' sufficiently yet to receive a colored man, be he negro or Chinese, in my home," said the Professor.

"I beg pardon, sir; but the man said he wished to see you on very urgent business," said the servant.

"Say to him that I regret that I cannot receive him here. I am engaged just now, but will meet him in my office in an hour, or at any hour he may appoint," said Colonel Adams; then turning to his guest, he said: "A very remarkable man is this Bishop Hunter."

"I quite agree with you as to that; but being a negro and a former slave, he cannot have a clear comprehension of what is meant by civilization."

"Intellectually, I think him equal to most white men, and, but for his color, I confess I would like to talk with him. His lecture last night was full of new facts about Africa, to me at least."

"Yes," said the Professor; "I am willing to concede that much, and am willing for all American negroes to return to Africa, but if they come North *en masse*, I, for one, shall leave the country."

"The word 'white' is not found in the decalogue, the sermon on the mount, or the Declaration of Independence; and I think the extreme prejudice in the United States against the negro is peculiarly American."

"Read Spencer, Darwin and Huxley, and you will find that it is universal," said the Professor.

"I believe that Spencer, Darwin and Huxley should be classed among atheists," replied Colonel Adams. "I believe, further, that climate, not primal laws of nature—not the divine edict of God—caused the varied colors and races among men. All men are, and of right ought to be,

free and equal ; and any distinction based on the color of a man's skin is contrary to the teachings of logic, of the bible and Christianity. The white race is a minority race among the races of men. I can recall but one quotation from Herbert Spencer, and it demonstrates the truth of that proposition. It is this, 'Man is everywhere, under the ice-clad pole of the North as well as under the pestilential vapors of the equatorial regions. He alone is the cosmopolitan animal, suited to all climes and all governments. Except in the case of the Wandering Jew, driven forth into all nations by the decree of the Almighty, man assimilates to his fellow-man in all countries.'"

"The Jew," said the Professor; "has preserved his individuality the world over, by refusing to marry children of other races; and, in like manner, the instincts of the Aryan race constitute a law unto itself. Even in New England, the faintest tinge of negro blood in the veins of any man or woman is sufficient cause for that social ostracism which commands, for the good of the Aryan family, 'thus far shalt thou come, but no farther.' Nothing is clearer than that the human lineage of Jesus Christ, as of Buddha, was the highest and purest among men; and the bible proves the value of good lineage. It is the unwritten law of civilization that the negro and the white shall not intermarry, as it is the law in holy writ that this command, if disobeyed, shall enforce its penalty even unto the tenth generation. Your young enthusiasts, like Dr. DuBose, carried away, perhaps, by generous emotions, grasp too quickly conclusions which all history falsifies."

"Then you are fully convinced that the negro race is inferior, as a race, to the white race," suggested Colonel Adams.

"Why, certainly!" replied the Professor. "The negro has a brain much smaller than that of the white man, and the early closing of the cranial sutures is another proof that he can never arrive at the high civilization of the white man as a race."

"That is an argument I never heard before. What do you mean by this early closing of the cranial sutures?"

"The cranial sutures in the negro close at sixteen years; in the white man at twenty to twenty-two years;

and this difference forbids the possibility of equal development."

Meanwhile the ex-United States minister—the bishop of a large diocese of the M. E. Church (colored)—had to summon his Christian resignation in face of this "snub," as he characterized it.

Little did Colonel Adams think that this colored bishop had it in his power, had he chosen to exercise it, to give to the world information which would make of his happy household a miserable one.

XII.

Monsieur Louis Etienne, in his lecture upon animal magnetism considered under the theoretical, practical and therapeutic aspects, stated that it had been known by man from the earliest times.

"Open the bible," said he, "and you will find that the imposition of hands there, plays a grand rôle. When Moses wished to impart to Joshua the spirit of wisdom, he placed his hands upon his head. Each time that Christ was asked to cure a sick person, he was begged to touch him with his hands. St. Mark cites two remarkable instances of the efficacy of magnetism; one concerning a deaf mute (chapter vii), and the other a blind man (chapter viii); it is said that Christ laid upon him his hands twice to effect a cure. St. Peter and St. Paul cured invalids by the laying on of hands, while regarding them fixedly and commanding them to look steadily at them. (Acts, chapter iii.)

"In the ninth chapter of St. Mark, verse 39, St. John complains to Jesus that he has seen among the crowd a man who expelled demons in his name, who was not one of his disciples. The seven hundred prophets of Baal practiced animal magnetism. In Egypt the priests, who monopolized the learning of that period, acquired a more thorough knowledge of it than we possess to-day."

"Every word, or rather every idea, he has expressed he got from the works of Herbert Spencer," remarked the Professor audibly to Colonel Adams.

But the lecturer continued: "Egyptian monuments

attest the employment of animal magnetism as a remedial agent, or medicine, in otherwise incurable diseases. The hieroglyphics in the temple of Isis describe the science of magnetism. One sees on these ancient monuments the figure of a man lying down, or in a sitting posture, before whom another stands, who strokes the person from the head to the feet. More frequently the invalid is seated in a chair in the attitude of one sleeping, while another stands before him and performs the same magnetic action that we practice to-day. Ancient Rome knew and practiced animal magnetism as a medical agent. Then, as now, the imposition and passes of the hands descended before the face of the subject, or patient—before the face, the breast and the bust—stopping a moment on the level of the *epigastre* (occasionally the speaker unconsciously expressed himself thus in French) in presenting the points of the fingers. He continued thus making these passes a half an hour to an hour, never touching the patient and being several inches distant. Each time that the magnetizer raises his hands, they are closed, and they are gradually opened as they descend. He will make eight or ten passes, each one to last about a minute. He concentrates his mind and his will upon one subject, one idea, and thus transmits it to the patient, who regards him fixedly, looking steadily into his eyes." As he spoke thus, he turned and, drawing aside a curtain, revealed a Swiss peasant woman, young and robust, who had long been his patient, and who accompanied him on his travels. She was seated in a chair and he took one opposite, the knees of the patient being between those of the magnetizer, whose chair was raised slightly above the one occupied by the *sujet* that he might reach the top of her head without fatigue.

Next he touched her fingers with his, and fixed his eyes upon her's, and soon the pupils seemed to dilate or contract, and, finally, the lids to close in spite of her efforts to keep them open. He made eight or ten passes in as many minutes, and seemed entirely absorbed in his work, until, by the concentration of his will, he produced sleep—a sleep so profound that the talking did not awaken her and no sensation seemed to disturb her. Amanda leaned forward to look at her more attentively, while

Dr. DuBose whispered to her to await further developments. He was evidently skeptical of any practical results. Monsieur Etienne arose and faced the audience again. He was a stout man of florid complexion, seemingly forty years old.

"If there is a gentleman present," he said, "who feels that he has the power to awaken this patient, let him arise and essay his skill."

In the rear of the hall a handsome young man arose and advanced, saying: "I have no faith in your so-called power to effect any good end; it is merely the power of a strong will over a weak one. I possess a strong will and feel that this imposition should be exposed." Amanda recognized in this young man Mr. Carter Lee.

"Very well, sir," said M. Etienne; "you are at liberty to begin your demonstration."

With a look of recognition, rather than a bow, he passed her, and took the chair just vacated by the "magnetic doctor." He felt the pulse of the sleeping woman, then made a number of long passes, regarding her meanwhile fixedly. Her slumber seemed to deepen until insensibility, rather than sleep, was produced.

"Your method, if continued, will produce paralysis," said M. Etienne.

Mr. Lee paused, then resuming, he presented the points of his fingers and placed them fixedly against the stomach of the patient, still looking at her closed eyes.

"That will produce a spasm," said M. Etienne, and immediately a violent spasm ensued.

"So much for a doubting Thomas," said M. Etienne, who, with a few passes of his hands, quieted the patient. "As you have volunteered to assist me, Monsieur," said he addressing Mr. Lee, "will you kindly request some lady friend to play something on the piano that I may show the audience partial catalepsy?"

Carter Lee knew no lady present in the audience except Amanda, whom he looked at and whose eyes responded to his, signifying her willingness. He advanced first to Colonel Adams and asked his permission to have Amanda perform.

The Colonel met him very coldly, and said that that was a matter to be decided by his daughter. Then he

approached Amanda and said: "My daughter do you wish to be conspicuous? If not, I would not play."

Meanwhile Windom's eyes flashed with indignant anger, yet he had no right to interfere.

"If you forbid it, papa, I will not do so, but I feel deeply interested, and believe that I, too, have the power possessed by M. Etienne."

Too startled by this reply to answer, Colonel Adams permitted Amanda to be conducted to the piano by Carter Lee, and awaited further developments.

Windom bit his lip with rage, for he thought that Amanda was compromising her dignity in thus taking part in a public exhibition.

M. Etienne said to Mr. Lee: "Kindly ask mademoiselle, your sister, not to touch the piano-keys until I request it. I wish first to demonstrate that this patient is completely paralyzed in the right limb and arm and cannot move; then the trance, or cataleptic stage, will follow."

"Did you hear him allude to Miss Amanda as his sister?" said DuBose to Colonel Adams.

Colonel Adams did not reply, but his face showed his surprise at the resemblance and the anxiety which it occasioned.

M. Etienne then took the young woman's wrist, and, as her eyes again closed, he raised her right arm to a horizontal position, and, after a few passes with his hand along the arm, left it in that condition for ten minutes. Not a muscle moved! He then took a long knitting-needle and inserted it in the bare arm, burying it an inch in the flesh, and left it thus. There was no evidence of feeling or pain. The patient was conscious that her arm was in a horizontal position, and that it had been pierced with a needle, and begged to have the arm restored to its normal state.

"Do you feel any sensation?" asked M. Etienne, in the French language.

"I do not; but my arm seems dead," she replied.

In a few minutes he succeeded in restoring her powers of locomotion, except the arm, which remained in its unnatural condition. The eyes were open and remained so, never winking, but seemed gazing into space without intelligence. The magnetizer drew himself up, and,

placing his hands slowly outward, drew them in suddenly, and the patient came to him. He said to her: "Show the audience the needle in your arm."

As the girl went from one to another, M. Etienne said to Amanda: "When she reaches your chair, Monsieur, your brother, will extract the needle."

Colonel Adams frowned and turned pale. He had again heard this man allude to this stranger as her brother. Surely the resemblance must be very great. But Amanda was so absorbed in watching the experiments that she did not notice the remark. When the girl reached Amanda's chair, Mr. Lee, without suggestion from any one, pulled the needle from the arm and handed it to Amanda. It was then perceived that he, too, was under the mesmeric influence, his actions being guided by the will of M. Etienne. Amanda was surprised to see that no blood flowed from the wound and, except a small blue spot, the arm bore no evidence of having been perforated. When the woman was restored to consciousness, he asked her whether she had felt the pricking of the pin. She answered in her native tongue: "Que non; seulement je ne les avait pas senties, mais je ne savait pas avoir le bras dans la position ou je l'avait trouvé."

Amanda turned to her escort, Dr. DuBose, who was standing near her, with a contemptuous expression of incredulity upon his face. "Don't you believe it now, doctor?" she asked. He shook his head; then said, deliberately, in an audible tone: "No, Miss Amanda; it is the trick of a charlatan; I am still skeptical."

M. Etienne heard him, and so did Professor Von Donhoff. The former advanced to him and asked if he would kindly question the patient, now in the somnambulistic state, as to the name of articles in his, the doctor's, pockets.

"As a matter of politeness to the spectators, I will do so," said Dr. DuBose. Then he touched his vest pocket and asked the somnambulist: "What have I in this vest pocket?" Without a moment's hesitation the girl replied: "There is a nickel, a ten cent piece, and a quarter in that pocket."

DuBose took from his pocket all that it contained;

the spectators crowded around him, curiosity depicted on their faces, and he and they were astonished to see that this mesmerized girl had described exactly the pieces of silver in the pocket referred to. Some one suggested that there might be a pickpocket in the room, and the mystery might thus be solved. M. Etienne immediately requested Dr. DuBose to retire to the hall alone and write a few words on a piece of paper, and then to fold the paper so that no one could read what he had written. He did so, and returning to the room went to the girl and, holding one corner of the paper, handed her the other, and asked her to inform the audience of its contents.

"You compliment me," she replied. "You have written the words: 'You—you are pretty.' "

It was exactly what was written, and DuBose was confounded. Neither ventriloquism nor prestidigitation could explain this feat. He took his seat and said no more, but watched attentively the further proceedings until the end of the *séance*.

They walked home slowly, Amanda being already a convert, while DuBose only said, in his earnest way: "I cannot explain his feats, Miss Amanda, but, if I were at all superstitious, I should think this 'Monsieur Etienne' an agent of the devil."

"It is astonishing," said he, after a moment's silence, "how successfully some people can take isolated texts in the bible to prove their theories as this exponent of animal magnetism, M. Etienne, has done. I remember the dissertation of an original thinker, who is the United States minister to one of the Central American republics, an adept in the art of mystifying his hearers while apparently clarifying the subject under review. On the particular occasion referred to, the queer subject selected was, '*Balloons versus Angels*.' He is an eminent scholar, and is, or has been, also the editor of a daily newspaper somewhere in the Southern States. I heard him make the statement while a guest of the Clover Club, in Philadelphia, on which occasion I was also an invited guest. He said there was a Pan-Hellenic club in the city where he lived, composed of graduates of colleges who had been members of Greek-Letter fraternities, which seem to thrive in all

leading American universities. He said that after reading ‘Renan’s History of the Apostles,’ he was struck with the statement made by the learned Frenchman that the Apostles owed much of their astonishing success in diffusing knowledge of the then new religion to their amazing rapidity of locomotion. Philip, after his ride in the chariot of the Ethiopian eunuch, and after the baptism of the latter, was taken up ‘by the spirit,’ or by an ‘angel’ and carried, as by a wind, to a town fifty miles or more away.

“Many other like instances of rapid transportation occur, and individuals are ‘taken up’ as ‘in a cloud,’ and messages and information are conveyed ‘by a spirit,’ or by an ‘angel.’ Angels came to Bethlehem and frightened shepherds on environing hills. Elijah went up in a ‘chariot of fire,’ and we are told that when, in the reign of good King Abner, 126,000 Persians surrounded Jerusalem, defended by only 6,000 men, Elijah came to the rescue, and that night one of these ‘angels,’ so called by King James’s translators, sailed above the Persian host, and, dropping fire on it, slew all except 6,000 of them, and then the lusty Hebrew soldiers smote them hip and thigh and none escaped destruction.”

“Those warlike ‘angels’ must have used dynamite,” suggested Amanda, with the manner of a doubting Thomas. Not heeding this sage suggestion, DuBose continued:

“Remember, that soon after the apostles finished their tasks and were gathered to their fathers, Jerusalem was destroyed. The Jews were scattered, poverty-stricken, over the world. Not many centuries later, Mahomet and Tamerlane, and Ghenghis-Khan, and Goths and Vandals swept away all knowledge of oriental civilization, and ballooning became one of the ‘lost arts.’

“Take your biblical concordance, and wherever the word ‘angel’ occurs, insert ‘balloon’ in the proper text, and many difficulties like that encountered by Rénan disappear. There was never a traveler borne by wings through the mid-heavens, and King James’ translators of the bible, who wrote 180 years before the ‘lost art’ was revived by Montgolfier in Paris in 1800, would never

have converted ‘balloons,’ as constantly mentioned in the Bible, into impossible winged men and women or into ‘spirits,’ as happens in the translation of Matthew, if they had lived after, instead of before, Montgolfier.

“Read, if you please, the narrative in the last three chapters, ‘cut off from the end of Daniel,’ and inserted in the Apocrypha.” [See Harper’s Family Bible.] “The angel that bore Habakuk to Nineveh with a basket of food for Daniel, then in the lion’s den, was surely a balloon. Twenty balloons, a few days ago, went racing from Brussels, and, though freighted with men, women and children, and, though a tempest drove them from their proper route, all landed safely, and two, in an incredibly brief time, at the point of destination.

“The next war in Europe will be fought in the air.”

“Solomon was right about it. ‘There is nothing new under the sun,’ except winged men, and these never were. King James’ translators had never heard of balloons, and, therefore, clapped wings on innocent men and women. Painters and poets and people have dreamed till the crude fancy and fable has become an accepted fact, and part and parcel of popular religious faith.”

“Is your concluding sentence from the lecturer’s remarks, or is it your own observation?” asked Amanda.

“Oh, they are his words. I am afraid that I am ultra-Puritanical in my views, and I have a horror of any criticism which will leave in the minds of the bearer or reader any doubt about the sacred character of the bible. I believe every word in it! and am willing for time and eternity to solve all things which seem inexplicable. I think, too, that such critics, in tearing down the foundations of faith, only sow seeds of doubt in minds that were happy before, and, for the gratification of personal vanity in the possession of unusual intellectual powers, become enemies to human happiness. Better the blind faith of the Pagan than the withering doubt of the Atheist.”

Amanda at this moment pressed his hand as he offered it to her to assist her up the steps, for they had reached her home.

She did not seem to know that she had done this, but her eyes indicated to him that all that he had said met her approval.

"Come into the library, Mr. DuBose," she said, for she sometimes forgot that her old friend was now a full-fledged young physician with a promising practice. "Come into the library, and I will show you some additional evidence that animal magnetism is older than Christianity itself. I mean no irreverence, or skepticism, though until to-night I did not understand it; but I do believe that this thing called mesmerism is older than Mesmer, and was a science practiced, as medicine now is with us, by the ancient Egyptians."

He laughed at her enthusiasm, and entered the library. Tossing her hat aside, she went to the stand that contained Colonel Adams' engravings, and, pointing to the largest one, said: "Please lift that to the table for me." He did so, and she threw open the great covers and disclosed one picture after another, showing the mode of worship of the ancient Egyptians, the architecture of their temples, the worship of the sacred tree, and the many symbols of their faith.

DuBose's scholarly taste was quickened, and with deep interest he said: "What a treasure these old books are. Where did your father get them?"

"His father was a very accomplished gentleman, I should say," said Amanda, "and got these and many other rare books and engravings when he traveled in Europe long before I was born."

DuBose's eyes wander from the fair speaker to the shelves that lined the two large rooms from the ceiling to the floor, all filled with books that had been most carefully selected by the father of Colonel Adams.

"*Mais revenons à nos moutons,*" said Amanda. "Hearing M. Etienne recalls the little French that I know. I am not going to let you off yet; here is something to the point." She pointed to the picture which contained many figures, some standing, others sitting in front of the person standing, all dressed in the Egyptian costume, just as on the original monument.

"Now tell me what those figures remind you of?" she asked.

It flashed upon him in a moment, as he answered: "The position of the operator, or physician, if you will so call him, is precisely that of this Monsieur Etienne,

and that of the sitting person is like that of the patient, or *suject*, as M. Etienne calls her whom he mesmerized to-night."

"Exactly so," she replied; "the ancient Egyptians practiced it."

The next day Carter Lee returned to New York, and the evening after his arrival there, he gave to Miss DeBrosses an enthusiastic description of his new friends. He was agreeably surprised to learn that Miss DeBrosses was a friend of Amanda's, the two girls having attended the same "finishing" school the previous year. She seemed much interested in all that he said; indeed, it was with gratified vanity that he perceived that he had excited an unusual interest in the mind of this young lady, who was not only a belle, but an heiress.

Her intimate friends called her Kitty DeBrosses, and his own acquaintance was just enough advanced to admit of his addressing her as "Miss Kitty." Before his visit to New Haven she had been the object of his thoughts more than he was willing to admit. He had introduced his friend Wilmer, from Georgia, a young Wall street broker, to her, and Wilmer was already madly in love with her. Had Lee been less interested himself, he would have been offended at the rudeness with which she greeted Wilmer sometimes; but he was amused to see how skilfully and delicately she palliated the offense by the most winning cordiality the next time they met each other.

"She is decidedly the most accomplished coquette I ever knew," reflected Lee; "and I am sorry for Wilmer. She can twist him around her fingers, so to speak, whenever she chooses. A month ago I was as daft about her as he is; but the Isles of Shoals—the Isles of Shoals—ah, how they do linger in my memory in connection with Mary Windom, the sweetest girl that ever lived!"

But for all that, his careless flatteries and marked attention to Kitty DeBrosses had already made a much deeper impression upon her heart than he intended or desired.

"Are you and Miss Amanda good friends?" asked Lee, as they sat near a window in the gloaming.

"That goes without saying," said Kitty DeBrosses. "Did any one ever know Amanda without loving her?"

"Very true; and what do you think of Miss Windom?"

"I don't know Mary Windom, but Amanda raves about her; but I think Amanda the loveliest girl I ever knew; don't you?"

"I admire Miss Amanda very much, but I must hesitate about using that superlative expression of yours," he answered.

"Well, present company excepted, who is more lovable than Amanda?"

Lee laughed at this speech of the gay young girl, and answered:

"Ah, that alters the case; of my three especial friends in the North, Miss Adams, Miss DeBrosses and Miss Windom, the last shall be first, and the—"

"No; the second shall be last," said she.

"It will have to be by your vote, then," said Lee, gallantly.

"Jesting aside, Mr. Lee, is Mary Windom so superlatively lovely?"

"The half has not been told; seeing is believing—*veni, vidi—*"

"*Vici?*" she asked, interrupting him.

"No; but quite the contrary; I have been completely conquered. She is the loveliest girl I ever knew."

In her heart was a pang caused by these words; but with a bright laugh she said:

"I shall certainly make an effort to know her; Amanda has promised to make me a visit shortly, and I shall ask her to invite Mary Windom to come with her."

"I will see that she is not a wall-flower if she accepts," said Lee; but he did not tell her that he would return to New Haven the following week, or that Mary Windom would not be surprised to see him there. As he arose and bade her good evening, Miss De Brosses took a flower from a vase on the table near her and pinned it to the lapel of his coat.

"Just imagine that Miss Windom gave you this, and—may you have pleasant dreams," she said.

"I will think of the giver, and will ask her to wish me

many happy returns here," said Lee, and he was rewarded for this speech with a sweet smile.

"She is charming, but she is a flirt, and such idle compliments can do no harm," thought Lee, as he lit a cigar and walked to the hotel.

XIII.

Bishop Hunter showed his knowledge of human nature by gradually leading up to the subject, concerning which he desired to talk with Colonel Adams. Apologizing for having called at his residence because important duties called him home next day, he asked if he could refer to him in case a movement in favor of a fund for African emigration should be favored in New Haven or in Connecticut.

"Do you mean to ask if I favor such an emigration?"

"Yes, sir; for otherwise I do not wish to refer to you."

"Then I will frankly say that I do not; this country professes to be the home and asylum of the oppressed of all nations, and we, of New England, contend that there is room enough in this great Republic to give homes and employment to all its people, including the lately emancipated slaves."

"I know it 'claims' to do this, but it does not do it; moreover, it cannot, I am convinced, overcome race prejudice, any more than white people can be assimilated to the negro race in Africa."

"But do you favor emigration *en masse*—I mean of the whole Afro-American population?"

"By no means; I will say the proportion need be no greater than that of the Irish and Germans who annually come to this country, to those who remain in the mother country. I think it would be a calamity for the greater portion of our people to go. For instance, I am called home now to aid in the location of the State University for colored people, which is just being established and endowed by the State of Georgia. One feature of the bid for the location of this new State college, from the town of Vespuccius, is a five-thousand-dollar endowment. This offer is made by a negro, who was once a

slave, who now, seventy-two years of age, is probably worth more than fifty thousand dollars. He is a real estate owner and dealer, and is universally respected by both the whites and the blacks. I have a copy of his letter making the offer, and will read it to you. It is as follows:

Mr. J. B. Falcon, Mayor of Vespuceius:

DEAR SIR—On condition that the branch college for colored students is located in Vespuceius, I agree to convey the following described real estate, which I value at five thousand dollars, to the trustees of the State University, reserving to myself a life estate in said property—the deed to be so framed as to preserve the *corpus* of the body, and the income to be used as a scholarship fund to educate the most needy and deserving colored students who may apply for admission to said college. The conveyance to be made in such form as may be agreed upon between the board of trustees and myself.

Most respectfully yours,

ELBERT HOARD.

“Ah!” said Colonel Adams, “that is practical philanthropy, and the best evidence yet given that emancipation will prove a blessing to the whole South, white as well as black.”

“I have no doubt of that truth; but there is a natural ambition in all intelligent human beings to advance socially as well as materially, and it is idle to expect social equality among the whites and blacks of the Southern States. No man will receive his former slave, or the children of a former slave, as a social equal; and as we become educated, we desire to go where we can secure that blessing for our children. We cannot secure it anywhere in the United States.”

“Do you know this man, Elbert Hoard, personally?”

“Yes, sir; I have known him forty years; his history is a remarkable one.”

“In what respect? I would like to know something of such a man.”

“Very well, sir; I will tell it as briefly as I can. He was born in 1817, in Middle Georgia. When he was five years old his master moved to another county, and his mother was sold and carried to parts unknown.”

“Has he never seen his mother since she was sold?”

“No, sir; he has neither seen her nor heard from her. That was the greatest evil of slavery. He was taken to

Tennessee, where he lived until his fifteenth year, when his master moved to Alabama, taking Elbert with him. When he was seventeen years of age, his master moved back to Georgia and Elbert returned with him. In 1842, his master died, and in the fall of that year he was carried to the courthouse and sold to the highest bidder."

"That was another evil of slavery," said Colonel Adams.

"Yes, sir; it was. But in this case, as in hundreds of similar cases that I know of, it was all prearranged between Elbert and the master of his wife that he should buy him, and thus prevent a separation between Elbert and his wife. This gentleman's name was Hoard, and Elbert took his name as his own. He made Elbert the 'foreman' on his plantation, for he had already made himself known by his ability and fidelity. They trusted each other, and he continued to befriend Elbert. In 1851 he allowed Elbert to hire his time and the time of his wife, and thus master and slave lived apart until Elbert and his wife were made free in 1865."

"Do you mean to say that this slave was as free to go and come as you are now, provided he paid the value of his time, or labor, and that of his wife?"

"Yes, sir; and with the further condition that he was not to leave the town of V—, more than a hundred miles away, or the county of Sumter, without a pass, or permit from his master. He always got that when he wrote for it; and thousands of other negro slaves did likewise. They were required to pay a good interest on their value, and they generally did it."

"That is the best feature of slavery that I ever heard of," said Colonel Adams.

"There were many kindly features that characterized slavery in the Southern States that the world is ignorant of. God's hand was in it all; Elbert's training as a slave enabled him to succeed as a freeman. Elbert went to the town of Vespuccius in 1854, his master remaining at his plantation home in a distant county, and he and his wife have lived there from that day to this. He has built, since freedom, eighty-seven houses, and has sold one hundred vacant lots to white and colored people. He is respected by the whole community, and he has

been five times elected a delegate to the National Republican Convention, to help nominate the President of the United States."

"I repeat," said Colonel Adams, "that this man's history is a revelation to me. It proves, too, that the emancipation of the negroes will yet prove a blessing to the people of both races in the Southern States. From his success, the respect in which you say he is held by the whole community in spite of his political prominence as a Republican in a Democratic State, and his present happy life, I am more than ever persuaded that the negro race will advance much more rapidly where they are than in Africa. Therefore I cannot encourage the movement which you have inaugurated to have them returned to Africa. The enfranchisement of the negroes increased the representative population enough to entitle them to thirty or forty Congressmen."

"But they have not got them; and they cannot get them. Whether this is due to the fact that they were handicapped by slavery, or from inherent weakness, is not material. I doubt whether universal suffrage has been of benefit to the negro. A property qualification, such as you have in Rhode Island; or an educational provision, such as prevails in other Northern States, would, I think, have been wiser."

Colonel Adams was evidently surprised and impressed by this remark, and replied:

"You may be right about that. We extol England as the most civilized of nations, and yet in England the people in the rural districts have no voice whatever in controlling the community in which they live. They have no authority to vote for state, or county, or national officials. But England is a monarchy; this country a free republic."

"I am aware of that, sir; but human nature is the same the world over; and the negro in the rural districts, after enjoying the cure-all, yclept suffrage, for a quarter of a century, is in no better condition socially, so far as the white people are concerned, than he was in the year he was emancipated."

"How do you know that your statements are true?" asked Colonel Adams, with a quizzical smile.

"By my personal observation, chiefly. Besides, I speak entirely from radical Republican testimony, as given by your orators in Congress. Why, even the other day a number of negro or 'colored' bishops met in convention in Ohio, and one of them solemnly asserted that the Southern negroes should be educated to return to Africa, because they cannot become full-statured men and citizens in the United States. I agree with him; inequality, not equality, is the rule in human affairs the world over."

"You think, then, that compulsory means should be used to have them emigrate to Africa?"

"Not at all; that would be cruelty. Emigration from America to Africa should be voluntary; and no negro should go there if he has not a few hundred dollars to support himself with until he can get remunerative employment"

"I agree with you there," said Colonel Adams. "As 'wards of this nation' they will retrograde as surely as they did in Liberia."

"What proof have you that they have retrograded there?" asked the bishop.

"The testimony of a United States minister to that so-called republic; and I think that he is the ablest negro in America. He is indignant that a proposition should be made to our government to aid in transporting American citizens, of African descent, to 'that black land of snakes, centipedes, fevers, miasma, poverty, and superstition.' He describes it as a country where there are no wagons, carts, roads, money or decent houses. A country where two thousand, three hundred and twenty-five men vote, and out of that number one thousand, three hundred and thirty-three hold office; a country where eight hundred and seventeen men form a regiment and seven hundred and eighty-nine of them are military officers; a country where the native negro with his superstition is of more importance than the civilized somebody who tries to live there."

"I know to whom you refer; he is not a black man, but a mulatto, and that may have excited prejudice against him. I did not experience such treatment when I was there. Besides his statements are not true. Any

one who ascends the St. Paul's River from Monrovia will find all along the river-sides brick houses of two and three stories, covered with zinc roofs. Varied settlements can be seen along this river, bearing American names. Liberia is a beautiful country, and any one who cannot live there with reasonable health cannot live anywhere. True, there is an acclimating change people have to pass through, as they do on the Mississippi River. I traveled hundreds of miles in the interior, and noted the manly bearing of the higher grade of the natives. I have learned that we poor American negroes were the tail-end of the African races. We were slaves in Africa, and had been slaves a thousand years or more before we were sold to America. Those who think the flat nose, the receding forehead, the proboscidated mouth, and the big flat-bottom foot, are peculiar to the African race, are mistaken. A straight rule laid upon the face of three-fourths of us in America, will touch the nose and mouth only; there are native Africans without number, whose nose and chin the rule would touch without touching the mouth. I have seen nineteen tribes, and I have not seen over one hundred men who are constructed on as low a scale as I have seen in America. No high-class Africans were sold to America, unless they were prisoners of war."

"Your remarks emphasize the problem still more; if the negroes in Liberia cannot look without prejudice upon a colored man who is four-eighths negro, how is it to be expected that wholesale emigration of American negroes can be good for them? Would you eliminate all mulattoes from the emigrants?"

"I think, sir, that you exaggerate the difficulties, and underrate the advantages. Of course I know that you do this unconsciously. Permit me to say that, while I am as certain as of my existence that the black man will, sooner or later, return to Africa, and that it is the will and purpose of God that he shall do so, and that no power on earth can contravene it, I well know that Africa is no place for the improvident part of the colored race. Nevertheless, after traveling over three continents, I have seen no part of the globe to compare with Africa. If Europe can keep one hundred and seventy-two steam-

ships hugging the coasts of Africa the year round, and reaping hundreds of millions a year by it, the United States might keep two steamships at least, and allow the black man who is able to pay his way, to go and come at his pleasure."

"Do you intend to emigrate to Africa?"

"No, sir; my duties forbid it; and, except as a missionary, I would not wish to go to any heathen country."

The conversation was beginning to grow a little tiresome to Colonel Adams, who thought that his services in the Federal army during the war, which resulted in giving emancipation to the negroes, was all that he owed them.

"I am sorry that I can neither aid nor encourage you," he said; "for my judgment is that the negroes are where they ought to be; and, in the language of Mr. Lincoln, 'they must root hog or die.'"

"At least you give me credit for the utmost sincerity," said the Bishop.

"Certainly; and I am glad to say that you have won the respect of our people."

"Then I will be bold enough to tell you my real reason for calling to see you, sir. Do you know young Mr. Carter Lee?"

"Carter Lee?" said Colonel Adams; "Carter Lee? Ah! yes; you mean the young gentleman from Mississippi—a friend of Charles Windom."

"The same, sir. Well, I will refer you to him; he is the son of my former master."

"But I know nothing of Mr. Lee, and, besides, you need no reference. The fact that you have educated yourself and are recognized as one of the leaders of your race, makes any reference superfluous."

"I beg your pardon, sir; but have you ever seen Mr. Lee in the society of your daughter, Miss Amanda Adams?"

"I never saw Mr. Lee but once; and that was at a dinner at my house recently. Of what interest can he be to me?"

"He is in the city now, sir; and both he and your daughter were present when I lectured last night, and their resemblance to each other is startling—particularly to me."

"You speak in riddles; I don't understand you, nor why either my daughter or Mr. Lee should interest you." This was said with manifest impatience.

"Pardon me, sir; I mean no offense. I am actuated only by a sense of duty in saying to you that I recognized Miss Amanda by her great resemblance to her mother, and Mr. Lee is her father's brother."

Colonel Adams was at this moment as if paralyzed—conflicting emotions—surprise, indignation, grief; all struggled for the mastery, as he heard the fatal announcement from this venerable and worthy negro preacher.

He realized that his long-kept secret was a secret no longer. He looked with horror at the Bishop, but said nothing, as the latter continued: "My master left a will which he confided to my care. I have it at home, and no human being except yourself and the witnesses to it know of its existence. In this will he left all his property in Georgia, a plantation of five thousand acres, in *fee simple* to Amanda's child. I beg pardon, sir—to Miss Amanda."

He ceased, but the Colonel motioned to him to go on with his story.

"I have never been able to trace this child, although I have made diligent efforts to find her ever since, until I recognized her in the person of Miss Amanda Adams. In case this child could not be found, the will provides that this plantation should be inherited by his son, who should inherit all the rest of his property—young Carter Lee, who is at this moment in New Haven, is that son."

The Colonel's face was pallid and the tones of his voice evinced his great agitation as he almost incoherently asked: "Does the young gentleman know of these facts?"

"No, sir; to no one except the lawyer and witnesses who drew up the instrument and an old negro woman whom we all called 'Aunt Charity,' and who is now dead as is the lawyer also, was the existence of the will ever to be made known until Amanda's child should be found and should be twenty years of age. Mr. Carter Lee thinks that he is the legal heir to this property."

"But, granting that what you say is true," said Colonel Adams, now summoning all his resolution to be

calm and reasonable, "the law, at least the laws of this State, will not permit property to be inherited by an illegitimate—colored 'person.'" The words "colored person" were said with evident reluctance. "Besides, no jury on earth would declare my daughter to be the child of any colored person, and I would have you to understand," he added, rising from his chair with a face denoting an iron resolution, "that the man who says one word to imperil her happiness will do so at the peril of his life! There are some things that are beyond human endurance."

He was pacing the floor of his office now, and the Bishop remained quiet, until this natural agitation could partially subside; then he said, very gently, very humbly, even as a slave to his master: "I beg your pardon most humbly, sir; I am but a poor ignorant negro preacher, who loves the memory of his old master as of his best friend, and of this young lady's mother as the best and noblest girl I ever knew. I say to you, sir, that I will lay down my life rather than make her unhappy; but I must be true to the trust thus confided to me."

His whole demeanor was so humble and sincere—bore so much the characteristic of the true Christian, that Colonel Adams sat down by his side and took his black hand in his and pressed it, while, strong man though he was, the tears of agony told of the awful struggle in his breast.

Finally he said: "*It is all true!* but I had hoped that the secret would never be discovered. If she has a trace of negro blood in her veins, we have never been able to perceive it; and she is our idol."

"I know it, sir. She is nine-tenths white, and may God bless you and your noble wife for adopting this helpless orphan as you did. Until you bid me reveal it, the secret shall be locked in my breast as it ever has been."

"You are a noble unselfish man," responded the Colonel, "and I believe you. She will not be of age for a year yet, and could not, therefore, inherit if she so desired. At the proper time I will notify you; meanwhile, always keep me advised of your address."

"I will do so, sir; and, now, shall I send you the will?"

"Yes; I will take good care of it."

"Thank you, sir. I will return by the next train to Georgia, far happier than I came here. Good-bye, sir."

"Good-bye," said the Colonel, as he opened the door, and the old negro went forth.

In one hour from the time he left his home to meet the Bishop at his office he had rejoined the Professor.

When Professor Von Donhoff entered the parlor, after Colonel Adams had gone to his office, Dr. DuBose retired, pleading that he had a professional visit to make, but would return in an hour. Amanda and the Professor were conversing when her father returned, and his face looked so haggard that she asked: "What is the matter, papa?" As she said this, she stroked back the hair from his forehead. "Your head feels hot; have you a fever? Ah! Professor, I fear your wisdom has been too much for my foolish papa, who will work at night in spite of our protests."

"It is nothing, my child; a slight attack of vertigo—a mere headache, which your presence has already lightened."

"Complimentary to me, I am sure," said the Professor, placing a chair for her.

"I will make you a cup of coffee, papa; wait until I return with it."

Colonel Adams placed his aching head between his hands and groaned. It was not without a purpose that he had sought to "draw the Professor out" upon this subject, which troubled him unceasingly. Proposal after proposal had been made to Amanda and she was still, so far as he knew, "heart-whole and fancy free." As she had expressed it when a child, she "loved everybody and feared nobody." Was this lovely child-woman to go through life with a mark, like that of Cain as to its effect if discovered, and be permitted to marry an honorable gentleman, and both to be left in ignorance as to the stain upon her birth? Or was he to shatter that beautiful young life, and with the merciless hand of the iconoclast, cast down all her idols of innocent youth? As this thought occurred to him a sudden impulse prompted him to tell all to this rough, generous, learned man, who appreciated Amanda too highly ever to abuse the confi-

dence thus reposed in him. Hardly had he decided upon this course, however, when Amanda came in bearing on a waiter two tiny cups that were worthy the best artists at Sèvres. She had a simple white apron on, and to Professor Von Donhoff she seemed as pretty and charming a picture as he had ever seen. Colonel Adams half arose, then fell back in his chair, for he saw in the girl before him the image of that girl's mother who had so often brought food and drink to his bedside during his long weary struggle with the terrible typhoid fever. Her expression, manner, gestures, everything, recalled the past so vividly that she noticed it, and, placing the waiter upon the table, went immediately to his relief.

"I believe I will retire, Professor, but don't go. I leave you with very dull company, I know," said the Colonel, as he stroked his daughter's hair, "but you must be patient and consent to be bored by your old pupil until her mother returns. Good night, my dear." His hand was placed caressingly on her head, and he kissed her with parental tenderness as he left the parlor for the seclusion of his library.

"I don't know what is the matter with papa, lately," said Amanda; "he is not at all well, and I have never seen him so serious. I hope you have not turned your batteries on him, too, Professor."

"No, indeed; he is my best friend in New Haven, and I know of no sacrifice I would not make for his sake—or for yours," he said, very gently, she thought.

"Thank you; I thought as much. I feel that I can always trust you implicitly. You have always been so kind, so good to me, that I can excuse, while I must deplore your rough speeches to some of my friends."

"That speech is worthy of you, Miss Amanda, and for your sake—what would I not do for your sake?—I will try not to be such a bear hereafter."

"What have you and papa been talking about? The coffee is getting cold and you have not tasted it."

"Pardon; I forgot the coffee in thinking of the cup-bearer."

He took the cup and began to sip it leisurely, looking at her meanwhile.

"You have not answered my question; don't you

remember how you used to scold me when I failed to answer your questions?" She laughed merrily as she said this.

"What are you laughing at?"

"At the ridiculous face you used to make when trying to look angry with me."

"You were a witch then, and I fear you are no better now," he replied.

"What do you mean, Professor?"

"I mean that, when in your presence, I feel thoroughly bewitched—am hardly accountable for what I say or do."

"Perhaps I have mesmerized you; I have attended but one séance of Professor Etienne, but since then I have studied the subject."

"Have you subjected any one to your will?"

"No; but I believe I can do so."

"Try me; I dare you to try me!"

"Don't dare me, Professor; you know what little boys say about 'taking a dare.'"

"No; what do they say?"

"A boy who will take a dare is meaner than a worthless dog."

"Just so; now you will not place yourself in that category. I distinctly and deliberately dare you to place me in the somnambulistic condition. It is absurd, though, isn't it? I, who have so much the stronger will, to challenge you to attempt this."

"I will not try to do that; but if you will promise not to mesmerize me, I will demonstrate that I have the same power that Monsieur Etienne has."

"Proceed; I promise."

"Wait a moment, then." She went into the billiard room and returned with a billiard-cue.

"Now, take hold of this cue," she said, with both hands holding it perfectly horizontal. "Hold it as firmly as you can—so—there!" She had grasped the cue, slightly touching it with the palm of her hands, and at the word "There!" she sent the Professor reeling against the wall in spite of all his efforts to resist her. She had used no perceptible muscular force, and he was amazed. "Wonderful!" he exclaimed; "where did you learn that trick?"

"It is not a trick; you are mesmerized; I never tried to do it before."

"Wonderful! You *are* a witch. Now try again. He braced himself firmly, clutched the cue near the two ends, and awaited her. She came slowly to him, fixing her eyes on his, placed one hand behind her back, and with the palm upward, touched with the other the cue without any more muscular exertion than she had used before, and immediately he was struggling as if for life to hold the cue. Perspiration oozed from his brow, and he was evidently determined to retain it. Thus they moved around the room until, with a sudden upward turn of the hand, she sent him reeling to the floor of the room. Just then Dr. DuBose appeared standing in the doorway. DuBose was grave for one of his years, but was not devoid of humor, and this scene amused him greatly. Trying to conceal his merriment, he said: "Pardon me if I intrude, Miss Amanda: I did not intend to interrupt this—what shall I call it?" Amanda was laughing at the grotesque appearance of her victim, as he painfully arose, adjusted his spectacles, and looked more crest-fallen than Amanda had ever seen him. This was momentary, however, for he quickly regained his self-possession when he saw DuBose standing there enjoying his discomfiture.

"Miss Amanda, it is for you to explain my embarrassing position," he said.

"Certainly, Professor; it is very simple. I have just been trying, Doctor, my power as a pupil of Monsieur Etienne upon the Professor."

"Is it possible that you have overcome *him*! Great is Diana of the Ephesians," said DuBose.

"It is not only possible, but she has accomplished an unexampled feat."

"Doubtless," sarcastically replied the young doctor. "It reminds me forcibly of a quotation: 'When my friend first arose to speak I thought that he knew nothing of the subject; and, when he concluded his remarks, I knew that my first opinion was correct.'" It was thus that the Professor had criticized DuBose when a student at Yale.

"I acknowledge the *grain*," said the Professor, again making a misquotation of a familiar slang expression,

"Now be generous, Doctor, and let us be friends."

The Professor extended his hand as he spoke; the young physician grasped it cordially, but added : "Can I be of service in my capacity of surgeon. I see that blood is flowing from your nose." This was in pure irony, for there was the faintest tinge of blood—a slight abrasion merely upon that prominent part of the Professor's physiognomy. But the Professor, without deigning any reply, abruptly withdrew.

"Well, Miss Amanda, I see that you and the Professor have had a scrimmage—a regular knock-down fight. I never regarded you as a pugilist before. How did you floor him? I am very glad you did it."

"He dared me to attempt to place him under the influence of magnetism, and without any reflection, it occurred to me to try a novel experiment which succeeded far beyond my expectations."

"Explain your mode of boxing—"

"You are too perverse, Dr. DuBose; take care or I may serve you in the same way."

Going to the window he said in a low tone, which he threatened to make as loud as possible if she did not humbly withdraw her threat : "Police! Police! Come here and protect a poor orphan."

Amanda was convulsed with laughter. "Why, Doctor, why have you concealed your sense of the ridiculous so long? But come back and be seated, and behave yourself! Now, please, say no more about this matter to the Professor, or to any one." This was said in her natural manner, and it had the desired effect.

"Miss Amanda, I saw it all, and I never was so astonished or amused in my life. I tried to make known my presence, but you and Professor Von Donhoff were so absorbed that you did not see me. You have, I am sorry to know, a very remarkable power. I beg of you to do all in your power to keep it in subjection, and never to exercise it except in case of extreme personal peril. It is incomprehensible to me, and may be potent for evil so far as your happiness is concerned."

"Then you believe in animal magnetism at last?" she said.

"I do not understand it. I look upon this 'Monsieur

Etienne' as an agent of the devil, and I am very sorry that you ever heard of him, or gave any thought to such matters."

"Why do you fear for me? I am neither nervous, excitable, nor superstitious."

"You were simply perfect as you were, and I am jealous of any influence that may change you in any respect."

"Let us talk of other things," she said, resolved, if possible, not to permit this good friend to declare himself a lover, and thus the evening passed pleasantly until DuBose withdrew. Meanwhile, Colonel Adams was still reading.

One o'clock in the morning found Colonel Adams still in his library, oppressed with thoughts of Amanda. He had taken down a volume among the bound copies of *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, that of December 15, 1870, and read the following passages, which had attracted his attention a short time before:

"The Island of Bourbon, east of Madagascar, is one of the most unhealthy countries in Europe. The whites there form two classes, or two races, distinct by habits and manners. The first embraces the inhabitants of the cities and villages; the other, the poor whites, who, descendants of ancient colonists too poor to buy slaves, were forced to cultivate the soil with their own hands. Yet, proud of the purity of their blood, which constitutes in their eyes *noblesse*, they will not ally themselves by marriage with a negro or Indian for any price or consideration." He placed the magazine on the table, and, with his head buried in his hands, gave way to reflection. "It is, indeed, world-wide, this prejudice against social equality with the negro! We, of New England, may be wrong in assuming that mankind has erred in all ages in this respect. New Englanders follow an idea to its logical conclusion; that conclusion as to the equality of all men has been construed by us to mean social as well as legal equality. But who, of all the world, will ever think that our darling Amanda has the faintest drop of negro blood in her veins?" He arose and paced the room, agitated by this thought.

Then he recalled the speech of Abraham Lincoln, made

in the famous joint debate with Stephen A. Douglas long before he became a candidate for the Presidency. He had heard that speech delivered, and the following sentences lingered in his memory: "I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social or political equality of the white and black races. I am not nor ever have been in favor of making jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with the white people. And I will say in addition to this: there is a physical difference between the white and black races which I believe will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality."

XIV.

Carter Lee, on his return to New Haven, was very attentive to Amanda, knowing that she understood his attachment to Mary Windom. He could not understand the sudden change in Windom's manner; but it was so evident that, just as he had persuaded himself that Mary Windom was the one woman on earth who was absolutely faultless, he decided that his visit must be cut short. But he tried to excuse his further stay by going no more to see Mary Windom, and gaining such consolation as he could from as frequent visits to Amanda as polite usage would permit. While Amanda's heart had long since been given to Charles Windom, she did not admit it to any one, not even to him, and her coquettish nature asserted itself when Windom and Lee were present at the same time. She really liked Lee, and soon discovered that the best way to entertain him was to talk of Mary Windom, and he would forget time when she talked of her.

Dr. DuBose prudently withdrew; Professor Von Donhoff showed his impatience, but was not noticed except as a privileged friend of the whole family. But Charles Windom was furiously jealous, and cursed the day that he had introduced "that fellow" to his sister and her friend, whom he loved with all the fiery passion of his nature. Amanda knew exactly how to manage him, and rejoiced at the knowledge that her love for him was

reciprocated, but could not resist the temptation to excite his jealousy. One day Professor Von Donhoff, irritated at the indifference shown to his presence, interrupted Lee with the remark: "So you are from the South, are you?"

"Yes, sir; I am pleased to say that I am."

"Umph! I should be sorry."

Now, in all Lee's conversations with his new acquaintances in New Haven, he had not once alluded to his home or friends in the South, except when he had introduced his father's former slave, Bishop Hunter, to the group who stood near him when the lecturer had approached him as he left the rostrum. Except as a historical fact, like the "Revolutionary War," he knew nothing of the war between the States. But like all true men everywhere, his sympathies were with the people of his native land, in whose defense his maternal grandfather had laid down his life at the first battle of Manassas, and his elder brother had received his mortal wound at the battle of Franklin. He had been taught to revere that brother's memory as the incarnation of chivalry and patriotism.

Biting his lip in the effort to restrain his temper in Amanda's presence, Lee could not refrain from retorting, as he took his seat again: "Doubtless the sentiment of patriotism is one to which *you* are a stranger."

His manner, words, deportment, all, indicated the so-called chivalry of the duelist; of that invisible power which moulds the conduct and regulates the passion of men in the Southern, or "late slave," States, and places the honor of woman above all other considerations, social, political, or religious.

The manner of the young gentleman, rather than the words, seemed extremely contemptuous and supercilious to the irascible Professor, who was really intensely patriotic—a Prussian of the Prussians. Had the opportunity been given him to have become a volunteer in time of war, he might have been a famous general in the Prussian army. But *to be forced* to waste the most valuable years of his life in "playing soldier" in time of peace, and finally ordered to the battlefield merely at the caprice of a prince or emperor, without regard to the "rights of man" or

human liberty, caused him to prefer exile to tame submission. Yet he had arrived in America too late to participate in the war between the States, or he would have enlisted in the Federal army in defense of that Union which he considered, like hosts of his countrymen, the only free government on earth—the bulwark of human liberty.

He stood furiously angry, as if ready to throttle this slender youth, whose steel-blue eyes looked a defiance which could not be mistaken, although it was veiled by a contemptuous smile which but aggravated the more his antagonist.

Amanda arose and, with rare tact, said: "Will you not aid me to open that window, Professor; it is very warm." He restrained himself and acquiesced, and, while standing thus, she placed her hand in his and pressed it gently, saying: "Say no more, *for my sake*."

The change in his face and expression was instantaneous, and his eyes looked as she would have them look, had he already declared himself a suitor for her hand. This scene, however, had not entirely escaped Lee's eyes, and he arose as she returned, and, turning his back deliberately upon the Professor, extended his hand to Amanda, saying: "I only called to ask you to accompany me to the tennis court to-morrow, Miss Amanda. I cannot thank you enough for your exceeding kindness to me, and I will return home next week."

"Certainly, I will go with pleasure, Mr. Lee."

Then he quickly withdrew *without noticing the Professor*.

While they were standing thus together, the Professor observed, in spite of his suppressed anger, the startling resemblance between Carter Lee and Amanda Adams.

"Who is this impudent upstart, Miss Amanda? Is he a relative of yours?"

"No, indeed. Think no more of your difference with him, which he has already forgotten, I dare say. I have only known him a short time. He is a *beau* of my best friend, Mary Windom, and is, unfortunately, a Southerner."

"Oh! ah! Why did you not intimate to me which way the wind lay, little one?" said he, evidently much relieved.

"It is only a surmise of mine; he is quite attentive to her, and I am sure she likes him exceedingly, and I don't see how any man can fail to fall in love with her."

He took Amanda's hand, held it in his great palm, and slowly raised it to his lips, then dropped it and abruptly quitted the room. Amanda stood still, amazed at this totally unexpected and needless act. "How can I construe it?" she thought. "Can this old friend of mine, whom I have loved almost like a second father, be thinking of falling in love with poor little me? No; it is silly to suspect it." But his whole demeanor to her changed after that day, although her home had been almost like home to him since the days when he had taken the child Amanda upon his knee and told her the tales which have made the Rhineland a fairy region for all children who love fairy tales.

As she grew older, it had been his pleasure to read to her, and have her read to him, such books as Victor Hugo's delightful sketches of "*Le Rhin*." Thus her studies were guided partly by him, and she had looked upon his coming to take tea and assisting her in her studies in the evening, while talking to her parents, quite as a matter of course.

And now it dawned upon her that all this familiar friendship was at an end; that this large-hearted but irascible man of forty years of age no longer treated her as a child whom he had loved as a child, but that he had curbed his great temper and submitted to an insult in her presence without resentment, and had done this because of his great love for her. It needed no declaration: those great luminous eyes of his had looked into hers with a deep, earnest love which language could not utter. She stood with her hands clasped together, looking upon the floor, while slowly great tears forced their way down her cheeks. She perceived them at last and went to her chamber, her mind a tumult of thoughts in which sympathy for this great, strong man was mingled with admiration for the spirit of the handsome young Southerner, whose very haughtiness attracted her too much to cause her to properly analyze his rudeness. She felt, however, that this was a confession of his love for her. It was also a tacit avowal that he considered his love for her a hope-

less one; and his very silence attested his desire to relieve her from the slightest embarrassment.

"It does not rain but it pours," is an old maxim, indicating perhaps, the same thing as the apothegm, "misfortunes never come singly."

Thus it seemed to Lee; for, during his next visit to Amanda, an incident occurred that was totally unpremeditated by him.

He had scarcely left the house the day before, when Amanda received a note from Charles Windom, saying that he would call the next afternoon to accompany her to the tennis court. It had been tacitly accepted by the public, as a fact, that Charles Windom and Amanda Adams were engaged to be married—a report which neither of them thought it worth while to affirm or deny. Hence the young gentlemen of New Haven, generally, accorded to Windom those special privileges demanded usually by affianced lovers; and invitations to Miss Amanda were usually prefaced with the proviso: "If you have no previous engagement."

Carter Lee, being a stranger, had not yet learned to adapt himself to Windom's point of view in relation to his attentions to Amanda, to whom these attentions afforded refreshing relief. It had been pleasant to Amanda to know that she was assured of an escort everywhere; but, as circumstances were gradually narrowing her escorts to one person, and, though she preferred him to all others, she was not loth to have a change for a time when so agreeable a person as Carter Lee proposed to act as her escort.

Windom, on the other hand, noticed, first with surprise, then with anger, that the young stranger, Lee, had virtually supplanted him for the time at least. Up to this time he had rarely assumed to have the precedence which the public accorded to him, because he liked to think of himself as the favored suitor of the acknowledged belle of the city, and he did not fear any local rival. Now, he exaggerated Amanda's preference for Lee's society. He determined, therefore, to put the matter to the test when he received a note from Amanda expressing her regrets that she could not go with him to the tennis court, because of a previous engagement to

go with Mr. Lee. Windom brooded over this disappointment until the next day, when he called in person to protest against her going with Lee, and to demand that he should be permitted to make public their engagement. As a matter of fact, no positive engagement existed between them, further than the tacit avowal that each of the parties at interest contemplated such a step, which is usually the forerunner of happy results. That there would be an engagement, to be followed by marriage, no one who knew them doubted; for the whole community favored it; and, least of all, did Amanda doubt it. But, from the evening of the *séance* of Monsieur Etienne, Windom's jealousy had been excited, and he was beginning to fear that he might lose Amanda if he permitted the growing intimacy between Lee and herself to continue, and he resolved to bring matters to a crisis one way or the other. At the hour appointed, Carter Lee called to escort Amanda to the tennis grounds, when a little accident—an entirely unpremeditated incident—caused these two personal friends of the week before to become suddenly and seriously estranged. Whether by accident, or because the Irish servant had just been employed and was ignorant of her duties, she had ushered Lee immediately in the parlor, without announcing his arrival, and he was stopped at the threshold by a scene which surprised and disconcerted him. On the farther side of the parlor stood Windom holding both the hands of Amanda, and pleading earnestly for an immediate answer. "Once for all, I repeat, for this thing must go no farther," Lee heard him say. He was about to retire when, by a change of position, Amanda saw him standing in the doorway. Startled and confused by his appearance under such circumstances, she who, a moment before, had been gentleness personified, suddenly wrested her hands from Windom's grasp and greeted Lee cordially. Lee extended his hand and apologized for his intrusion. The demon of jealousy prompted Windom to turn his back when Lee advanced to greet him until Amanda said:

"This is your friend, Mr. Lee, Mr. Windom."

Windom's face showed anger, vexation, mortification. There stood the man who, he thought, stood between

him and his happiness—the man who had done his utmost to win the affections of this girl whom he had loved all his life—and now, just as his success was assured, his sudden appearance had spoiled it all.

“And, I am very, very glad to have you gentlemen meet each other,” Amanda added, for in her embarrassment she did not know what to say, but appreciated that silence would add to the trouble.

Lee bowed formally to Windom as he noted his expression, while Windom turned to Amanda and said: “Good-bye, Miss Amanda; I’ll call again, and when I do I will be sure to send in my card before I enter.”

This was said with so contemptuous a glance at Lee that that hot-headed youth responded: “Permit me to hand you mine now, sir; you know my address.”

“Perfectly,” returned Windom; “and I receive and accept it in the spirit in which it is given.”

Now, while Amanda saw that trouble was brewing between the two men, she never for a moment thought of a duel. A duel—a challenge in the civilized State of Connecticut! Such a contingency was preposterous.

Nothing could have been less premeditated by Leethan than this unfortunate termination of a visit to which he had looked forward with much pleasure. But the damage was done now, and he could do nothing but await further developments. He remained at his hotel all day, hoping that Windom, whom he knew to be a noble-hearted man, would realize how unjustly he had acted and would therefore send him an apology.

In truth Windom wrote half a dozen letters to Lee trying to explain it, but as often did he destroy them, for his better nature was overruled by his jealousy, and he determined to humiliate Lee or force him to fight.

The tennis club assembled, and Carter Lee was present as the escort of Amanda.

In order to avoid any publicity concerning the letter which he had received that day from Windom, requesting him to name a place of meeting outside the State of Connecticut where the correspondence might be resumed, he decided to post his answer on his return from the tennis club, and then to leave for New York by the first train.

Nor could any one see in his manner or speech anything which foretold the struggle which was going on in his heart. He seemed even merry during the progress of the game, though he did not participate. He longed for an opportunity to talk with Mary Windom, but had to content himself with a few brief moments at the conclusion of the game.

"I regret to say that I must return to New York by the next train," said Lee, as the players were preparing to leave the tennis court.

"What! And are you going away without calling to see mamma?" said Mary.

"I am extremely sorry that I have to do so, Miss Windom. Will you please express my deep regrets? But really I am forced to go this evening."

"I am sorry—no, I am not sorry one bit! You ought not to treat us so. Amanda, you must insist on his staying a few days longer," she added, as she saw the serious look in his eyes.

"Good-bye, Miss Windom," he said, as he placed her shawl around her, thus taking advantage of the opportunity that this act afforded him and speaking in an undertone: "Please don't misunderstand me, for you must know that I would rather call to see you than any one on earth if circumstances would permit."

She did not reply, but looked up with a timid glance of surprised gladness—a glance which seemed to answer him as he would be answered, and only said: "Thank you; I shall always be glad to see you."

Lee escorted Amanda back to her home, but bade her adieu at the gate.

"Mr. Lee, I am so fearful that something is wrong between you and Mr. Windom," she said; "please, for my sake, forgive him."

"Miss Amanda, give yourself no uneasiness; both for your sake and his sister's I would do anything not inconsistent with the honor of a gentleman. Until yesterday I thought Windom was the best friend I had on earth. Good-bye!"

Amanda knew that a serious difference existed between them and was unhappy because of it. An entirely accidental incident had been construed by Windom as a pre-

meditated one. Charles Windom's jealousy had become morbid, and had stifled that better nature which had prompted him to write a dozen letters of apology only to destroy them, until at last he determined to humiliate Lee, or face him to fight a duel.

Mary Windom had been escorted to the tennis court by Dr. DuBose, and the four thus met again. While she had seemed to be preoccupied, as she walked home at the conclusion of the game, her face was radiant with happiness, and, as she entered her home—Dr. DuBose having declined to enter the parlor and returned to his office—she met her brother in the hall dressed as if for a journey.

"Why Charley, where are you going? I wish you had been with us to-day, we had a lovely time."

"Who was there?" he asked, rather brusquely.

"Oh! all the club, with one charming addition—your friend, Mr. Lee, who came with Amanda."

"Indeed! I am glad that I was not present; I have no use for the fellow!" and with that speech her brother left her as he had never done before, his face as black as a thunder-cloud. Mary had never seen him so angry before, and she could not fathom the mystery. An hour before, the world was all sunshine; now the brother whom she loved so devotedly, had shattered her castle in the air. She knew that Charles Windom was the soul of honor, and she knew that she had given her heart to a man whom he so indignantly alluded to as "the fellow." What did it mean? Alas! she little thought that he had added fuel to the flames of jealousy.

XV.

Of the one hundred thousand citizens of New York City of Southern birth, a large number are leaders in financial and commercial circles of that American metropolis. Ruined homes and fortunes, charred dwellings, desolate households, greeted their return from Appomattox a quarter of a century previous; and thousands resolved to win back their lost fortunes in this Northern city.

That they have done so "goes without saying;" so that the expression "Go East, young man," has become axiomatic. And among the thousands gathered there, it was not strange that Carter Lee found a friend who was not yet educated to believe that the duelist was a criminal, and the "code" the offshoot of the barbarism incidental to the extinct "institution" of slavery. He found this friend, Wilmer by name, at the Manhattan Club, of which both of these young men were members. Wilmer was the senior of the two by five years, and had "gone through" his patrimony, a plantation near the Georgia plantation of Carter Lee, in the orthodox fashion. That is to say, he had steadily expended two dollars in the effort to make one from the beginning to the end of the chapter. His hounds were of the best imported breeds, and no fox hunts equaled those inaugurated by Wilmer in that county, noted as it had been in the *antebellum* days for its horses, hounds, and hunters. And yet the young planter was full of energy, and the common prediction was that he would be rich some day. But "Progress" wrecked him on the altar of energy. The largest crops in the county per acre were accredited to Wilmer's plantation; and at the annual county fair his "Short horns" and "Berkshire Whites" took the blue ribbon invariably. Withal he was a delightful companion, and Lee was partly delighted, partly grieved, to find that adversity had caused him to sell out, "lock, stock, and barrel," as he expressed it. Thus, with the few thousand dollars left, Wilmer had followed the advice of a friend to "Go East, young man," and had learned already the meaning of the cabalistic words "puts" and "calls;" and he had learned it to his sorrow. This fact no one would have imagined from his manner or conversation, however; for, so long as Wilmer had a thousand dollars to his credit, he was apparently as happy as a lord.

But he was not deficient in common sense, and was not losing time in his own estimation.

"I've had some new experience to-day, Lee," said he, as they drank together.

"That is tantamount to saying that you have enjoyed the day," said Lee.

"Not by a long shot!" responded Wilmer; "it's the first time in my life that I ever was snubbed—positively snubbed!"

"How did it happen?" said Lee, laughing.

"Did you ever try to get a situation—get employment—try to make your living by working for other people?"

"Not up to date," said Lee; "but I don't know how long it will be before I will have it to do."

"Do you ever pray, Lee?"

"What do you mean, Wilmer?"

"I mean what I ask: do you ever get down on your knees at night, just as you used to when a child?"

"That is a singular question," replied Lee, "and one which I do not feel called upon to answer."

"All right; don't answer it; but I will bet that you do—about once a year, say. You may not actually get down on your knees, but you do it mentally, all the same."

"Well, admitting that all of us do, what of it?"

"Just this: the next time you appeal to the Almighty, beseech Him to keep you from seeking 'a situation' in New York City; that's all."

Lee was silent, but his laughing eyes showed that he anticipated more.

Lighting a cigar, and handing one to Lee, Wilmer continued:

"I followed old Crutch's advice just one time too often, and I'm flat——"

"'Of silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give unto thee.' Command my slender purse, my friend," said Lee.

"'No more, an' thou lovest me,' Lee; it's not so bad as that. I've got a thousand, or so, left. But to my experience. You remember my 'phenomenal success as a farmer,' as the county paper described my bucolic operations, don't you?"

Lee bowed his assent.

"Very well; I have been banking on that to-day Southern planter—cotton—guano—and all that." This was said with a pompous gesture that expressed much

Lee laughed gaily, and asked: "Did you find their good collaterals in this market, Wilmer?"

"Good God! Lee, let's go back home; these folks don't know us from a side of sole leather—don't appreciate us, in fact."

"Indeed; how do you know that?"

"By the lamp of experience, my boy—the lamp of experience. God bless its rays! You remember, don't you, my reputation for raising big crops on a few acres as compared to the crops raised by my neighbors?"

Lee nodded his head in assent.

"Very well; the brand of fertilizer that I used chiefly was sold by a firm of manufacturers in this city, and to-day I called on them and offered to become their State agent down there. I thought that they would jump at the chance of having a gentleman to represent them, but they only asked me two questions, and then informed me that they had no use for my services."

"Have you read 'Plutocracy,' a novel by one of our Senators?" asked Lee.

"No; is it interesting?"

"Quite so. Let me quote you a volume in a half page from it. The speakers are, Mr. Smiling, a Wall street millionaire, and Mr. Margin, his broker:

"'Have you got hardened like Long?' asked Mr. Smiling.

"'Yes; I know no friend in business. Speculators pay the piper and do their own dancing, while I look on without concern if margins are good.'

"'Well, I've been interested in your experience, and will say I like you as a broker better than ever before. I don't want a broker who has a heart. I pay for his head. Now tell me how I stand in W. & O.'

"'Your account stands: amount of two hundred thousand dollars in bonds; profit on the transaction, seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, after deducting commissions, for which here is my check to your order.'

"But which of them thought of, or felt for, the lambs they had shorn and turned out to the winter, and, may be, to want? That three quarters of a million—reaped without a scythe, garnered without work—represented the active brawn and sweat of seven thousand five hundred laborers for one hundred days at one dollar a day, and yet that vast sum was not the addition of one

dollar to the country's wealth. It was but one more, a very slight turn of the thumbscrews; one more transfer with no equivalent, from the credit side of labor to the credit side of capital; one more stone laid in the temple being erected in this land of Democracy to Mammon; one more accession to the power and ultimate rule of *Plutocracy*; one more step in the decline of the Republic."

"He writes well," said Wilmer; "but I'll bet he was long on cotton when he wrote that. The world's all right, Lee; I was jesting about returning home. I mean to stay here and rob these robbers with their own coin."

"So mote it be, amen!" said Lee. "But, jesting aside, Wilmer, will you do me a favor—the greatest favor that can be asked of a friend? No, no, not that—put your purse back in your pocket—it is a far graver matter than the mere lack of money."

"You don't say! *Can there be a greater trouble?*"

Lee's face had assumed its most serious expression, and his friend saw that, underneath all the raillery in which he had indulged, was a serious trouble.

"Wilmer," said Lee, "suppose one of your best friends insulted you grossly, what would you do? Remember, we are not in the South now, and answer as you would answer a brother."

"Lee, I hope the matter has not gone as far as your words imply. You must have noticed the press comments about the shooting scrape in the Southern Society rooms last week; there was not one favorable criticism."

"Then you would advise me to pocket the insult—take it as a New Yorker would?"

"No; not that way. But I must first know the circumstances that caused it before advising a friend whom I esteem as I do you. Tell me about it."

Thus admonished, Lee related all that had occurred, omitting all allusion to his love for Mary Windom.

"Are you engaged to be married to this Miss Adams?" asked Wilmer.

"No; neither am I in love with her; but Windom is desperately smitten with her, and imagines that we are attached to each other, or, rather, that I am trying to cut him out,"

"If such were the facts, would you be more lenient in your criticism of, or feelings to, Mr. Windom?"

"Well, yes; I suppose I would."

"Then that is the way you must look at it. Are there any special reasons why you should dislike him, or why he should wish to humiliate you?"

"On the contrary, I would rather have a difficulty with any man on earth. It was through his invitation—his courtesy—that I met those charming New Haven people."

"By George! It does seem a poor return for his courtesy," said Wilmer. "See here, Lee, go to your room and stay there, and I will call to-morrow morning, and a night's reflection will help us solve the matter."

"Then you will not act for me unless your judgment, or conscience, or what not, approves?" said Lee.

"Confound it all, man, of course I will! Whether you are in the wrong or not, I will act for you. But, by God! Lee, I'd challenge you myself if, after I did so, you would condescend to do a mean or unjust act just to gratify public opinion?"

"All right; Wilmer; you will incur no risk on that score."

And thus the two friends separated, Wilmer going into the smoking room of the club, and Lee returning to his hotel, a prey to thoughts of the most conflicting character.

To go into battle, feeling that you are serving your country and defending your home and loved ones, appeals to the noblest and most heroic sentiments that animate mankind. But to go upon the so-called "field of honor," with the deliberate purpose of killing a fellow-man in revenge for an insult, real or fancied, is an ordeal which all bravemen instinctively shrink from. And to do so in order to kill the man to whom he had been indebted for the pleasantest experience of his life, and to thus face with deadly intent the brother of the girl whom he now realized he loved more than life itself—this was the most cruel ordeal to which such a chivalric nature as Carter Lee's could be subjected.

Whether purposely, or accidentally, Lee's walk to his hotel took him past the home of Mr. De Brosses, and, as it was yet early in the evening, he yielded to the impulse

to call upon Miss De Brosses. There were visitors present, and Mr. De Brosses, who had been talking to Lee while the other young gentlemen were being entertained by his daughter, invited him into the library to smoke. Lee accepted, and intentionally led the conversation to the subject of dueling.

"Have you read *Don Quixote*?" asked Mr. De Brosses.

"Yes, long ago, and enjoyed it."

"Would you consider him a good model for the rising young men of to-day?"

"Well, no, sir; on the contrary, I would suggest the civilization of the French and the Germans of to-day," Lee replied.

"Pshaw!" said the old gentleman, with a tone and look of contempt. "The tilting at windmills by *Don Quixote* was more dangerous than the duels fought in Germany and France to-day. They prick each other with a sword, draw a little blood, pronounce 'honor' satisfied, and shake hands over a glass of wine. The prizes of our modern life are too great—the arena for active work too extended, to justify this boyish and barbarous practice."

"How long have you thought thus about dueling?" queried Lee.

"All my life, sir; as all of our sensible Northern people do. It is the one subject on which your father and I always differed."

"Then my father favored dueling?" said Lee.

"Oh, yes; it was a part of his heritage; Southerners always did favor it. In fact slavery and dueling were pronounced the twin barbarisms of American civilization."

"New Yorkers fought duels; your political Moses, Alexander Hamilton, was killed in one," replied Lee.

"Yes, and Burr was miserable ever after; two of the most brilliant and useful lives that ever graced this country were ended by that baleful practice. It was murder sanctioned by a false social standard."

"How do you Northern men resent insults, then?" asked Lee.

"When they encounter a stone wall in front of them

they go around it, while your hot-headed Southerners seem to prefer to butt their brains out against it," said Mr. De Brosses.

Miss Katherine De Brosses was standing in the doorway listening, for her visitors had left the parlor. Turning his head, Lee saw her, and immediately placed a chair for her near her father, saying: "I am glad that you came in, Miss Kitty, for your father has just worsted me in another argument."

"I heard part of it, and side with you: I approve of dueling," she said, with an arch look at her father. "The deuce you do!" laughingly said the old gentleman. "Why, Mr. Lee, she is as afraid of a mouse as of death!"

"That's quite another thing," she answered; "a mouse is the most horrid creature on earth."

"And a man?" suggested Lee.

"Is the next most horrid creature," said the young lady, much to her father's amusement. He liked to know that his daughter was a belle, but he thought that no man on earth was good enough for her. If a man showed her especial attention, it aroused his enmity at once.

"My daughter," said he, rising to retire and pointing to the clock, "remember that the gas must be turned off at 10.30 o'clock."

"Early to bed and early to rise——"

"Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," quoted his daughter; "but that foolish aphorism, father, does not apply to women."

"Yes it does; and I must request you, Mr. Lee, to see that she observes it this evening."

Lee bowed, yet with a mental reservation, for he knew that he was as clay in the hands of the potter when with this charming girl. He drew his watch and observed that it was already nearly 10 o'clock.

"We have only a half hour to talk," said he, in a regretful tone to Miss De Brosses.

"It is too bad," she replied; "I am awfully tempted to turn back the clock."

"And deceive your father!" said Lee, with mock solemnity.

"Yea, verily," she answered,

"Miss Kitty, I'm shocked; I can't encourage such treason, for you might *deceive me* some of these days."

"You need not harbor that delusion; you can spare yourself all anxiety," she replied, with a courtesy.

"But it is the very thing which I do not wish to be deprived of. Life would be uninteresting if it was not full of anxiety; I throw myself on your mercy, however."

"And I will be merciful, never fear. But what did you find to talk about to father so long this evening? You are to be congratulated, for few young men seem to interest him at all."

"Let me see," said Lee; but the more he reflected he could not remember any subject that they had discussed except dueling, and he answered:

"He cross-questioned me about the code—wanted to know all about dueling."

"Did he tell you that he had fought a duel, once?"

"No, indeed! Is it true—when? where?"

"When he was a student at Heidelberg, Germany."

"Vraiment! Pray, tell me about it."

"If you will promise not to tell him that I have told you about it?"

"Certainly; I am ready to make you any promise on earth to-night."

Lee did not mean all that this implied, and he did Miss De Brosses injustice; she was not the careless, frivolous being that she sometimes appeared to be. He liked her exceedingly; indeed, he admired her more than any girl whom he had ever known except Mary Windom; and he could not fail to admit to himself that she was intellectually superior to Mary Windom. But there was an indescribable charm about Miss Windom—an "affinity," so to speak, that, in his mind, no one else on earth possessed. He admired and liked Kitty De Brosses; he loved Mary Windom with every fibre of his nature. With the former he was ever gay, careless, and at ease, and he never imagined that anything he might say would wound her feelings; with the latter he was gentle always, and every accent that he uttered, every glance that met her timid, yet trustful eyes, were evidences of his love that would protect and shield her from every sorrow and guard her happiness as the flower of his own.

And he knew that this great love was thoroughly reciprocated. Could he have read the heart of the girl to whom he now talked so lightly, he would have scorned to have uttered sentiments which she believed to be sincere, but which he uttered only to gratify the vanity of this petted and spoiled young heiress.

The story which she told him was romantic in the extreme, and changed his opinion of the real character of the now venerable gentleman who lived in this luxurious home with his only and motherless child. Her father had slain his antagonist who was her mother's brother, and whose opposition to their marriage and vindictive hostility had forced the fatal duel, which her father had earnestly sought to avoid. "My uncle did not think that my father was my mother's social equal, and you know that he is the peer of any one in America," she exclaimed, proudly.

"And in the light of these facts, Miss Kitty, do you still favor dueling?"

"No, indeed; I have a horror of it, and this horror is intensified in dreams. Sometimes I dream that I am betrothed and—and—" She ceased and burst into tears, as if she could see again the nightmare which had oppressed her sleeping thoughts.

"I understand it all now, Miss Kitty; you so expressed yourself in order to show your sympathy for your father."

"That is it," she said. "And that is why I interrupted you so brusquely; I knew that my poor father would pass a sleepless night after talking on this unfortunate subject."

Heré, indeed, was a revelation. This bright, accomplished, beautiful girl had a noble heart, destined to bless some man if he were worthy of her. Unconsciously, in trying to soothe her and express his genuine sympathy for her sorrow, Lee's hand had touched her head, buried in her hands as she gave way to tears, and as unconsciously his hand gently stroked her hair. She looked up smilingly amid the tears, and recalled him to his senses, but too late to undo the impression that he had created.

She was standing now as he rose to bid her good-

night, for the clock had already passed the limit allowed.

Taking one of his hands in both of hers, she looked up to him with a glance of unmistakable meaning, and said :

"Promise me, Mr. Lee, that *you* will never fight a duel. If you were killed it would make me as miserable as father is."

Lee drew back as if stunned, for this was at once a confession of her love for him, and of his unintentional treachery to her; and he was conscious of the fact that he was determined to accept Windom's challenge the next day.

"I did not think it possible," he said, looking down into her pleading eyes as he spoke, "that I could refuse any request that you can make; but you must feel that a gentleman should not make such a promise."

She looked up as if in doubt as to her influence over him, but he seemed to be so frank, so manly that she did not insist. True, he had not embraced her—had not drawn her to him and kissed her, as he surely knew he might have done, but she liked him all the more for his self-control, and she did not doubt that he loved her.

No man had yet failed to address her if she desired him to, and it must be confessed that many had done so after such encouragement as would lead them to hope for success. Lee alone had failed to say to her that she was the one woman on earth whom he loved—whom he wished to make his wife. And Lee alone had inspired that reciprocal attachment which would have commanded an immediate and unconditional surrender had he asked it. Fortunately he did not ask it.

XVI.

"Professor, is there no way to stop these foolish young men from fighting a duel?" said Colonel Adams.

"The cause of this challenge seems so trivial, that such a step, even in the barbarous lands where dueling is recognized as respectable, is totally unwarranted by good sense or proper feeling."

"You are talking like a man—like that antithesis of a lawyer, a humane man—when you speak thus," replied the Professor. "Now, reflect a moment: did you ever know of any serious difficulty that did not arise from what seened a trivial cause? A duel has such an origin in nine cases out of ten."

"Then it is abominable at its best!"

"Did you ever read a novel which did not describe how one of the prominent characters therein depicted did not overcome his rival?"

"Then you think jealousy is at the bottom of this trouble?"

"I will not go so far as that," said the Professor, conscious of an occasional feeling of jealousy himself. "But I believe that men are but grown-up boys, and the chip on the shoulder of the small boy evolves into the challenge on the part of the man. I am amused frequently when I think of the half-dozen duels I fought when at Heidelberg as a student, and the insignificant causes which led to them."

"You surely don't mean to say that *you* are a duelist?" said Colonel Adams. "You are certainly not such a barbarian as that acknowledgment would imply."

"Put it in the past tense, my friend; I *was* a duelist. I am not one now. The status of public opinion determines whether it is incumbent on a man to fight duels, or, indeed, to resent insults personally."

"I don't believe it is ever legitimate; and I think public opinion in the North and East is strongly in favor of inflicting the extreme penalty when the laws are thus defied. But the emergency is on us now, for Windom is determined to challenge young Lee, if he has not already done so."

"It takes two to make a bargain or fight a duel. Will Lee accept the challenge?" replied the Professor.

"Why, my dear sir, he comes from the land of the 'code;' of course he will. But there is a way to prevent it, and I have called to ask you to be the bearer of Windom's challenge in order that every effort to prevent the duel may be made."

"Nothing else will persuade me to have any connection with it; if I can be the means of settling the trouble

amicably, you may command my services in any capacity. What is your plan?"

"To have a board of honor selected, to whom the whole matter shall be referred, with the agreement of both the challenger and the challenged to abide by its decisions."

"Good! That is the proper and the regular way to do it. Windom may call on me, but you must be my witness that I go in order to prevent the duel, not to bring it about."

"Certainly; I understand and approve of your decision. Windom is acting without reason in this matter; we must try to restrain him."

Deplorable as is the custom which sanctions the *code duello*, it has the grace of the virgin, the aroma of the flower, the gentleness of the dove, and the fierceness of the tiger. It caresses in one breath and destroys pitilessly in the next!

The *code duello* was designed to prevent fighting, not to promote it, and the orthodox duelist recognizes as his first duty the effort to effect a reconciliation between his principal and his adversary by all honorable means before resorting to the "field of honor."

Under this *code*, when the seconds were men of judgment, the difficulty was almost invariably settled without a resort to the field. The original cause of the insult which led to the challenge was found, and the party in the wrong was compelled by his second to explain, apologize, or retract. The second of the party challenged would insist upon the acceptance of the apology by his principal.

As there are offences which the law does not take cognizance of, and human passions will assert their right to self-vindication, it was thought better to subject such a person to a code of general recognition, in every step of which there was afforded opportunity for a settlement of the difficulty without bloodshed. This was thought to be better than street fights, which often resulted in the wounding or killing of innocent observers.

Familiar with these facts, Carter Lee and his chosen "second" in the prospective duel, Tracy Wilmer, were discussing that important event in the apartment of Lee at a prominent hotel.

"Lee," said Wilmer, finally, "can't this matter be settled? It seems a pity to have to 'wing,' perhaps kill one's friend, suddenly converted into an enemy under peculiar circumstances. Bullets are precarious and sometimes go wrong in spite of our efforts to control them."

"I don't see how I can refuse to meet any man after such a challenge as that," said Lee, tossing the paper on the table. "Besides, I have already, as you know, accepted it; pistols have been selected, and it devolves on me to name the time and place without needless delay. I regret it, but I can't help it."

"Where will you go? Not on the State line of New York, surely? Shall we say Canada?"

"It is immaterial to me; but if it is to be done—"

"'Twere best 'twere done quickly," interrupted Wilmer.

Lee nodded his head in assent and rolled a cigarette as he did so, and then smoked it as carelessly—as much at ease, apparently, as if he were discussing the last play at the theatre.

"But a board of honor—what say you to that? I really do not think the occasion—I mean the offense—justifies a duel to the death. Suppose mutual friends counsel that course?"

"What course?" asked Lee, rising impetuously from his chair. "It seems to me that nothing less than a meeting in the usual way will settle this difficulty. Any other proposition must come from the challenger."

At this juncture a knock was heard at the door of the anteroom. Wilmer stepped to the door and, opening it, saw Colonel Adams and Professor Von Donhoff, who entered without the usual salutations.

"We come as friends," said Colonel Adams, as he saw the expression upon Carter Lee's face, when he saw Von Donhoff.

"Be seated, gentlemen," said Lee, remaining where he stood. Meanwhile Professor Von Donhoff shook hands with Wilmer, who remarked to him that the preliminary arrangements were about concluded.

"But I do not wish to conclude them in the way my principal proposes," said the Professor.

"My dear sir, what do you mean? This is acting entirely outside the code. This morning you presented to

me a peremptory challenge to my friend and principal, Mr. Lee; now you appear without even granting us the courtesy of sending us your card in advance of your coming."

"Confound the code!" said the Professor. "I have backed down completely, and will not go on the field to see one of my young friends murder his best friend. It was only the day before this difference happened that Charles Windom told me that he admired, trusted and esteemed Carter Lee more than any man living, and this thing must stop!"

"Let me see you a moment privately," said Wilmer.

They retired from the room; but, to the Professor's amazement, the peaceful, courteous manner of young Wilmer had changed to a freezing *hauteur* not to be trifled with.

"This is a direct reflection upon me, sir! It is child's play, and I don't propose to be the medium for such practices. Unless this duel is carried out as you yourself proposed it should be—you acting as the accredited representative of Mr. Windom and, therefore, assuming the *rôle* of his second—I say, unless you act in good faith, our positions will be changed from seconds to principals."

"My dear sir! you cannot mean it—you surely do not think that I would fight a duel!"

"If you decline, sir, nothing less than personal chastisement is left to me, and I shall certainly inflict it."

"Chastise me! Young man, I was barbarous enough in my younger days to fight a number of duels, and fear is not one of my elements. I'll meet you when and where you please!" As the Professor said this his face was the picture of rage. To be taunted with cowardice by a stripling whom he had taught years before at Yale, was too much for his irascible temperament, and he, forgetting the peaceful mission upon which he had called, was ready—nay, eager—to listen to that "code" which he professed to despise as a relic of barbarism. Meanwhile, Colonel Adams had handed to Carter Lee the apology written by Charles Windom to Amanda, in which he had nothing to say of the man whom he had challenged to fight a duel, except words of praise. For Amanda had informed him that no offense had been intended by Carter

Lee, and had urged him to withdraw the words which seemed so insulting. This he had declined to do, and she told Colonel Adams of the scene as it occurred, and appealed to him to effect a reconciliation. Professor Von Donhoff had at first refused to deliver Windom's letter to Lee, but no other acquaintance of Windom would act in that capacity, and he declined until persuaded by Colonel Adams that by that means only could the duel be averted.

Amanda did not know that a challenge had been sent to Lee—indeed, she had but a vague idea of what a “challenge” was; but her gentle heart intuitively divined the serious nature of the difference between them. The two men stood facing each other defiantly as Colonel Adams and Carter Lee, a look of relief upon the faces of each, entered, for it was evident that Carter Lee had acquiesced in the proposition made by Colonel Adams. They were astounded at the unexpected expression of Professor Von Donhoff to Wilmer, and each looked to the latter for an explanation.

“It is to be settled, Wilmer, as you suggested, by a board of honor,” said Lee.

“Ah, indeed! Will you serve me in the same capacity, Lee?”

Lee knew Professor Von Donhoff’s temperament better than Wilmer did, and, quickly appreciating the situation, said: “Certainly; at any time, with this *proviso*, however, that Professor Von Donhoff is not to be either principal or second.”

“Good day, gentlemen,” said Wilmer. “I will seek another friend who will not make any conditions.”

Professor Von Donhoff bowed. But Carter Lee stepped between Wilmer and the door, and, with a smile, which faded into a look of earnest entreaty, as he saw how aggrieved his friend was, said: “I beg of you, Wilmer, to hear Colonel Adams, and learn through him that nothing was farther from Professor Von Donhoff’s intention than to give offense to you. I esteem his unselfish character more than I thought was possible one week ago. You have misjudged each other; and the fact that such a misunderstanding can so quickly suggest another duel, decides me, after this unfortunate affair

has been settled, to abandon its advocacy as a means of settling differences between gentlemen."

Wilmer was at heart a good fellow, and very sensible, withal. Therefore, recognizing the force of Lee's arguments, he apologized to the gentlemen; but added that the affair was altogether beyond his comprehension, and he would have nothing further to do with it. Thus they parted, and Lee congratulated himself at this bloodless end to an awkward situation. Meanwhile the approval of Windom was yet to be secured, but that, Colonel Adams assured him, was a foregone conclusion.

The imperious nature of Charles Windom, however, would brook no "interference from outsiders," as he styled the efforts of his friends who composed the "board of honor." Though Lee's written agreement to abide by the decision of said board was shown him, he declined to make any concession, and insisted on a humiliating apology or "the satisfaction usually accorded to a gentleman under such circumstances."

Lee, who had been greatly relieved when Colonel Adams had proposed that the matter should thus be amicably settled, was amazed and indignant at the receipt of Windom's second note, which was borne him by another party who had consented to act as Windom's second.

He was naturally singularly free from malice, and he loved the sister of this man who thus forced this issue upon him. If he retreated before such a challenge, she would despise him as he would despise himself. If he killed her brother, she would hate him and esteem him as a murderer.

Fate seemed unkind to him; and thus they met at the famous dueling ground on the Savannah river, midway between the State lines of Georgia and South Carolina—these two devoted friends of one month before, facing each other with loaded revolvers ready to shoot each other to death! And the duel was utterly without logical excuse; and it was fought to the bitter end.

Colonel Adams had exhausted every resource at his command to prevent the duel, and, as a last expedient, he had informed Amanda that she alone could prevent it. Though she lost no time, the two young men had left the

city before she could communicate with them. No one knew where they had gone except their seconds and surgeons, and with a heavy heart Colonel Adams returned to New Haven and informed his wife and daughter that nothing more could be done.

A gentle, sweet-tempered girl Amanda had been all her life, and her chief happiness had seemed to be to yield to others; but a day had transformed her into a resolute woman.

With the thrift usual with New England girls, Amanda had saved a considerable sum from the monthly allowance which had been given to her for many years by her father, and, without informing any one of her purpose, she drew the money placed to her credit in the bank. Meanwhile Colonel Adams returned to New York, and, at her request, took Amanda with him. He left Amanda at the home of a friend who had often been their guest in New Haven. It was under these circumstances that Amanda sent a note to the hotel where Carter Lee boarded, asking him to call upon her immediately. The bearer returned with the announcement that Mr. Lee had gone South the day before. He had given her his address in Georgia, and, impulsively, she decided to go South also. Thus, leaving her friend under the impression that she was going back to her home in New Haven, she left for the South by the first train, which went through to Georgia without change of cars, determined to prevent the duel even if she had to go upon the so-called "field of honor." Mrs. Adams knew of her visit to her New York friend and supposed that she was still there.

XVII.

Fortunately in the South a woman is always esteemed above reproach until she is proven guilty of a crime against good morals or society, and slander dare not assail a young, defenceless girl.

Amanda comforted herself with the thought that her conduct in this undertaking to make a journey of hundreds of miles to a distant State, unaccompanied by any one, and unexpected by any one, would be pardoned when it

was known that she acted with the sole desire and intention of preventing, by her presence, a duel to the death between the man whom she thought was blameless and his antagonist whom she knew loved her more than any one on earth.

Amanda arrived at the Georgia village near Lee's plantation just as the sun was setting over the forest and fields, the very day when the encounter took place a few miles distant. She left the vehicle on reaching her destination, and approached the old residence. A few "pickaninnes" were playing about the neglected premises, and scurried from her presence like a startled covey of partridges.

She rang the door bell repeatedly, but there was no response, and she was about to leave the piazza and venture to the nearest servant's house, when, as she turned, she met Bob, hat in hand, and evidently ready for those exaggerated professions which meant the anticipation of a "*pourboire*." But, as Amanda turned to greet this old family servant, his obsequious smiles and humble demeanor were suddenly succeeded by a look of consternation, as he uttered: "Mandy, Mandy, come to life!" and he returned whence he came without explanation.

Amanda stood irresolute, and looked with wonder at this remarkable greeting. Was the man crazy?

Her surprise was relieved by Caroline, the buxom spouse of the redoubtable Bob.

Carolina was much younger than Bob, and knew nothing of the secret history of this "Mandy," of whom Bob spoke; so, with a cuff, she allowed Bob to depart; then, with a courtesy, said, respectfully: "Don't mind my ole man, Miss, but walk into de house. Bob got 'ligion last Sunday and ain't bin hisself sence."

"But what did he mean by calling me 'Mandy'?" said Amanda, entering the parlor after her sable guide.

"I don't know, Miss; Bob ain't ben hisself sence Sunday, and to-day is Chuseday, ma'am, and we is expecting Marse Cyarter back to-night, ma'am."

"Mr. Lee is not at home, then?"

"No, ma'am; but he's a-gwine to come sometime to-day, sartain; 'cause he tolle us so."

"Where has he gone?"

"Don't know, ma'am; all I know is dat when Marse Cyarter teks a notion to go anywhar, he's *a-gwine*, and when he says he'll be back on a day sot, he's mighty sure to come."

"Well, I will remain here until he returns, for I have come a long distance to see him," said Amanda, after a moment's hesitation.

"Sartainly, ma'am; jist make yourself at home, but—"

"But what?" asked Amanda. Caroline was twisting her apron in her finger, and was evidently embarrassed, yet desirous of saying more.

"But what were you going to say?" said Amanda.

"Jes' dis, ma'am—dat you is powerful young to be trav'lin' 'bout de country widout nobody wid you, ma'am."

"It is true," said Amanda; and intuitively she decided to make this kindly looking black woman her confidant. "It is true, my good woman; but I feel that I have a right to call upon him; he is a very good friend of mine."

As she said this she handed her a photograph of Carter Lee, which he had given her two weeks before this day.

"Is this not a good likeness?" she said.

The woman took it and looked from it to Amanda, and back again to the picture. "Yes, ma'am; it is a splendid pictur' uv Marse Cyarter," she said. "But, Miss, hit's as good a pictur' uv you! Ef you would tek off dem clothes and could put on Marse Cyarter's—" then she laughed immoderately—"but in course you can't do dat, fur you ain't made like a man—but ef you could do it, why, den you'd look—in de face I mean" laughing again—"jest like dis pictur'."

Again she was told of the wonderful resemblance between Lee and herself, and yet she had never before attached any importance to it.

Evidently Caroline did not mean to insult or offend her, for she handed the photograph back to her with a courtesy, and stood with arms akimbo, examining Amanda again.

"You looks jist like her, too," she said

"Like whom?" asked Amanda.

"Come up stairs, and I'll show you, ma'am; you must n't tell Marse Cyarter, dough, fur he aint never seed it, an' my ole man jist hanged it on de wall last Sunday."

Curious to see the sequel to this singular statement, Amanda followed the woman until she was ushered into "Marse Henry's room," as Caroline called it. It had once been the choicest bed-chamber in the large, old mansion, and yet it was distinctively a bachelor's apartment.

"Yes, ma'am ; my ole man say dis room is jist lack it was, only dat ar' pictur' warn't in it."

But already Amanda stood gazing at the image of herself, dressed in the manner peculiar to the period of the sixties. She was startled, but fascinated by it, and the more she studied it, the more she saw that the resemblance to herself was startling.

"Who was this woman?" she finally asked Caroline.

"Pardon me, Miss Adams," said a strong voice at the door; "but I have followed you from the railway station, having recognized you, although I only met you in the audience at New Haven when I lectured there, on which occasion our Mr. Carter Lee was your escort. I saw that you were alone to-day, and thought it proper that I should offer you my services."

Amanda recognized the "Bishop" whose eloquence had pleasantly surprised his cultured audience in New Haven, for Carter Lee had told her in the presence of her friends, and in his presence, that he had been a slave of his father, when he approached them after his lecture.

"I am very glad, indeed, to see you, Bishop, and will explain to you my object in coming here alone; but can you tell me who this is? I mean, did you know the lady, and is she still living?"

"No, Miss Adams; she is dead. I knew her well, and will tell you about her at another time, but a graver matter needs our attention immediately."

Amanda turned pale, and would have fallen had he not caught and supported her.

"Is he hurt? Am I too late to prevent this awful duel? Oh, tell me that Mr. Lee is not hurt!"

"He was only slightly wounded in the arm and left the

field immediately, going north by the train which passed an hour ago. But Mr. Windom is seriously, if not fatally wounded, and he lies in the room below this, and needs all the attention we can give him. Will you not assist us? We need a lady's skill."

"God have mercy!" said Amanda. "My—Mr. Windom wounded, and Mr. Lee a murderer!"

"No, Miss, not a murderer: he acted very nobly. He fired in the air five times, and would have adjusted matters then had Mr. Windom consented; but he demanded that the pistols be reloaded, and that they should fire until the finish. At the first fire thereafter Mr. Lee was shot in the right arm, but he transferred his pistol into his left hand and fired, with fatal effect, I fear, upon Mr. Windom. This being the nearest residence, and at Mr. Lee's command, he was brought here, and the surgeon is attending him now."

"I will go to him at once," said she, with the decision characteristic of such gentle natures as hers, when the time comes for its display.

"How can you explain your presence here, Miss Amanda? The surgeon is from New Haven."

"It does not matter; it is my duty, and I know I will make a more serviceable nurse than this inexperienced woman here."

"I have no doubt of it," said the Bishop; forgetting himself he added: "Your mother was the best nurse I ever knew."

"My mother!"

Regaining his presence of mind, he added: "Yes, Miss, I knew your mother when you were an infant, and she nursed your father during his illness with typhoid fever when he was an officer in the United States army."

"Oh!" said Amanda, "I don't know anything about that; but I know that mamma nursed papa well if he was ever ill. Lead the way, please, to the invalid's room. Mr. Windom is an old friend of mine, and his sister is my most intimate friend. But who is the surgeon from New Haven?"

"His name is Dr. DuBose."

"Oh, that is fortunate; he also is an especial friend of ours."

XVIII.

"But, Dr. DuBose, what will papa and mamma think of my silence—what will the world say when it is known that I am in a distant State unattended by any one except our invalid and yourself, in the house of a young bachelor who has nearly killed his best friend?"

"The injury to your reputation might be irreparable, my dear Miss Amanda, if I were not present to explain it. Any undue excitement in or about this house will result fatally to Charlie Windom. Your departure, or the arrival of Colonel and Mrs. Adams, might result very seriously. Colonel Adams is very wise and will make some reasonable explanation of your absence, for neither he nor your mother will doubt that some good motive has caused you to leave home." DuBose spoke thus, but in his mind he felt that it would be extremely difficult to satisfy "the public" upon these points without going into details of which he was ignorant himself. Was Amanda engaged to be married to either Lee or Windom? What was the explanation? Admitting that an engagement did exist, was such a journey admissible under the circumstances? She had told him simply that her sole object in coming South was to prevent this duel, but she had not explained how she had learned of the difficulty which led to it. Of this, too, he was ignorant. At the last hour Windom had informed him that he was going South to meet a man in a duel which nothing could avert; that the man in question was Carter Lee, and that he depended upon him as his life-long friend, to accompany him in the capacity of surgeon. In an hour from the moment when this request was made they were *en route* to Sand Bar Ferry, and in three days thereafter the catastrophe had happened. Windom still hovered between life and death, the wound in his head making him delirious most of the time.

The young physician was thus subjected to an ordeal that might have shaken the constancy of Damon and Pythias. His patient, who would owe his life to his skill and devotion, if he recovered, was his life-long friend; and he, himself was the rejected suitor of the young lady

who had thus defied all conventional laws in order to save the life of one of the participants in this duel. Which one? He appreciated, as no other man could, her purity of character and loyalty of purpose, and yet he wondered if she could pass through such an experience unscathed by the tongue of calumny.

"Very well," resumed Amanda; "I will do whatever you advise me to do, Doctor. I know you will shield me from harm, and in the end it will all come right."

It was with an effort that DuBose curbed his desire to tell her that this chance remark kindled anew his passionate love for her, and that he longed to shield her from harm all his life. His innate sense of honor admonished him that the time, place, and the circumstances surrounding him forbade any declaration of his attachment for her.

The groans of the sufferer in the next room caused them to return to his chamber at this juncture, but DuBose, after feeling his pulse, quietly beckoned her away from his bedside.

"He will rest better presently," he said; "and perfect quiet is best."

At his invitation, she strolled with him into the garden adjoining the lawn, and soon they were seated under the great scuppernong grape-arbor, which, though consisting of one vine only, covered nearly two acres.

"Dr. DuBose, do you think that dueling is ever justifiable?" she asked. "I do not mean to criticise our unfortunate friends whom I have neither the right nor the inclination to judge; but I ask your opinion as a Christian and a gentleman."

Just as she asked this question, their attention was attracted by a commotion among numerous red ants near their feet. These little ants were industriously tugging at a little morsel of bread, seeking by their united efforts to bear it to their storehouse.

"Pardon me, Miss Amanda, but is not the intelligence evinced by those ants the best object-lesson in natural history? I don't think any treatise I ever read is so convincing concerning the advantages of co-operation of labor as these little ants have displayed," said DuBose, wishing to divert her mind from dueling.

"Perhaps you are right," she answered; "but I have never read such essays, and I neither know nor care to know anything about political economy. That subject comes under that head, doesn't it?"

The Doctor smiled and replied:

"Yes, I believe it does; and I really envy bright women their power to limit the field of intellectual effort, as nearly all of them do in this country. Now, take astronomy, that beautiful science, for instance—"

"Yes, that is a good illustration," she replied, interrupting him. "After all the work of your so-called scientists, who *knows* anything about it? Who can *prove* that the sun, or moon, or the stars are so many thousands, or millions of miles from our earth? How do you account for the expression: 'He knows no more about it than the man in the moon?'"

"Don't you believe in the existence of that individual? Don't you think people live in the moon?"

"No, I don't; do you?"

DuBose laughed, his object being to prevent her from discussing the duel, rather than to instruct her. But just at that moment a large black ant appeared on the scene and, seeing a prize being borne away by the little red ants, it pounced down upon them as they formed a phalanx for mutual protection, and by its superior strength, defeated them and bore off the prize in triumph,

"Miss Amanda," said DuBose, "that is the answer to your first question; what do you think of it?"

"I think it is shameful!" she replied, astonished herself at the indignation which this struggle between the strong and the weak had caused. "It was all that I could do to restrain the impulse to place my foot upon that big black tyrant and—"

"Crush the life out of him?" suggested DuBose.

"No, I would not be so cruel," she said, laughing; "but I would like to deprive him of his infamous triumph."

"And 'render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's?'"

"What an absurd comparison. You surely don't think that these insignificant little ants can feel as people do?"

"Why not? I think they exhibit very human traits, don't you?"

"And the black ant very inhuman traits."

"Granted; but 'inhuman' means cruel, barbarous; and people excel in those traits. Now, man, in his superior wisdom, has established remedies through courts, but when the law is powerless to repress insupportable grievances, human passions will frequently demand 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' just as those little ants tried to do."

"But they failed, and the oppressor triumphed."

"Exactly so; and that is why these 'barbarous Southerners,' as we New Englanders are in the habit of calling them, resort to 'the code'—fight duels. Now, without expressing my opinion as to the morality of dueling, I ask you, if you were one of those little ants, and there was a way to meet your oppressor on equal terms, even at the risk of your life, would you do it?"

"I am but a poor, weak woman, but I must say that I am afraid that my poor human nature would cause me to do that very thing."

"Then you don't blame people for fighting duels? How you will shock the folks at home!" This with mock gravity.

"You need not be quizzing me in that manner, and you shall not dodge the issue: Would you fight a duel?"

"Only in one case, Miss Amanda: if I loved a woman, I would fight a hundred duels to protect her good name; I would not resent an insult to myself in that way."

There was a tenderness and a pathos in the tones of his voice which she could not fail to understand; and, though he strove in vain to repress the look of love which shone in his eyes, she understood it all. At the moment she did not appreciate fully the import of his words, uttered in a tone which love modulated in spite of every effort of his will to prevent it; but long afterwards she did recall his words and manner. For the unspoken declaration, like the unwritten laws which govern humanity, was pictured in his face and engraved on her heart, which was sad, indeed, because of her inability to alleviate his trouble.

Summoning his will to prevent further speech, he said

to her: "Let us go in, Miss Amanda; our invalid must need our presence by this time."

This utterance was the tone of the strong man, the self-reliant and self-sacrificing physician, who felt that he had narrowly missed being a traitor to his helpless friend and patient, who he knew loved Amanda with a love that seemed idolatry. He offered his hand to aid her to rise, and she pressed it so fervently that his resolution to be true to Windom was almost abandoned.

He longed to tell her how long he had loved her, and to assure her that this love had only been strengthened by time; and yet he felt that she had not experienced any change of feeling toward him since the day when she, a child in years but a woman in consideration for the feelings of others, had assured him that she loved him as a brother should be loved. It takes a girl to be thus considerately cruel; men can't do it.

He could not refrain from the thought that Windom might have forfeited her love by thus recklessly throwing away his opportunity to marry this lovely girl. And, just as he was about to yield to this train of reasoning, she exclaimed:

"What a noble character he has; the utterance in his delirium is never malicious but ever loving or in praise of some one or something. I am so thankful that I am here to nurse him."

"So am I; weak as he is, he knows of your presence, and when your hand touches his brow, his smile, even with his eyes closed, shows that he knows that the one person he loves most of all the world is with him." This expression was the acme of self-sacrifice, for Amanda could not fail to know of his former preference for her.

Amanda blushed, but turned her head away, for tears would force themselves forward as this touching allusion was made, and she could not fail to see that Windom's life now hung by a slender thread indeed.

"And the noblest trait I think is his constant praise of Lee; he loves him still," added DuBose.

"Say no more; I cannot bear it!" she replied.

Then she gave way to her grief, and, ignoring his presence or the many manifestations which he had made previously of love for her, she exclaimed finally: "Oh!

save him, Doctor, for my sake; I love him—I love him with all my heart!"

DuBose was startled by this unexpected announcement, and Amanda seemed to have just discovered the fact herself. She was not fickle usually, but she now perceived that her very life seemed interwoven with the noble sufferer whom Carter Lee had shot.

Where was Lee? She knew not, for nothing had been heard from him since he left Sand Bar Ferry.

From that day Amanda seemed transformed to a determined, though patient woman, but restrained in manner as she had never been before. DuBose pressed her hand gently the next time they met in the invalid's room, and the appealing glance from her eyes was correctly interpreted. He assured her that the confidence reposed in him would not be abused, and did not again allude to it.

Ah, life! how full of contradictions thou art! And man, and woman, how blest thy dual natures! To-day given to the worship of a human idol, whose charms of mind and heart and person seem incomparable and sanctified by our purest love; to-morrow death robs one, and the heart, which yesterday was radiant with happiness, is the acme of desolation. Like a lovely garden cared for by loving and skilled hands, deprived suddenly of its protector and nourisher, the weeds of life supplant the flowers, until ruin stalks where plenty dwelt.

And, as Amanda gazed at the pallid features of the unconscious sufferer who seemed destined so soon to die, such a desolation, such a ruin seemed to threaten all her future life. She realized that her life was intertwined with that life which seemed fast ebbing away, and all thoughts of conventional barriers were forgotten in the one resolution to give all her attention, and thoughts, and love to the stricken man who had sacrificed his life vainly, madly, perhaps, but none the less for love of her.

It was on the evening of this day, when all hope of Windom's recovery seemed lost, that Bishop Hunter went North in search of Lee, to inform him of the probable fatal termination of the wound received by Windom, and to prevent his marriage to Amanda by all means in his power.

Mrs. Windom and her daughter arrived and were at Windom's bedside that night, after the departure of the negro bishop; and from that day Windom experienced a change for the better. He seemed to realize it all, without wearying his brain as to the cause of Amanda's presence. He thought he interpreted aright the wistful tenderness in her eyes, and his closed with a smile of unspeakable happiness on his pallid lips, his hand clasped in hers.

As soon as his convalescence was assured, Amanda decided to return home immediately. She sympathized with DuBose now, and delicacy admonished her to leave this house which sheltered her two lovers, as soon as possible. DuBose acquiesced in the wisdom and propriety of this step, as did Mrs. Windom, whose heart was touched more deeply than ever by this additional evidence of Amanda's devotion to her son. At such times mothers excuse many things not strictly proper; and she smiled as Windom vainly entreated Amanda to remain.

"Promise me that you will write to me," said Windom, as he bade her farewell. "Promise me that much, at least."

"Of course I will write to you, Mr. Windom; but you must not expect me to be silly enough to—to—"

"What?" he asked, laughingly; "to write as you feel, my love?"

She blushed, and answered, with a pretty gesture: "Remember, sir, I have not yet given you the right to address me in that manner. Indeed," more seriously, "Mr. Windom, until papa has given his approval of your—your request, you must not consider me other than a friend; I cannot permit it!" This last expression was decisive in manner and tone, for it was uttered to check his attempt to caress her. To allow him to hold her hand, and even to kiss it, when his life hung in the balance, was one thing, but to permit any approach to familiarity after he was on the sure road to convalescence was quite another thing, and he loved her all the more for this maidenly reserve.

"I submit because I have to," he said, his eyes expressing his thoughts. "Tyrants are proverbial for

utter relentlessness. But please don't write to me as if I were your mortal enemy, and *please* let me write as I feel, if I cannot say my sweet, precious darling."

She was out of the hall in a moment, afraid to trust herself with such an ardent pleader, and soon, bidding him a formal, though friendly farewell, she was driven to the railway station by Dr. DuBose, who greeted her pressure of the hand with such a fervent clasp as to cause her to cry out with pain.

"Forgive me, Miss Amanda; I would not hurt you for the world, but you don't know—cannot know how much I will miss you in this wilderness. Windom owes his life to you, and I owe you——"

"What?" said Amanda, as he hesitated.

"A life-long grudge for giving to him what I asked for first——"

"Good-by," said she, extending her hand, as the train approached; "you have been so kind and good to me, and are very, very dear to me." Thus they parted.

She could not find it in her heart to reproach DuBose for addressing her again, and she felt peculiarly blessed.

DuBose loved her; Professor Von Donhoff worshiped her; and Windom, whom she loved, had proved himself a modern Don Quixote for very love of her—What woman could have blamed him?

XIX.

During the long journey northward, Amanda had ample opportunity for reflection. While *en route* she learned that she would reach New Haven at an inconvenient hour at night and decided to telegraph her friend, Kitty DeBrosses, from Baltimore that she would take the liberty of staying with her one night. Mr. DeBrosses and Colonel Adams had been intimate friends for many years, and it was at the suggestion of Mr. DeBrosses that Amanda had attended a finishing school the previous year in New York City.

Her life as a school-girl in New York was brightened and made cheerful by the many hospitable attentions lavished upon her by Kitty DeBrosses and her father, with

whom she was a great favorite. Mr. DeBrosses lived with his daughter in a handsome mansion on the avenue, his wife having died when his daughter was a little child. The governess then was the privileged housekeeper now, so that the young lady had all the pleasure that a *débutante*, blessed with wealth, social position, and leisure can have.

Mr. DeBrosses, though past his three-score-and-ten years, was a vigorous, hale old gentleman with a youthful heart and commanding intellect.

He had been a noted lawyer, but was now president of the —— Trust Company; and one of his first acts upon assuming this office was the appointment of Colonel John Adams as one of the attorneys of that powerful corporation.

It was but natural, therefore, that Amanda should advise her friend that she would stop over a day with her on her return from the South.

“The South,” in the minds of young ladies of the Kitty DeBrosses type, means visions of Lenten festivities at the Ponce De Leon; regattas on the waters at St. Augustine, or the St. John’s river; and endless *cotillons*, and whist parties, and tennis games galore. Therefore Miss Kitty was on the *qui vive* to see and gossip with Amanda, and the result was that she persuaded her father to accompany her to the station, and met Amanda on the arrival of the train.

“Has she met any of the one hundred and fifty? Did she meet Mr. McAllen in his native city, Savannah?” soliloquized the young lady, as she crossed on the ferry-boat to Jersey City. Amanda was equally anxious to see her friend, for she had left for the South the day after she had received Kitty DeBrosses’ invitation to herself and Mary Windom to make her a visit, and she wished to explain why no reply had been written.

It required but a glance into Amanda’s face to know that social gayeties had not occupied her during her sojourn at the South, and Miss Kitty was puzzled to define the meaning of Amanda’s careworn expression and abstracted manner.

The old gentleman greeted her with his usual hearty and genuine welcome, while Kitty’s embrace was demon-

strative and effusive. In very truth, this superlative manner of greeting her friends, while it would have seemed perfectly unaffected and natural in an unconventional Southern girl, rather repelled Amanda, whose manner, tone, and modes of thought and action were essentially Northern.

She felt that a genuine delight did not need this social veneering, to which society's votaries among women, and politicians among men are generally given. Again, Miss Kitty, Amanda thought, was a little too "fast" to be entirely congenial to her, with her Puritan notions, strengthened by a natural modesty which was to her as the aroma is to the flower. Her tastes were essentially refined, while Miss DeBrosses' rather inclined to adopt the ways of the so-called "smart set."

Even in her sad state of mind, Amanda smiled as Miss DeBrosses alluded to the last swell entertainment as a "function," while they were rolling along the asphalt pavement of the avenue to her home. Luxury seemed born with this young New York *debutante*—the carriage, the servants, and all the appointments were in striking contrast to the country home in Georgia and the "buggy" in which Amanda had been driven to the station by Dr. DuBose two days before. And yet, thirty years previous, the planter who owned that old plantation home was a far richer and more influential man than his former classmate at Princeton University, Mr. DeBrosses, now a multi-millionaire.

After tea the two girls excused themselves, and were soon reclining in their room; and, once in this favorite attitude for feminine confidential conversation, they "talked and talked," Miss DeBrosses being the principal speaker.

"I declare, Amanda, you are harder to draw out than a champagne cork; pray tell me *everything*," she said. Amanda smiled, and answered:

"Well, Kitty, you are as bright and as effervescent as champagne and—you look so happy." With a silvery laugh, she replied:

"My looks are not deceptive, either; I am as happy as the day is—short."

"Then the days are not long enough?"

"The days may be, but the nights are not; the hours slip away like minutes. I do believe I could waltz two hours without stopping."

Amanda sighed; it was evident that something was the matter with her, and Kitty said:

"You are too tired to talk, Amanda, and I must leave you to your slumbers."

"No, no; don't go; if it is so gay and joyous with you, it is for you to tell me everything; for what I have to say is saddening—yes, sad, sad, indeed."

In truth, Kitty DeBrosses was not as happy as she claimed to be, for she was greatly annoyed at Lee's long silence and inattention, and she was almost reaching that point which leads to the resentment of a woman scorned. But to no human being would she admit it; and, least of all, to Carter Lee himself. She would teach him a lesson that he would heed henceforth when they met again.

Rapidly these thoughts coursed through her brain when she suddenly perceived that Amanda was weeping, and then she did her utmost to console her friend. Was it possible that Amanda had a similar grievance to torment her? Gradually the whole story of the duel, excepting, of course, any allusion to her attachment to Windom, was told by Amanda. Nor had she mentioned the name of Carter Lee, and Kitty DeBrosses listened with that acute interest which such recitals always enlist in the minds of young ladies; for, if they can't fight duels, they constitute the *casus belli* in nine-tenths of all the duels fought.

But when the story was almost finished, she spoke of Carter Lee as one of the principals to the duel, and she wondered at the agitation displayed by Kitty DeBrosses at the mention of his name. Lee had never spoken of his acquaintance with Mr. DeBrosses and his interesting daughter, and his New Haven acquaintances supposed that his social pleasures in New York were limited to his friends in the two clubs to which he belonged, the Manhattan, and that of the Southern Society.

In like manner, Amanda's distress surprised her friend, who had never seen her in tears before; and it appealed to the sympathy of the generous girl.

Neither she nor her father had read the brief telegraphic

item in the great dailies announcing, first, that a duel had been fought, and the supplementary special, a few days later, which stated that Charles Windom had died from the wound thus received.

The history of the world in a day is compressed in too small a compass, in the columns of the daily newspapers, to admit of more than a brief reference to the death of the world's most famous men. The busy man of affairs gives but a glance at such items, and calls the news *à coup d'oeil*.

But insignificant as were the lives of two young men, like Windom and Lee, to the world at large, they were of more importance to these two girls than were the lives of the most noted men of present or past distinction. To a true woman, her lover is a hero, *so long as he is her lover.*

But, if Amanda had known all that had transpired between Carter Lee and Kitty DeBrosses, she would have perceived that the most heroic ideal is shattered when a woman perceives that her *beau ideal* is no longer her lover. Even though she was ignorant that they were acquainted with each other, she could not fail to notice that Miss Catherine DeBrosses clutched her fingers nervously more than once during the recital of the events narrated. And the climax was reached when she ventured the remark that her whole heart went forth in sympathy to Mary Windom, because of her love for Lee and his undoubted attachment to her.

The face of Kitty DeBrosses then suddenly assumed a look so hard and stern that Amanda's distress did not keep her from observing it. So impressed was she with this strange, hard look upon that beautiful face, that was wont to be as radiantly lovely as a rose in bloom, and as free from care, that she ceased speaking a moment, then said:

"What is the matter, Kitty? Have I said anything to offend you?"

"No, indeed, Amanda; but I was just thinking how fickle and 'unstable as water' all men are. They are not worthy the love of deluded, deceived, foolish women!"

Amanda was astonished at this expression of feeling from Kitty DeBrosses, the proudest, and yet the most

coquettish girl of her acquaintance. She had frequently shocked Amanda by the freedom of her criticisms of some of her admirers, or of men at large. She frankly avowed she did not object to a flirtation, and rather liked to have gentlemen address her, even though she had no idea of accepting them, and felt no more interest in them after the conquest had been made. Though she was but a year older than Amanda, she already numbered her admirers by the score, and had rejected a round dozen of them this, her first, "season."

"Could it be possible that the snarer was caught in her own toils, and if so, by whom? Can it be Carter Lee?" thought Amanda.

Her face must have reflected this thought, for Miss DeBrosses said:

"You need not ask me my meaning, Amanda, for my remark did apply especially to Mr. Carter Lee. The last night he was in New York he called to see me, and we talked at length of dueling and—and I did not think that he would treat me so!" And then Kitty DeBrosses lost her composure utterly, and was in tears. She did not express any sympathy for poor Windom, lying on his bed a sufferer, perhaps, for life; nor for Amanda, now that she learned that Carter Lee had fought this duel almost immediately after she had entreated him, in tones which he could not have misunderstood, never to become a participant in a duel. Three weeks had passed, and he had neither called to see her nor written a line to her. Her blood boiled with indignation when she thought of how much he had said to her—how much he had allowed her to say to him. And now she learned that he was evidently attached to another girl who reciprocated that attachment.

No one who truly loved her would have treated her as Lee had done under such circumstances. And this successful rival of hers she had invited to become her guest because of her intimacy with Amanda Adams. She racked her brain in vain for some excuse to withdraw that invitation. Remembering, finally, that Amanda was at that moment her guest and wondering, perhaps, at her agitation, she said to her:

"Pardon me, Amanda; I did not intend to criticise

your friend thus; I am sorry, however, for Miss Windom, if she is as much interested in him as your words would imply; he is not worthy of her."

"I had no idea that you knew Mr. Lee," replied Amanda; "and if I can think and speak charitably of him, I hope you will do so also. I think you do him great injustice, my dear."

And then she told her friend how dearly she loved Windom, and what a struggle it had been for her not to hate Lee, who had thus stricken the only man she could ever love.

Kitty DeBrosses was relieved by Amanda's agitation, for nothing was farther from her wishes than to betray the interest which she felt in Carter Lee; and, anxious to remove the impression that she was still attached to a man who had thus ignored her preference for him, she said:

"I am glad that you feel that way, Amanda. I have not the pleasure of Mr. Windom's acquaintance, but I am more than willing to admit that he is worthy of the love of the sweetest girl on earth. As for myself, I never expect to meet a man whom I can love that way—the one being who is indispensable to my happiness has not put in an appearance yet. Indeed, I am afraid that my talents do not lie in that direction."

This was said in her natural manner, the same gay, half-cynical, half-playful raillery for which she was noted among her intimates. Then, kissing Amanda affectionately, she said:

"Good night, my dear; I hope that your slumbers will be more peaceful than Mr. Lee's ought to be."

But, for all that carelessness of speech and manner, it was a stormy night for Kitty DeBrosses, whose pillow was dampened by many bitter tears as she thought of Lee, who seemed to have forgotten her existence.

As she and her father bade Amanda farewell at the railway station the next morning, the mask of gayety was on her face, and no one who saw her then would have supposed that Kitty DeBrosses had ever known a care or sorrow.

XX.

If Amanda was unchanged in manner or appearance, she was shocked to see what sad changes a few short weeks had made in her parents. Colonel and Mrs. Adams had never been more affectionate, and were most considerate in questioning her as to her experience in Georgia, but they seemed ten years older. In vain did she lavish upon them all the artless affection of her ingenuous nature, for she perceived, day by day, that an indefinable change had come over these dear elderly people, who seemed to her before her departure never to have a care, and now seemed burdened with an apprehension that they could not shake off.

Gradually Colonel Adams led her to talk of the duel, and she related all the facts with which the reader is familiar.

"And which of these two foolish young men do you like most, my daughter?"

She blushed, then threw herself into his arms as she had so often done when a child, and gave way to her feelings in tears.

By this one token the old good-fellowship was restored, and Colonel Adams felt that he would love and cherish her as his only child all her life if she would reject them both.

"Oh, papa, I've been cruel to Charlie Windom; but I did not mean to be. I like Mr. Lee ever so much, but I *love* Charlie Windom with all my heart."

"God bless you, my child! It is just as I have hoped for all these years; I am so much relieved to know that it is Windom, and not Lee that you prefer."

"But, papa, I am so—so sorry for Mr. Lee."

"Oh! well, but men have to accustom themselves to such things; you can't marry them both, and for my part, I wish you would marry neither. What am I to do when my pet leaves me to bless Windom's home?"

She did not answer in words, but in the old, old way—that gentleness which, when all else fails, is at once a dependence and a protection.

"What shall I do about it, papa?"

"Write to Lee at once—write frankly, and tell him the truth without evasion in any way. He is a manly, noble young fellow, I think, and will understand and appreciate the situation. But his life and training are so different from that to which we are accustomed at the North, and plantation life at the South is so changed from what it used to be, that I am thankful that you rejected Lee. For that reason; and for that reason only, I deplored what seemed to be a growing partiality for Lee. Now, go and tell your mother the good news, and make her as happy as you have made me."

"But, papa, you misunderstand the situation: Mr. Lee has never addressed me, and I know that he is in love with Mary Windom. I know this to be true, though neither of them have told me so in words."

"Indeed; I don't understand how that is possible after he knew you; but if it is true, let Mary do her own writing. If Lee loves her and she loves him, he will doubtless make her happy. Yes, that is an excellent match, in every respect; and I am glad to know that all my anxiety was wasted, 'All's well that ends well.'"

Amanda left him with a smile, which soon changed to laughter, as she thought of the difference in his point of view when he learned that it was Mary Windom, and not herself, to whom Carter Lee was devoted."

In some unaccountable way the press dispatches, printed on the morning of Lee's arrival in New York from the scene of the duel, pronounced Windom's wound a mortal one. A few days later, an enterprising reporter on a New Haven newspaper, resolved to get ahead of his contemporaries by preparing for publication a sensational *résumé* of the duel in which he relied largely upon his imagination, concluding with a sketch of "the brilliant young gentleman whose untimely end we are called upon to chronicle."

The printer, finding this sketch on the reporter's table with other notes that were to be printed the next day, inserted this sensational item, which had been prepared in advance of Windom's anticipated death. Thus the false report gained currency, and Lee read it with the most poignant grief.

He bitterly reproached himself, and realized too late, he

thought, that this one man whom he had slain was worth more than the censure or approval of the whole world.

And yet, even when on the dueling ground, he had felt no more malice than did David when he fought Goliath. But his friend was dying, and idleness was torture to him.

In order to gratify that mythical power, public opinion at the South, he had, he thought, destroyed his own happiness, and that of the girl he loved, forever. It did not make him desperate, but, on the contrary, created a longing in his nature to be charitable, in speech as in act, henceforth to all mankind.

This was his state of mind when the old colored bishop found him and imparted to him the history of Amanda's birth and life. Though the revelation thus made shocked him beyond measure, he felt that he could accomplish no good end by remaining, and he sailed on the day appointed.

Bishop Hunter's mission was to prevent the marriage of Carter Lee to his niece; but had he known that this was not contemplated, he would have respected his pledge to Colonel Adams, and have remained silent. He learned his error in time to make no allusion concerning the will in Amanda's favor.

Lee's letter to Mary Windom, written a week previous to his departure, expressed his attachment to her, and yet showed the heroic stamp of the man. It was not answered, because of her absence with her mother at the bedside of her brother, and she did not receive it until her return home, several weeks later.

He now realized how devotedly, passionately he loved her; and after his letter was mailed he would have given anything to have been able to recall it. He wrote a dozen more and burned them all. He felt that he had lost her irretrievably; and there was no one in New York to whom he felt like confiding his troubles. To talk of it to Miss Kitty DeBrosses seemed to him, in his then morbid mental state, sacrilegious. His respect for the age of Mr. DeBrosses, who had passed through a similar trouble in his youth, prevented him from calling upon that venerable friend of his father. Dr. DuBose had

informed Bishop Hunter that Windom would probably die, and he had so told Lee.

By the common law, when one of the parties to a duel is killed the survivor and the seconds are guilty of murder; and the participation in a duel, either as principal or second, when there is no fatal result, is a misdemeanor.

The Governor of Georgia had issued his requisition on the Governor of New York for his arrest, and, though he knew that such a law was a dead letter in the South, it might be enforced to the extent of his being arrested and carried back to Georgia. He interpreted Mary Windom's silence as a refusal to answer his letters, or to recognize him henceforth. To remain quiet under such circumstances was torture to him. "Travel—travel—anywhere so that you find new scenes," said his conscience to him; and thus he decided to take a long-anticipated voyage to India and to travel in the Orient.

"Surely, every man has a good and an evil angel," thought Lee, as he paced the deck of the outgoing steamship. "Two months ago I could truly have said that in all my life I never had an enemy, and life for me was full of hope; now I am my own worst enemy, and in all the world there is not one friend to whom I can speak—in whom I can confide—as I did with Windom."

XXI.

A month had scarcely passed when all of Lee's New Haven acquaintances were startled by the report that the vessel on which he had sailed had been wrecked, and among the names of those that were lost was that of Carter Lee.

Charles Windom's recovery was so rapid that the day had been appointed for his marriage to Amanda, and the intimate friends of both families tendered their congratulations to the young couple. These preparations were postponed by the alarming illness of Mary Windom, which occurred suddenly. Amanda rightly attributed its cause to the newspaper report that the vessel on which Carter Lee had sailed had been wrecked, and that he was

among those who were lost. Charles Windom, now the happiest of men since Amanda had consented to give her happiness in his keeping for life, grieved as if he had lost his brother. He realized now how unjust had been his suspicions, and how unreasonable had been his refusal to avoid a duel, which he had forced upon an unwilling antagonist, and that antagonist the *fiancé* of his dearly loved sister.

But another matter gave Col. Adams much annoyance and finally caused him to call on Prof. Von Donhoff for counsel. No sooner was it announced that Carter Lee was dead, than that omnipresent being, the poor relation, appeared. To all who had known the elder Carter Lee or his son, it seemed incredible that this opium-eating vagabond could be a relative. But the fact was proven incontestably that he was the legal heir to Carter Lee's property in case he had died intestate.

Numerous attorneys, "all honorable men," offered their services to secure for him this large estate, on condition that half they "recovered" should be the attorney's fee. He employed a prominent member of the learned profession, a deacon, by the way, whose ability as a lawyer was unquestioned, and whose piety was proverbial. It was clear that, unless Carter Lee should put in an appearance, this "insignificant human," as Bishop Hunter described him, would inherit all the property, including that which had been willed to Amanda. In this emergency he went to New Haven and sought an interview with Col. Adams.

"Let him have the plantation!" said Colonel Adams. "I am rich, and Amanda is our only heir. It is far better for her to lose that property than to divulge the secret of her birth."

But Bishop Hunter could not be persuaded that he would not violate the most sacred of trusts if this suit was not contested, and the will of his old master executed.

The more he reflected about it the more decided he became, and to this conviction was due the visit to New York in order to consult with Mr. DeBrosses, to whom Carter Lee had given him a letter of introduction.

"He is an old college friend of father's," Lee had told the old negro, as he bade him farewell; "and if you ever

need legal advice while you are at the North, I know of no one whom you can consult more safely."

Such a reference, and such a letter to his father's old friend, was natural and appropriate, based as it was upon the very considerate kindness to himself by this early friend of his father's.

Thus it happened that Bishop Hunter related to Mr. DeBrosses the provisions of the will of the late Carter Lee, deceased, in favor of Amanda. Events had followed so rapidly since Lee's last visit to the home of Mr. DeBrosses, that he had not been able to see them again before the duel had been fought. He was in utter ignorance of the fact that Colonel Adams was one of the attorneys of the _____ Trust Company of which Mr. DeBrosses was the president; and he had no idea that the two gentlemen were intimate acquaintances; certainly neither of them knew that the other was aware of his existence.

Mr. DeBrosses listened with increasing interest to the old negro bishop's recital, when he learned that it concerned the daughter of Colonel Adams, who was his daughter's most intimate friend. The Bishop related to him the causes that led to the unusual bequest, but he was careful not to mention Amanda's name, while giving all the material facts. But, in stating the objections made to probating the will, he inadvertently mentioned the name of Colonel Adams as that of the name of the gentleman who had adopted the child referred to.

In his earnestness he did not note the instantaneous change of the expression on the face of Mr. DeBrosses, who understood immediately that he referred to Amanda. He was inexpressibly shocked, for he had encouraged the intimacy between his daughter and Amanda Adams as the girl whom he admired and respected most.

Mr. DeBrosses was silent a few moments, reflecting upon both the legal and the moral aspects of the case thus presented for his consideration. He had laughed the other day when the author of "Plutocracy" had stated to him that "he knew the history of will cases in New York; that every *caveat* begins with the inaudible and invisible prayer, 'Buy me off;' and ends usually with the public announcement, 'Bought off.'" Then, raising

his head and looking steadily at the old negro, whose simple faith in the supreme justice of the law he envied, and whose fidelity to the trust confided in him by his former master commanded his respect, said :

"I advise you to follow implicitly the advice given you by Colonel Adams, whatever it may be. He is a lawyer of ability, and a gentleman of the highest character. After long experience as a lawyer, I have little faith in the administration of justice regarding wills. Recently the ex-governor of this State died and left \$500,000 to establish a public library in this city for the good of the people. After litigation for five years, and in spite of the fact that his intention is perfectly clear, it counts for nothing, because a technical point has been overlooked by him. I do not believe, nor do three of the seven judges of the Court of Appeals believe, that this is law rightly interpreted. No such statute was ever enacted by the legislature; no such law was ever made by the people of this State. What the court by a bare majority of one proclaims to be the law, is simply a judicial doctrine, or theory, built up by judges. It is judge-made law, based on precedent, not principle. It embodies not the intent of the legislature, which is the true law-making power in our form of government, but the will of the judiciary, which has no such power. If ever a will was so drawn as to defy the assaults of contestants, lawyers and judges, that would seem to be one. Yet the highest court of New York has not hesitated to decree that the wealth thus devised shall go, not to the people, in accordance with his last will, but into the pockets of claimants and their attorneys, contrary to his cherished purpose."

He then dismissed the loyal old negro with such kindness of tone and manner, that it palliated to some extent the disappointment which his benevolent face exhibited. Thus the excess of zeal on the part of Bishop Hunter in behalf of Amanda, had given slander a weapon with which to attack her whom he felt it his mission to protect.

Without intending to violate the confidence reposed in him, Mr. DeBrosses was too worldly-wise not to advise his daughter to avoid further intimacy with Amanda.

"She is blameless, my child—it is not her fault, but her

misfortune; but, for reasons that I cannot now explain, it is my desire that your intimacy with her shall cease."

"But, papa, Amanda and Mary Windom are to be my guests soon; I cannot recall my invitation, if they find it agreeable to visit me."

"That need not disturb you in the least; neither she nor Miss Windom will come."

"But why not? How do you know that? What has happened to change your opinion of Amanda?"

"Many things; and it proves how large the world is, and how unimportant any individual in it is, and how little women know about what is happening, to learn that our young friend, Carter Lee, has made a fool of himself and shot his best friend."

Though she knew the facts far better than her father did, the expression of his face and the tones of his voice admonished her that Lee would never find favor in his eyes, and she sank in her seat overcome, as he thought, by the news thus conveyed. Supporting her tenderly the old gentleman continued:

"Yes, Carter Lee and a young man named Windom have fought a duel, and Lee shot his antagonist and is supposed to have fled from the country, a fugitive from justice. For the sake of his father's memory, I deeply regret it. It is said that Windom was his best friend, and that Lee, who was greatly indebted to him for social favors, forced the duel upon him."

"I am sure that that statement is false;" said his daughter. "Carter Lee is incapable of ingratitude or anything that is base!"

She spoke impulsively—"out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and her father, with a frown and a surprised look, silently left the room. Could there be any understanding between Lee and his daughter? he reflected, and this reflection silenced him for the time.

If she was interested in Lee, the anger of "the woman scorned" overcame it, for in a few days she seemed to have forgotten the startling announcement that made her, for the moment, almost speechless with grief. She was one of those creatures on whom grief of any kind falls lightly; and when her friend, Miss Bartlett, informed her, a few weeks later, of the rumors that had already

gained currency concerning Amanda as the possible cause of the duel, she listened with curious interest to the minutest details. Finally, at the conclusion of the gossip's story, she said:

"I envy her!" "Envy whom?" inquired Miss Bartlett. "Amanda. To have a duel fought about one's self by two such gentlemen as Mr. Lee and Mr. Windom, must be a triumph. Especially so when neither of the combatants is killed."

"But Mr. Windom is seriously hurt and may die of the wound received in the duel," she replied.

"Oh, no; he has recovered, and is to be married to Amanda; that is the latest news I hear."

As a matter of fact the "rumors in New Haven," to which this scandal-monger had referred, had been started by insinuations made by the speaker, Miss Bartlett, who was visiting the friend in New York City with whom Amanda had been stopping when she went South to do all in her power to prevent the duel.

They are in every community, these idle gossips, who are the pests of society; for, to their vicious hearts, nothing is too sacred to attack. Meanwhile, Amanda thought that Miss Bartlett was one of her best friends, for she had given her the Judas kiss the day before.

XXII.

In life, as in war, events advance in legions, and thus it seemed to Colonel Adams, who suffered acutely as he realized how difficult it was to conceal the secret of Amanda's birth. And, as he contemplated the happiness of Windom and Amanda, at the thought of their early marriage, it oppressed him beyond endurance, and he resolved to inform Windom of the truth before he should be united to her in the irrevocable bonds of marriage.

So urgent did he deem this duty that he forgot the warning of Windom's physicians, that any great excitement might result in mental aberration, for Windom was extremely nervous, though otherwise rapidly improving. Dr. DuBose's diagnosis was to the effect that a piece of

bone rested on the brain, the result of the wound received in the duel, and that its removal alone would insure Windom's permanent recovery. If it was allowed to remain, insanity might result from any sudden excitement; if removed, the shock to his enfeebled system might result fatally.

"If I do not tell Windom, and he learns of it after marriage, I will be a victim to self-reproach all my life," thought Colonel Adams. "If he marries Amanda after the fact is known to him I shall stand by him and his wife forever."

Acting, then, upon this laudable impulse, Colonel Adams immediately wrote a note to Windom, asking him to call to see him at his office at noon the next day; and at the hour appointed Windom promptly sent in his card. He was admitted into the ante-room of the office of the noted lawyer, where several clients were seated awaiting until he could find time to grant them an interview. At last the office was vacated by all except Colonel Adams and himself. He had been quietly awaiting his turn to be summoned to the inner sanctum, and had been apparently engaged in reading a newspaper. The lawyer was an impressive looking man as he sat at his desk, surrounded by rows of law books on rotary bookstands and shelves. Up to this moment his mind had been immersed in business, readily grasping the salient points presented for his consideration; and he had kept his stenographer busy transcribing his words as he dictated them. "You can leave us now," he said to him, "and see that no one interrupts me, or is admitted into the office until Mr. Windom and myself leave it." The clerk bowed politely, and retired.

The face of Charles Windom at this moment was fit for an artist's study: curiosity as to the meaning of this invitation to meet Colonel Adams in his office vied with the happy complacency which brightened his face as his thoughts dwelt upon his early marriage with the daughter of the man who now stood before him. Colonel Adams found the task of telling Windom of Amanda's history harder even than he anticipated that it would be and, before speaking, he slowly walked up and down the room. Finally, he stopped in front of the young

man and, placing his hand upon Windom's shoulder said :

"I am glad to see that you have recovered your strength, again, Windom; you are looking strong and well."

"I never felt better in my life, except this pain in my head occasionally, which seems to pulsate with my pulse. I am quite sure that I have never been half so happy in all my life."

Colonel Adams turned his face away as Windom uttered this remark—turned it away as a general would who had ordered a desperate charge on the fortifications of the enemy entrenched behind impregnable breast-works, knowing that not one man in fifty would live through that storm of ball and canister. In a few moments he faced the young man again, and saw in his upturned face a serenity, a peaceful happiness which it seemed like murder to destroy. Yet a sense of duty—that sense of duty which animated the iconoclasts of old—prompted him to continue :

"My young friend," he said, finally, "can you imagine how hard it is for a father who has such a daughter as Amanda—whom he has loved with a tenderness that words cannot express throughout her life—whom he has never had to reprove once in all her pure young life—who is as faultless as it is given human nature to be—how hard it is to give her up ?"

"But you need not fear that. You should not look upon it in that light," replied Windom; "for neither she nor I would have your relations changed in any respect. I have no intention of living anywhere except in New Haven. I could not be so selfish, if I had the power, as to separate Amanda from the best parents a girl ever had. No, sir; I cannot imagine that picture, but I would rather die than to consent to give her up for any consideration now."

Windom was standing now face to face with the father of that affianced wife whom he loved as only such natures as his can love. As he stood thus, he was a noble picture of self-reliance and physical grace—hope, strength, happiness, stamped every lineament of his face.

The temptation to spare him—spare Amanda, his wife,

himself, from all the misery that might follow his statement, almost got the mastery of Colonel Adams' will; but, shaking it off by a determined effort, he said, with a husky voice:

"Charles, to no other man on earth would I so freely commit Amanda's happiness as to you. Your union has, indeed, been looked forward to by both Mrs. Adams and myself as one to be desired by all the relatives of both families. I have observed for years your partiality for her, and her preference for your society."

"Thank you; you shall never regret it; I know that I am the most fortunate of men," impulsively exclaimed Windom, interrupting him in the midst of his sentence.

"Or the most miserable!" said Colonel Adams, falling in his chair and resting his bowed head in his hands.

"What do you mean, sir? Has anything happened to Amanda? Explain yourself. Do you withdraw your consent at this late day?" said the young man, bending over the chair as he spoke. Again his face was a study for a painter.

With a strong effort Colonel Adams said: "Sit down, Charles, and draw your chair close to mine. I have an important revelation to make to you, and I have scarcely strength enough to do my duty, as I perceive it."

Then, raising himself again, the lawyer who, a few moments before had been the busy man of affairs to one client, the polite, attentive listener to another; the genial welcomer to a third, now seemed even harsh in his decisive manner. He who had been, a moment before, as weak as a woman guided only by affection, was now the stern, resolute man, as he said:

"I think it is due to you, as well as to Amanda, to inform you that she is not our daughter, but an orphan whom we adopted in her infancy."

"I am astonished to learn that, but no adopted daughter, I think, ever had such devoted parents, and no parents as lovely a daughter. While I wish it was otherwise, it does not affect my wish to marry her in the least," replied Windom, with a touch of pride in his voice.

"That is right and proper—right and proper," said Colonel Adams. "But," he resumed, after a pause, "we never knew her parents."

Windom trembled, but said nothing.

"Listen to me, if you can, until I tell you how we came to adopt Amanda, and learned to love her as our child. In the year 1864 I was in a Confederate hospital, in the city of Atlanta, where I, a wounded Federal officer, was borne by my captors. The city was besieged by our army, which was several times more numerous than was the Confederate army which was defending that city, and we knew that its capture was a question of a few weeks or days only. During the siege of six weeks I was very ill with typhoid fever, which was aggravated, perhaps, by my wound; the bombardment daily during that time was terrific. There was a bomb-proof cellar under the house, made partly of cotton bales, but the typhoid patients would have died there. 'Leave him where he is, I will nurse him and take care of him,' said a young woman, whose intonation was the sweetest I have ever heard, and the officers yielded to her entreaties, and I was saved.

"The house was in full range of the bombshells, and one night the shells began to fall furiously about it. She heeded not my importunities that she should leave the house, but, commanding herself to God, endeavored to comfort me. The strange peace and assurance that possessed her, as she watched through that long night of terror, I can never forget. One shell entered the piazza and tore away a part of it, but not a trace of fear did she exhibit, and no one in the house was hurt. The partitions in the house had been removed, making a large hall of the several rooms, and, owing to its exposure to the shells of the enemy, all other patients had been removed. My physician assured me that it would have proved fatal had they persisted in removing me in my then critical condition, and, but for the efforts of my gentle nurse, they would certainly have done this.

"One day, while the shelling was furious, I fancied, in my delirium, that I saw a shell pass between my cot and the nurse, who knelt near it, offering a prayer for our safety, I supposed. She was not praying, however, but was adjusting the bed-clothing so as to make me more comfortable, and, as I recovered consciousness, I was amazed at the calmness which she exhibited when speak-

ing to me and trying to comfort me as much as she could. I begged her again to leave me to my fate, and seek a place of safety for herself, relating to her my dream. ‘It was not a dream,’ she said, and, going to a bed on the opposite side of the hall, she found a piece of the shell. It had exploded, gone under the bed, glanced up and buried itself in a moss mattress. The leaking mattress betrayed the hiding-place of the shell.”

“She was a heroine!” exclaimed Windom, springing up and grasping the hand of Colonel Adams. “Say no more, sir. Of course, it gratified me to think that the girl whom I love was the daughter of one of our best New England families; but I love her as the daughter of such a mother should be loved.”

“That is right—that is right, my friend! But sit down and hear the whole story. Finally my disease reached the critical stage, and I felt much better than I had felt for a month. It is not strange, therefore, that I could not understand the grave face of the doctor, and the sad anxiety and grief shown in the face of my gentle nurse. I was amazed when the good, kind old physician said to me: ‘Colonel, you are a brave man, and have faced death on the battle-field too often to fear it now.’ ‘What do you mean?’ I replied.

“I mean that you have but twelve hours to live, and, alas! your friends cannot be summoned to your bedside. Be strong, and nerve yourself for the inevitable, my good friend,” said this gray-haired Confederate surgeon, who had no malice in his heart against a fallen enemy. He had visited me as regularly and prescribed for me as carefully as if he had been my family physician; and this without the hope of reward or fee. His own son had been killed, a few days before, in a charge against our lines on the twenty-second of July; and his home in the city of Atlanta was now a heap of ashes, and his wife and daughter were fugitives somewhere in the interior, but where they were he did not know. I raised myself in bed and said to him: ‘It is the fate of war; but, Doctor, you are surely mistaken; I feel better than I have felt since I became sick!’ I noticed the eager, anxious look of the gentle nurse, who had been kneeling in prayer until I spoke, and I saw that her sweet face was bathed in tears—

tears of grief for this dying stranger who, as a soldier, was her country's enemy, and whom she had nursed so faithfully. The Doctor's eyes were also full of tears as he answered, sadly: 'It is a peculiarity of the disease; typhoid patients usually feel better just before dissolution, and — my — friend — prepare for the worst — for your end is near.' He held my hand but turned away his head as he spoke. I fell back in bed and said to myself: 'I believe a glass of champagne would cure me.' The Doctor turned to the nurse and said: 'Remain with him and give him anything that he wishes; but he has asked for what neither this army nor the people of this State have; there is not a bottle of champagne in Georgia.'

"Then he left the room slowly and sadly.

"But the girl who had nursed me approached me with an eager look, bent down to my ear and said: 'Be patient till I return; I think it will cure you, too, and I will try to get it for you.' It seemed an age, that long summer day, before she returned, and the bombardment had never been so furious. I resolved in my heart that I would not take advantage of my parole to get exchanged, if I got well again, for I could not fight this people again, after all the kindness I had experienced while a wounded soldier in their hands. I had learned how poor they were—how unselfishly they had sacrificed all comforts in order to prosecute a war which they deemed righteous, however erroneous their ideas might be. The evening sun never left a fairer sky than it did that summer eve which the surgeon had said was to be my last on earth, when my nurse returned. She had several bottles of champagne, some wine-glasses and a waiter—luxuries that I had not seen since I was made a prisoner. Without words or explanation, she drew the cork, filled a glass to the brim, held up my head with one hand, and with the other aided me to drink it. Scarcely had I drank it when I knew that it was, indeed, the elixir of life, and my life was saved. Can you imagine where she obtained it?"

Windom shook his head, not wishing to interrupt this narrative which interested him exceedingly.

Colonel Adams leaned forward and said, in slow, measured tones:

"That heroic young woman braved the Federal batteries in front, the Confederate gunners in the rear, and, crossing to our lines under this tremendous cannonading, obtained the champagne from a Federal officer, and, returning with it, saved my life."

"Thank God, that I have won the daughter of such a mother;" exclaimed Windom. "Now, sir, tell me Amanda's rightful name."

Colonel Adams winced and fell back in his chair. So interested had he been in relating this reminiscence, that he had forgotten, for the moment, his object.

"We never knew her name, or who she was, when my wife and I adopted her infant the day after she died. Her death was very sudden, and she begged Mrs. Adams to adopt her child. We did so, and a thousand times have we thanked God for giving us the loveliest daughter on earth."

"And I echo the sentiment!" said Windom. "Even obscure lineage is fully offset by such heroism as her mother displayed."

"That is right—that is right—that is the way that I should feel and speak were I in your place," said the Colonel, slowly. "But now, my friend, nerve yourself for what I am about to say. I did not know the truth myself until recently. Amanda believes to this day that she is our daughter, born in legitimate wedlock. Her mother was the daughter of an octoroon slave, and she is an illegitimate child."

XXIII.

To say that Windom was shocked by the information given him by Colonel Adams but feebly expresses the effect of the revelation. In the presence of Colonel Adams, a few moments later, he seemed a model of manly self-reliance, patient under the crushing blow which shattered the idol of his life, yet strong enough to withstand it. His manliness of demeanor and the very gentleness of the commiseration that he expressed for Amanda, the innocent cause of his misery, deceived both Colonel Adams and himself, so that each left the presence of the other with a

vow unto himself that she should be more tenderly loved and guarded than ever. To his honor, be it said, Windom realized that social ostracism would be the penalty of his fidelity to his pledge to marry Amanda, and he chose that course at whatever cost. But mental anguish assailed him as he thought of the lifetime of deception which was before him, for he had resolved that she should never learn the secret which would crush her beautiful young life if revealed to her. The strain upon his nervous system became unendurable and his temples seemed to throb like a mighty steam engine, his brain to reel like a drunken man, and, before he realized it, Charles Windom's mind was a wreck.

His perfect happiness had been changed to despair, although he had struggled manfully, but in vain, against this new obstacle to the consummation of that love which had been the one great passion of his life. Afraid to trust himself again in Amanda's presence until he had had time to fully decide upon his course of action, he had gone to New York, intending to return to New Haven in time for the marriage ceremony to be performed on the day appointed.

But the day came and passed without any news from him, and all efforts to discover where he was proved fruitless. Society in New Haven was startled by the announcement that the wedding had been indefinitely postponed; and Colonel Adams, haggard with his self-imposed burden, bore his great grief alone, determined to spare his wife that revelation which he knew must soon be made known to them all. Tortured with anxiety, he at last determined to confide his troubles to his old friend, Professor Von Donhoff, who had called to see him, bringing with him a book which, he said, would interest him greatly. But nothing that he could say seemed to interest Colonel Adams, and he was about to leave, when the latter bade him resume his seat and, as rapidly as he could, related to him all that he could calmly state. As he finished this recital he added:

"This is terrible, Professor; I can stand adversity, disappointment, or ill-health, but *this*—*this* is terrible!" Colonel Adams, as he thus spoke, leaned his head upon his hands and seemed, indeed, broken-hearted. Mrs.

Adams, in her chamber, was too much prostrated with grief to receive even her husband.

"But you have not explained it fully to me," said the Professor. "I know that Windom acted like a crazy man when he left, and that nothing has been heard from him since. I know that Dr. DuBose thinks it doubtful whether your daughter can survive the shock which the knowledge of Windom's flight will cause her. But I do not know the cause of all this commotion and distrust. Rouse up, man! and tell me, for I love 'Miss Amanda,' as I will always call her, as if she were my own daughter."

"God bless you for that!" said Colonel Adams. "She will need all the love and consideration which either of us can give her."

"Has the brute deserted her? I never did like the fellow!" exclaimed the impulsive Professor.

"Don't be severe with Windom, my dear old friend; you will pity him, as I do, when you know all. You will pity all of us!"

The Professor started up at this unexpected speech, evidently much moved. "What do you mean?" he asked, taking hold of Colonel Adams' shoulder, and giving him a shake, which no one, under ordinary circumstances, would have dared to do.

Colonel Adams, aroused at last, said to him: "Be seated and I will give you all the facts in my possession, for I need and request your counsel. Do you remember the first discussion you ever had with Dr. DuBose in this house?"

"Perfectly; but it took a wide range; do you refer to the allusions to hypnotism?"

"Yes, and no; I refer more particularly to your statements, derived, I believe, from Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Huxley and others, relative to heredity."

"Oh! that statement was made in the hall of the Literary Society. Don't you remember it, and your subsequent answer to my assertions? You cited, I remember, the career of the great French author, Alexander Dumas, who was very nearly related to the negro race."

"Oh, yes, so it was; but the time and place are immaterial; what I wish to know is, do you still believe in the

force of heredity and the low status of the negro race in the scale of civilization?"

"Why, certainly; read the Bible; read the writings of Livingstone, DuChaillu and Stanley, or of any intelligent traveler in Africa; they all confirm it."

"Nevertheless, I differ with them," said Colonel Adams, despondently.

"By what reasoning can you differ with them? What is the history of the Jamaica negro, after fifty years of British emancipation? In despite of parliamentary appropriations and the expenditure of millions by the churches in missionary work, he has, from necessity, at last been stripped of all vestige of political power. Read what the English historian, Froude, says of it. Similarly the French convention, at the suggestion of Robespierre, decreed the freedom of the blacks of Hayti. What was the result? Agriculture was almost abandoned and commerce destroyed. I do not believe that a negro, or Mongolian, or Malayan was ever developed from a white man; but I do believe that God created each species of men as they now exist. As there are different climates for plants and lower animals, so there are for men."

"If I remember aright, you stated that there was a difference in the brain of the negro as compared to that of the Caucasian?"

"I did say so; comparative anatomy teaches that the negro brain, as measured by Camper's facial angle, is notably deficient in the cerebral portion. In other words, the cubic capacity of the negro cranium is one-tenth less than that of the Caucasian."

"Do you mean to say that the negro brain weighs one-tenth less than the brain of the white man?"

"Yes; a pure-blooded negro has, by divine law, a child's brain and a child's intellect."

"I don't think the experience of our high schools for negro pupils will support that view," said Colonel Adams, for, I am informed, they have attained wonderful proficiency as Greek and Latin scholars."

"But it will!" affirmed the Professor. "He may acquire, as a white child can do, a knowledge not only of grammar and geography, but, with the help of a good verbal memory, he may acquire by rote a knowledge of

languages. But he never has developed even the germ of the philosophic faculty."

Colonel Adams did not reply to this, but he thought that if such were the conclusions of a man who had devoted his life to study and the art of imparting instruction, in spite of the remarkable progress attained by the negroes in education, there was more ground for Bishop Hunter's theory that the negro could not attain his full stature as a man and citizen in the United States than he had at first believed. Finally, he said:

"I am sorry to see that 'Ephraim is wedded to her idols,' Professor. I believe that circumstances, not nature, has kept the negro in his subordinate condition; and that time, and our free institutions, will remedy the evil."

"Let me read to you, then, the opinion of one of your friends, himself one of the most learned as he is one of the most benevolent men in this country." Then the Professor read as follows from "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows:"

"During the long lapse of two hundred and seventy years, the negro race has not produced a single great leader in the United States. It will not do to say that this is because they were kept down. Besides, there was no effort in half the country to keep them down; for slavery was abolished in the North a century ago, and yet the same inferiority exists in the North as in the South. Theodore Parker, who endured all sorts of persecution and social ostracism, who faced mobs and was hissed in public meetings for his bold championship of the negro race, said, in 1857: "There are inferior races which have always borne the same ignoble relation to the rest of men, and always will. In two generations what a change there will be in the condition and character of the Irish in New England. But in twenty generations the negroes will stand just where they are now—that is, if they have not disappeared." That was spoken more than thirty years ago, but to-day I look about me here in Connecticut, and I see a few colored men; but what are they doing? They dig potatoes, work in the fields, and the women take in washing. I find colored barbers and whitewashers, shoeblocks and chimney-sweeps, but I do

not know a single man who has grown to be a merchant or a banker; a judge or a lawyer; a member of the legislature, or a justice of the peace. I must confess that it is discouraging to find that, with all these opportunities, they are little removed from where they were a hundred years ago."

Closing the book the Professor said:

"I recently visited the superintendent of the Hampton School in Virginia. He was a general in the Federal army, and has devoted twenty years to teaching negroes, sending forth hundreds of young men as graduates annually to teach their race. His testimony is as follows:

"There is a great deal more antagonism between the two races at the North than at the South. I find much more mutual repulsion between the whites and blacks in Massachusetts than down here in old Virginia."

"I must say I agree with the General. If a colored man were to apply for rooms at the Stockbridge House, would he be received? There might be no objection to him personally, but the landlord, though he is one of the most obliging of men, would say that the admission of a colored man to the same rooms and the same table, would give offense to his guests, and that, however he might wish to do it, he could not.

"Philanthropy here, so far as the negro race is concerned, seems to be only practiced at long range. You are liberal to the heathen in Africa, and to the Southern negro a thousand miles distant, but the negro in New England is socially an outcast."

"But do you believe what you stated in one of our conversations, that the traits, and even the lineaments of some remote ancestor may be reproduced in a newborn babe?"

"I do; but what has all this to do with Windom's sudden and inexplicable departure at the moment when his affianced wife needs his presence most—the day before his marriage to her? You are wandering, my dear friend; you need rest and sleep."

"Patience, Professor; I need both, but can get neither until some one shares my burden with me. Misery loves company, you know. Sit down; don't go until I finish." The Professor had taken his hat and was about to leave,

thinking that quiet and rest were what Colonel Adams needed most. At this appeal he resumed his seat. Placing his hand upon that of Professor Von Donhoff and looking earnestly into his eyes, Colonel Adams said, in sad but distinct tones: "Amanda has a faint trace of negro blood in her veins; she is nine-tenths white, and her mother was an octoroon."

"What!" said the Professor; "are you crazy?"

"No; but I fear that Windom is, poor fellow!"

Neither an earthquake nor an avalanche could have more startled and shocked Professor Von Donhoff than this statement. He knew that Colonel Adams loved Amanda as few parents ever love a daughter.

"Put on your glasses," said Colonel Adams; "I have something to show you." Going to his desk he took therefrom a picture. "Tell me whose picture is this?"

The Professor looked at it long and earnestly. "It is certainly an excellent likeness of Miss Amanda," said he; "but why did she dress in the style which was in vogue, let me see, twenty-five years ago, before I came to America?"

"It is the picture of her mother, who was an octoroon, and was given to me last night by Bishop Hunter, the colored man who lectured here last winter. He was in early life the slave of her grandfather," said Colonel Adams.

"Then—Miss Amanda—is—not—your—daughter!"

"No; we adopted her the week after she was born, but she has never been informed of it, and believes that she is our child."

"And this bishop, this eloquent colored man, whom I heard pleading for money with which to take out to the Congo Free State a colony of one thousand of his race—this negro bishop?"

"Was a friend of her mother, who was a slave."

"Good God!" said the Professor.

It was Colonel Adams' turn now to endeavor to console this most constant of Amanda's friends. The great burly form of Professor Von Donhoff seemed paralyzed except for the convulsive twitchings of his shaggy eyebrows and moustache. He said not a word, but groaned aloud in mental agony. He saw the great gulf which yawned

before her, and the social ostracism which was certain to follow her wherever she lived on the American continent when all the facts were known.

Then, after a pause, he added :

"This news overwhelms. It is terrible, and I am unable to advise you. Those who love Miss Amanda most—I mean her life-long associates—will be the first to cut her acquaintance, and the last to acknowledge her as an intimate friend again."

"Yes, that is what I fear; and the pity of it is that she must soon learn all."

As they parted then each felt that this was the saddest hour of his life.

XXIV.

That was a delicate mission, indeed, which was thus undertaken by the negro bishop, and nothing but a sense of duty prevailed upon him to make known the horrible truth to Amanda.

Reclining upon her bed in the late afternoon, her physical weakness causing any mental effort to be difficult, the nurse brought in Bishop Hunter's card. "The doctor," said she to the fair young invalid, "says that you can receive visitors if you like, but I hardly think you will wish to see this colored man, even if he is a bishop."

Amanda languidly opened her eyes and asked, indifferently : "What is the name of the man? What can any colored man in New Haven wish to say to me?"

"I will dismiss him, Miss Amanda. I think it strange, myself, that Dr. DuBose should be willing that this colored preacher should be admitted to see you, and you sick in bed!"

Amanda raised herself in bed and said : "A colored preacher, did you say? Give me his card again." Then, as she saw it, she smiled for the first time since her sickness. "Why, it is my old colored friend, Bishop Hunter; admit him, I shall be pleased to see his honest black face again." And then she thought : "The poet Burns is right, 'A man's a man for a' that.'"

The Bishop entered the room with composure, bearing in his hand a large package wrapped in paper. But when he saw the wan, thin features of this gentle young invalid, he realized that she was indeed hovering between this and the spirit-land, and he shrank from the unwilling task which circumstances had forced upon him. The smile which greeted him seemed to him angelic, and he felt the same awe which he expected to feel when mortality becomes immortal. Her gentle voice greeted him cordially as she extended her hand from beneath the coverlet. "Be seated, Bishop; I am always glad to meet a true friend."

"Thank you, my dear young lady. You are very good to welcome an humble old negro preacher so kindly. I heard of your sickness while in New Haven on business concerning our fund, and I begged permission to call and pay my respects. All of us down at the old place in Georgia remember you very gratefully, and if they knew you had been ill they would have me call to ask about you."

This was said not in the manner of a preacher calling to administer comfort to one of his flock, but rather in that of an old family servant who had been indebted for lifelong favors. It was a new experience to Amanda, and interested her more, perhaps, than anything he could have said or done in her then feeble condition. The nurse stood by fanning her brow. Amanda said nothing and closed her eyes as if sleeping. The Bishop seemed confused by her silence; the nurse smiled contemptuously, and seemed to think that she had greatly condescended to have this black man seated by the bedside of the invalid whom she knew to be the petted belle of the city. The Bishop noted it all, but said nothing. In a few moments, which seemed a month to him, Amanda opened her eyes again, and, looking at him steadily, said: "Ah, it is indeed you, and it was but the vision of a sick girl; but I had a delicious dream. How long have you been here? I dreamed that I went to heaven — and — saw — my — mother."

It was the critical moment, and he intuitively divined it, and, rising, quietly drew the picture which she had seen at the Georgia plantation home from its covering and

held it before her astonished eyes, so that the evening light shone full upon it.

A sudden strength seemed given to this weak invalid as she sat up in bed and looked at it eagerly.

"It is my dream again. Bishop, you promised to tell me who this lady was. Who is she?"

"She was your mother, and I knew her well," he said.

She seemed as if laboring under the hallucinations of an opiate—to forget the past as she had lived in it, and to live alone in an imaginary present. Dr. DuBose, who stood without the door, involuntarily remained to watch his patient whose life, though lost to him as he would have had it, was dearer than any other life—his patient and his lost love. The nurse seemed utterly at a loss what to do or say, and obediently left her bedside and approached the Doctor, who had beckoned her to come away.

"Leave her with me now. It is better that she should not see you until I call you; but do not go beyond the library."

And then he approached her bed from the side whence she could not see him, while he could watch her. Her face bore the varying moods and expressions of the hypnotized subject in the cataleptic stage, and he saw that, unconsciously perhaps, Bishop Hunter's thoughts were being interpreted in her brain.

"My—mother! Did you say my mother?" And she reached her hands as if to grasp the picture and bring that face closer to her own.

"It is, indeed, the picture of your mother, Miss Amanda. She was the loveliest girl I ever knew."

DuBose bent forward, and she saw him, and then her expression changed.

"Doctor, am I dreaming? Is this the Bishop?"

"You are not dreaming, Miss Amanda, and this is our faithful old colored friend, Bishop Hunter," replied DuBose, himself embarrassed by anxiety. For well he knew that this frail, enfeebled life of hers now hung by a thread, and he thought if she died what would her friends say of her physician?

"And why did you bring me this picture of the strange lady, Bishop?"

"In order to fulfill my promise to you to tell you why she so resembled yourself—who she was."

"And you mean that my mamma is not my mother, and this lady was," she asked, clutching his arm convulsively.

"Yes, Miss Amanda," said the Bishop, the tears now rolling down his cheeks, though his voice was still firm.

"Then who and what am I?"

"The adopted daughter of Colonel and Mrs. John Adams; and your father was Mr. Henry Lee, the elder brother of Carter Lee, and my young master."

"And this lady?"

"Was your mother; an orphan who was raised by my old mistress."

"And her maiden name was what?"

"Amanda."

"Amanda what?"

"She had no other name, my dear Miss Amanda. She was a servant, though never treated as a slave." This in a heart-broken voice, as the Doctor led the old negro from the room. He returned in a few moments and found his patient standing with bare feet near the window, that she might see her mother's picture better, as the sunset glow was fast declining into twilight. He stood in the doorway a few moments looking at this ethereal-like creature, clad in her *robe de nuit* and utterly oblivious to his presence, or to anything except the flood-tide of thoughts which bore her irresistibly, as if this tempest in the heart would never cease. He approached to persuade her to return to her bed—this helpless invalid of an hour before to whose feeble life it had seemed an effort even to raise her arm. She turned and saw him, and he stood irresolute, as if he did not know what to do. The physician was helpless; the patient seemed self-reliant.

"Doctor, do you believe this story? Is this picture that of my real mother?"

"It is wonderfully like yourself, Miss Amanda." He hesitated, for, as she grasped his arm and looked into his eyes, he saw, instead of tears, that stony gaze which freezes tears, and often portends insanity.

"Come, let me put you to bed, Miss Amanda; remem-

ber you are my patient, and I am responsible for your recovery."

Still she seemed unaware of her condition—that she was but half clad—*en déshabille*. Her whole mind was concentrated upon the one thought of unraveling this mystery, which, if true, would shroud her young life in misery.

"But tell me, do you believe it?"

The strong, compassionate man grew weak, his knees trembled, as did his voice, as he said almost inaudibly:

"Yes; we cannot doubt what Bishop Hunter has said."

"Then mamma and papa know this—and—oh! God have pity on me! Do they believe—this?"

DuBose bowed his head, partly in assent, partly in speechless grief. He was suddenly aroused, as she said to him in her natural tone: "Pardon me, Doctor—my good friend—you can do nothing more for me now. I will get well, and all this awful mystery I shall fathom to the bitter end. I have prayed that I might die, but it is not to be. Good-bye, my dear friend."

He looked up and saw that this was a farewell forever. Unconsciously he knelt by her side, took her unresisting, emaciated hand in his and bore it to his lips.

"Miss Amanda, so long as I live I shall love you, and I beg that you will always command me. My greatest happiness will be to aid you to bear your innocent burden."

With the other hand laid gently upon his head, she said: "I know it, Doctor; I know that, next to papa and mamma, and—" she hesitated, for the thought of Windom's unexplained absence occurred to them both at that moment, and brought him to his feet and her to the consciousness of the garb in which she was arrayed. She placed her hands before her eyes, tottered, and would have fallen had he not, assisted by the nurse, who entered at that moment, placed her in bed just as she swooned into unconsciousness.

"Go for Mrs. Adams immediately!" he said to the nurse.

And mother and daughter were thus brought together again, and all the awful revelation was made by the

gentlest of all ministering angels, a mother's tender love for this child of her heart, although an adopted child.

Unfortunates who choose to lose their identity naturally seek the crowded city, but unfortunates like Amanda, whose innocent life of happiness was as free from censure as the sunbeam, seek obscurity.

But where could she go, and what could she do? The public only knew that the invitations to the wedding had been recalled, but gossip is a heartless detective which does not spare the innocent. She felt crushed, humiliated, unto the depths of her heart.

"No legitimate name, and the one offered me, and which I had learned to cherish, withdrawn because of—my—misfortune!" She wept bitterly as she spoke thus in the privacy of her chamber.

It was one of those griefs which cannot be shared; for, though Mrs. Adams was as tenderly affectionate as the most loving mother could be to this child of her heart, she could not fail to see that the blow had struck home there also.

In thus assuring Amanda of his undying love for her at a time when all the world seemed forsaking her, Dr. DuBose was sincere. He felt that he loved her more than he would ever love another, but the sentiment which dominated him was pity rather than love. It was the spirit of love without its essence; for the love that would gather to its arms the precious one, "for good or for ill, for better or for worse," for life unto death, is totally apart from pity. Pride is its sentient characteristic—the pride that would treasure her society above that of all other women—that would kindle with renewed ardor because of the admiration and respect given to the loved one. With DuBose it was the nietempsychosis of sentiment; he would have died in her defense, and, when in her presence, he was conscious that he loved her ardently, passionately. When with her, he longed to take her to his heart, caress and comfort her in this, her hour of grievous, bitter trial. He would take her to his arms as he would a stricken child, whose very weakness touched the tendrils of his heart. But, after this scene, when in the privacy of his own chamber, he asked himself: "Would I marry her, if I could?" And he was shocked at the

reply which his inner consciousness made to him : "No, I would not, except to save her honor or life."

Such a conclusion was not heroic; indeed, he felt that it was inexcusable; and this feeling did not change his hope that circumstances would drift their lives apart. In spite of his memorable debate with Professor Von Donhoff, in which he had taken the contrary position, his reason, fortified by research and study, had convinced him that heredity could not be offset by the human will; that prejudice was coeval with humanity; and that the negro race was the only race among the children of men that was doomed as stated in holy writ, to be "servants of servants."

In vain did he seek to console himself with the reflection that it was for her sake that he would never again offer her his hand in marriage; mature analysis convinced him that it was common sense—his own interests and his own happiness solely; and he felt insignificant and mean as this thought oppressed him. He had been heroic in his self-sacrifice, not so much for the sake of Windom's happiness as for that of the woman whom he loved and who had told him of her love for another. Had he been a romantic or sentimental character, he might have found some pretext to provoke a difficulty with his successful rival, and thus have driven him from the field. But he prided himself upon being "practical"—an earnest, diligent, and successful physician, absorbed in that profession which he claimed was the noblest one on earth. His dream had been to associate the beautiful patrician heiress with all his future success, and to strive to instill in her heart that pride in his success which would serve as an elixir to his ambition. He had been deeply wounded to discover that all her efforts were directed toward making him too good a friend to spoil their happy intercourse by becoming her lover.

Surely, now, he might win her; sympathy engenders sympathy, and by that chain he might bind her heart to his. And he could do so now without self-reproach, for Windom was mentally debarred, and might continue so to be during his natural life. He knew her nature too well to think that she would continue to live with her foster parents in New Haven. It would be a mercy to

her to claim her hand and heart as soon as grief had done its worst—when the reaction from grief to despair had come and gone. But to marry Amanda—the daughter of a nameless octoroon slave—was quite a different matter, and he hesitated. He tried to console himself with the thought that this hesitation was due to his desire to be just to Windom. Really it was his knowledge of the slight negro taint in Amanda's blood which decided this young gentleman, who had prided himself upon his broad-minded freedom from prejudice, to assume henceforth the character of the disinterested friend of Amanda.

Four months previous, nothing would have so contributed to her happiness as the knowledge that DuBose could be her friend without fear of his becoming her lover. She could have loved him as a brother, for all her life she had lamented that she did not have a brother.

Fate was kind to her now in that no opportunity of learning of the sudden change in the nature of his feelings toward her was afforded her. A few short weeks before she had been the most envied of the maidens of New Haven—an acknowledged belle, who was courted and caressed as the favored child of birth and fortune. Now, there would be "none so poor as to do her reverence;" and she had but to analyze her own feelings, if her situation was reversed and one of her own "set" was discovered to be an impostor—innocent, but, nevertheless an impostor—to know that she, with all her gentleness, would gradually have receded from the former intimacy. She realized that it was the *fiat* of civilization—the *brutum fulmen* upon which society depends for existence—the brutal decree which demands that social ostracism must be the penalty for miscegenation—that moral degradation which will socially make pariahs even unto the tenth generation.

It was fortunate for Amanda that Mary Windom demanded her care at this juncture, for no one else could give her consolation. By no one else was Mary Windom's illness attributed to the report that Carter Lee had been drowned while *en route* to India, and her tender devotion alone lessened the agony of the gentle sufferer.

This sudden breaking off of the most brilliant nuptials of the year caused the surprise to be manifested at first

with becoming consideration and sympathy for the rich and accomplished belle. Flowers and many friendly notes and inquiries daily greeted Amanda, who was prostrated with grief and mortification. She was entirely ignorant of any cause for Windom's strange and, seemingly, treacherous desertion, and her chief comfort during this trying ordeal was the devoted attention of Mary Windom. Society is fickle and callous, and soon its votaries talked of her misfortune with eyes askance and Gallic shrugs.

Rumors had been spread by idle gossip, and these were pronounced probably true by many; for, "why," they asked, "should Charles Windom, a man blessed with wealth, physical health, and the love of the reigning belle of the city, flee from the celebration of those nuptials which would unite them forever — a consummation so long hoped for by him, and so commended by all of his friends?"

Thus gossip weaved its detective web to entrap this pure-hearted girl; and some of the friends whom she visited in order to express her thanks for the many evidences of appreciation accorded to her during her illness, found it convenient to be "out" when she called.

"To the pure, all things are pure;" and Amanda did not yet fear that any of her acquaintances would believe any report derogatory to her character or conduct.

But she could not fail to note that the many delicate attentions of which she had been the recipient had suddenly ceased. To add to her perplexity, she was informed by a note from Charles Windom that he had been suddenly called to New York, but would return in a few days.

"He wrote to me, when he could so easily have seen me and explained why he should leave at such a time," she reflected; and, for the first time, tears of disappointment followed her thoughts of him to whose care she had confided her future happiness.

As she grew gradually better, she learned that few of her friends manifested any knowledge of her existence.

But her suspicions were not fully aroused until she called upon a dearly loved friend who was standing at an upper window as she entered the house. When she was

told that she also was "out," it dawned upon her that slander had already done its cruel work. She returned home broken in spirit, mortified, and humiliated beyond expression.

The next day Mrs. Adams questioned the physician as to the nature of Amanda's illness.

"Brain fever, superinduced by nervous prostration," was his answer, and it will require the very best nursing to save her life." And it seemed to this anxious mother, whose love was expressed in every tone of voice and look of eyes, that death would mercifully release her from learning that truth, which, to her sensitive nature, was worse than the sting of death.

XXV.

"Mamma," said Amanda a few weeks later, when her strength was gradually returning to her, "I feel that this disgrace will kill me or make me insane if I remain here. Can I not go somewhere—far away, where no one knows of my past or present, and get some occupation? Please talk to dear papa about it. My heart almost breaks if I try to talk to him." And they wept together. And thus it happened that Amanda became a clerk in the Department of the Interior in Washington City, which was presided over by one of Colonel Adams' political friends. She secured lodging in a quiet neighborhood, and soon found occupation the only consolation for a mind and heart as grievously wounded as was hers. She assumed the name of Miss A. M. Anda (Amanda), thus preserving her maiden name by a transposition of the letters. Her demeanor was the personification of modesty, and her silence and voluntary isolation was attributed to grief at the loss of a near relative, and every one about her tacitly respected this self-respecting young woman, whose beauty seemed refined by suffering and accented by the mourning dress which she wore.

No one ever saw her face on the avenues and streets, for it was ever veiled as she walked, or rode, to and from her duties in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The elasticity of youth and the force of her will, under

such a great calamity as was hers at this crisis in her life, was wonderful. Colonel Adams regarded her with admiration and amazement, for her physicians had informed him that her long illness would result, perhaps, in feebleness for a long time. But suffering had only strengthened that self-reliance which she had so recently illustrated.

Her natural gentleness was beginning to assert itself, for she was accorded by every one that respect due to a lady of the most refined sensibilities. The light-heartedness of her nature seemed gone forever, but there was a high-bred demeanor that characterizes the lady in all her movements that could not be mistaken. She shunned society, though people were kind enough to invite her to such friendly gatherings as were open to people occupying such clerical position as was hers. In refusing she offended none, and gained the sympathy of all; for in the "Departments" in Washington City are many of the best people in the land. Yet she suffered as only the most exalted natures can suffer, acutely, but uncomplainingly. She knew all now, for gradually the whole truth had been divulged to her, and she realized that life had for her little to hope for except the knowledge that one's duty is to act well one's part in whatever sphere it may be cast. But her mental suffering became so acute that sleep seemed banished from her pillow, and at the end of a year she feared that the asylum would demand one more victim if some relief was not granted.

The thousands of clerks and officials at the National Capital, who work a few hours and have many hours of leisure each day, have developed a society ill-suited to the sensitive nature of a girl like Amanda. The charming social life of the literary people who gather there; of the diplomatic corps, and of the better class of the native population — was shut out from her, both because of her anomalous life and the subordinate position which she held. And yet, had she heeded the wishes of Colonel Adams and remained with them as their daughter, she might have been courted and caressed as of old, with liveried coachman and footman of her own, had she desired to adopt the style which the plutocrats now affect. Even slander melts away in the crucible of gold, and few would

have believed a charge which no one desired to establish as true. Indeed, few believed it now; and even the author of the report doubted its truth, and regretted the ignoble part which she had taken in thus injuring her former friend, though her absence from New Haven was a mystery to her friends. It was known that Charles Windom was in an asylum, and that was sufficient excuse for the breaking off of the marriage engagement, even if the discovery of his mental trouble was made the day before the wedding. She was free, therefore, to resume her place in the home which had sheltered her all her life, but she could not persuade herself to live there again.

In Washington City one can see, if it can be seen anywhere, the development to which the negro race has attained after a quarter of a century of freedom. They abound everywhere, and detract as much from the galleries of Congress as they add to the picturesque color of the throngs and scenes in the streets of the beautiful city. Yet, the more Amanda saw of them, the less she seemed attracted to them, and the more difficult it was for her to accept as a fact that she was even remotely connected by blood-ties with this inferior race. There was no race affinity whatever; and she felt the more removed from them because of the assertion that she was remotely one of them. But she determined to learn more of them; and with this object in view, she attended, one Sunday, the negro Catholic church—a church presided over by negro priests, with negro acolytes and a negro choir—and she was assigned a seat in the pew of a wealthy colored man. She tried to regard the scene philosophically; and she marveled at the beauty and melody of the voices in the choir, for negroes have this talent to an extent which, when sufficient time has elapsed, will please and astonish the world. Barring this, however, there was nothing in common between herself and them. The two women in the pew were better dressed than herself, and were evidently educated mulattoes. The man was a negro, “black as the ace of spades,” with thick lips, flat nose, low forehead, a typical negro of the most advanced type among his fellows, for he had amassed riches. His manner to her was deferential, yet restrained, as he called her “lady” when

he had shown her to his own pew. To the people of his own race, popularly called "colored people," it was the manner of vulgar arrogance; and Amanda was shocked when she thought how revolting it must be to the yellow woman by her side, whose manners were as gentle as his, were vulgar, to be united to a black man like that one. The little child, of three years of age, of this couple, bore no resemblance to its mother, neither in color nor features, but was black like its father; "and yet," thought Amanda, "the mother of this child seems fond of it—attached to it—yes, loves it."

She longed to leave the church and all the surroundings which these thoughts conjured up, but she could not do so without making herself conspicuous. She seemed to be the only white person in the church. She looked around, and saw one other white family in a pew behind them, but not far distant. There were seated the father, mother and children, and it seemed incongruous to her. Were they attracted there by curiosity, like herself? She asked herself this question mentally. She looked again—something that in all her life she rarely had done before during divine service. They were evidently members of the church, for the father now arose and was among those who took up the collection that day. Was it possible that this man had bowed to her as she placed her contribution in the plate?

"That is the Congressman from Louisiana, lady," whispered the woman by her side. Amanda mechanically bowed but said nothing. She did not know what to say or how to greet these people.

She was relieved when the services were over, but was shocked when the Congressman said to the man in whose pew she had sat:

"Introduce us to your friend. Is she from New Orleans?"

"I don't know her, sir. She is a stranger," the man replied.

Amanda hastened away and walked all the way to her boarding house for fear that this man and his family might enter the same street car and force themselves upon her acquaintance if she went in that vehicle.

"Why did this man wish to know me? Did he see anything in me to remind him of any one? Is he an octoroon?

And do all that proscribed class feel at liberty to thrust their acquaintance upon each other in this manner?" Thus were her thoughts, and the future seemed a great gulf yawning to receive her.

This Congressman was in reality seven-eighths white.

"Socially he is a negro, but ethnologically he is white," said a prominent newspaper. "Analytically he is sixty-three parts white to one part black; fractionally sixty-three sixtieths of him are Caucasian, while the other sixtieth is something else. Even as a little leaven leaveneth the whole, so this slight mixture of negro blood determines this Congressman's social status.

"He looks like a white man and he cannot be distinguished from the one hundred and seventy-three white Republicans in the House by color alone.

"He traces his ancestry back to a female slave brought to this country from the island of Madagascar. If this be true, he may not have a drop of negro blood in him, for the Madagascar Islanders belong to the Malay or Polynesian stock — not black, but buff-colored people.

"His wife is said to be a white woman with a slight admixture of Indian blood. They have seven children, some of them being white, while others have a brilliant bronze-like complexion, with red cheeks and lips, and jet black hair, the types peculiar to the West Indian islands.

"When he was here early in the last session he had with him two of his children — a boy and a girl. The boy was white, with a freckled face and reddish hair. The girl had brown eyes, bronzed skin and raven hair slightly wavy. Neither had the slightest trace of the African, either in form or feature. The boy was not especially good-looking; the girl was a beauty."

Amanda read this criticism in the New Haven paper with conflicting emotions. She learned from it that even with this small admixture of negro blood, and notwithstanding his high character and official position as one of the nation's rulers, neither this man nor any of his family received social recognition among the white people of the national capital. Officially he was treated as a gentleman; socially he was as unknown as the negro porter or janitor of a public building.

XXVI.

One of the richest plutocrats of the Senate had sent his card to "Miss Anda" by a *protégé* of his—a young girl of noted beauty and decidedly fast—who was also a clerk in the same office where Amanda had a desk. She had endeavored, in every way in her power, to repel all intimacy with this young person, but had refrained from giving offense. She had refused to be introduced to any gentleman except those whom the demands of business made it necessary for her to meet. The motive of the young girl who brought her the Senator's card was to win a simple wager. The Senator had told her of the reserve with which Amanda seemed to hedge herself around, and the gay young damsel had made a wager that she would present him to Amanda, with her consent, within an hour.

"But I do not know this gentleman!" said Amanda, her cheeks flushing with indignation as she spoke.

"But he is a Senator and awfully rich, and as handsome and nice as he can be," urged the girl.

Amanda with a look of withering scorn, answered: "I do not wish to know him; no *gentleman* would seek an introduction in this manner." For there, near the door, stood the Senator, ready to come forward immediately, and Amanda saw him. He turned and left the room immediately; for the third time he had been baffled, and he determined to fathom the mystery that seemed to isolate Amanda from her fellows and protect her from such as he.

"Well, I declare!" said the girl, as she prepared to follow, for the day's duties were over. Amanda did not reply, but arranged her desk with an outward calmness that belied the tempest that raged in her once gentle breast; and not until she had left did she give utterance to her outraged feelings.

"'Sorrow's crown of sorrow,' thus, in the midst of the world's active life, isolated from all one's fellows! Each day a living lie—a personation of another, *who does not exist*, in order that this dual life may be sustained. A smile on the face, a tear in the heart, and life a

mask! Ah, me! I can look back over my whole life and, until this fearful knowledge came unto me, not one concealment, not one ungracious or malicious thought to any human being was mine. To me, truth has been the beacon light which clarified religion, and made all necessary sacrifice a pleasure. My creed has been to be frank—open—so to live that each thought might be avowed without fear of self-reproach. Concealment—to act a part—would have been, *as it is*, revolting to me. It seems a hideous nightmare that I, taught to think myself the equal, by right of birth, to any in this land, blessed as few have been by advantages given me by my—ah, me!—to think that they *are not* my parents! and that I am but a nameless waif, an orphan, adopted by good people in infancy, and—and—*illegitimate!*”

Obscure, yea, unknown parentage! Aye; and far worse than that, the brand of the negro race, however infinitesimal the trace, seared in her heart as with hot iron! The world may not know it, *but she does*; and this knowledge is a decree of banishment, of exile, from all the people and all the scenes which she most loved.

“There is no room in society in this land which offers an asylum to the oppressed of all nations, for an octoroon’s child!” moaned this beautiful young woman, who, but a few weeks previous, had been the belle of one of the most cultured cities in the United States.

As Amanda left the Treasury Department a few days later, she noticed, among the people who thronged the sidewalk, a man who seemed to know her. He lifted his hat as she reached the steps leading to the sidewalk, and smiled as if he were a familiar acquaintance. She had never met him before, and at first supposed that his salutation must have been directed to some other lady. She looked around, but there was no other lady visible. Nevertheless, she passed out and on, determined not to acknowledge the acquaintance of any stranger.

The man seemed to be of middle age, was tall, very slender, and wore good clothes, barring the slouch hat and chin whiskers which proclaimed him a provincial. His face was notably weak, whether from dissipation or nature, Amanda did not have time nor inclination to consider.

This individual would have passed out of her mind as quickly as he had entered her thoughts had she been permitted to escape him. But, seeing that she would cross the street at the next corner where the throng would detain her, he made his way rapidly across it, and stood at the opposite corner awaiting her approach. She was startled now, as she observed his persistent efforts to attract her attention, and, with a frown of displeasure, she passed on. She was conscious that the man followed her, but at a distance, and it was not until she had reached her boarding house that she learned he had ceased to follow her.

What did it mean? Evidently he intended to discover where she was living; but for what reason?

The following Sunday, as she emerged from the Episcopal church, the same man stood near the door and greeted her as he had done a few days previous. Again she refused to recognize him. Day by day he awaited her exit from the Treasury Department, and he seemed to shadow her footsteps like a detective. Finally, others noticed it, and a young girl, whose desk was in the same apartment as Amanda's, gave expression to her suspicions.

"Who is your friend, Miss Anda?" she asked.

"I don't know, I'm sure; but he is not a friend of mine, and I am getting tired of his impertinence."

"Why don't you call on the police for protection?" suggested the girl.

"I am greatly tempted to do so; but I so dread publicity. The thought that I might be summoned to testify concerning his rudeness before a horrid court appalls me."

"And it may well do so," remarked the man, who had overheard her, "for I can testify as well as yourself."

Amanda's companion had entered a passing street car just before the man had made this threatening remark, and Amanda alone had heard him.

If "the bravest are the gentlest," the gentlest are likewise courageous when occasion demands it, and the brazen fellow was astonished at her actions now. Confronting him with a steady eye and an accent devoid of tremor, Amanda said:

"I do not know who you are, sir; but I do know that no gentleman would threaten a lady; and no one with a spark of manhood would dog my footsteps as you have done. And I warn you, sir, if you do not leave this street instantly and cease to annoy me, I will have you arrested as the nuisance that you are."

"No, you will not, my pretty cousin; for if you do that, you will have to acknowledge that I am your cousin."

"My cousin! I have no cousin; what do you mean? Are you crazy?"

"By no means, as you are apt to discover sooner or later. My name is Lee—Rodney Lee—at your service," stammered the man, whose brazen effrontery was giving way before the indignant girl who thus defied him.

"Then a good name has been dishonored, I fear—good evening; I hope I will never see you again."

Amanda was not left long in ignorance of what the man meant. The next morning she received a note from Rodney Lee asking her to appoint a time for an interview.

"I assure you," he wrote, "that my intentions are honorable, and even kindly, if you will listen to reason; but if you decline, I shall make known to the public here who and what you are. You are Carter Lee's niece, and the superior court of Georgia has decided that you, the illegitimate daughter of my first cousin, Henry Lee, deceased, are the heir to the property of Carter Lee in that State. This decision makes me a pauper, and enriches you at the expense of all that you hold dear—viz., such publicity as to your origin as will insure social ostracism wherever you live. I offer you my hand in marriage, and will do all that I can do to make you happy if you will accept. This will virtually secure a competence to both of us—and—I never saw any one whom I preferred to make my wife than yourself. Think of it—be reasonable, and let us thus silence all slander and calumny. I will await your reply two days."

It was not a Lee who thus acted, but the debased victim of the opium habit, the most insidious enemy to our modern civilization.

XXVII.

Had she yielded to her first impulse, she would have indignantly declined to have anything to do with this mercenary adventurer. Who was he? To what will did he refer? She had never been told that there was a will in her favor, and she did not know the name of Carter Lee's father, or indeed of her own father. She had been informed by the old negro bishop of all that she knew concerning her unfortunate origin, and that was limited to the knowledge that Colonel and Mrs. Adams were not her parents, and that her mother was born a slave though almost white. Her father, she had been told, was a brother of Carter Lee, but so abhorrent had all these facts seemed to her that she had never asked a human being to enlighten her further. Her aim in life now was to blot out of her existence all the past as far as it was possible to do, and, by a faithful performance of her duties and by adherence to the strictest canons of propriety, to command that respect which is due to all virtuous women. She was as innocent as a babe of all vicious thoughts, and had no conception of how prone mankind are to judge the best of womankind from their own immoral standard.

This innocence, and this ignorance of the evil side of human nature gave her courage, and she decided to meet this stranger and learn the worst as speedily as possible. To act, and act immediately, was the only relief which her tortured mind could summon to its aid, and she sat down and mailed an answer appointing an interview at noon the next day in the rotunda of the capitol. "No place can be more public than that," she reflected, "and he cannot insult me with impunity in the midst of the nation's representatives."

Alas! she little knew that it is in such places that the most abandoned and reckless creatures are found, and that a beautiful young woman is to be pitied who is to be found there without an escort. It needs no Asmodeus to discover that Senators and members of Congress are not all angels; and more than one of these august representatives cast glances upon her, as she stood looking at the

paintings on the walls, that did not savor of that respect to which she had been accustomed all her life. Indignant at such treatment, she was about to leave the rotunda, for ten minutes after the noon hour had passed, when her arm was seized in a familiar manner and the stranger to whom she had written, said :

"Come this way, I will take you where we can talk more privately."

"But I do not wish to talk to you privately; I selected this place because of its publicity. I do not know you, sir; release my arm!"

The scene had not escaped a passing Senator's eyes, who paused to see the *dénouement*. The man had released his hold upon her arm and, turning to the Senator, bowed to him as if he were an acquaintance.

"What are you up to, Lee?" he said, and, passing on with a significant smile, he disappeared.

Amanda was inexpressibly mortified. "You see to what suspicions you subject yourself," said Lee. "Now, we can talk without interruption or misunderstanding if you will enter a committee room near by."

"Is it usual for ladies to do this? I cannot think so, and I prefer to hear what you have to say here."

"Then I will have nothing more to say," he replied, with a sullen, dogged look.

She hesitated a moment, then said: "In order to have you say all that you have to say, and thus be rid of you for all time to come, I consent; but the door must be left open."

A smile of triumph greeted this yielding answer, and saying: "Come on, then," he led the way. That he was a bad man Amanda felt assured; that he was a weak one she felt equally confident.

Slowly he informed her of the details of the trial; of the employment of eminent counsel by Bishop Hunter in defense of her interests; of the final decree of the superior court, a short time previous, declaring her to be the heir to all the property of the late Carter Lee, Sr., deceased, in the State of Georgia.

"This is a very remarkable statement," said Amanda, "for I never heard of 'the late Carter Lee, Sr., deceased,' before."

"Do you mean that you are not known in New Haven as Miss Amanda Adams?" he exclaimed.

"I am so known in New Haven, and, until recently, I always believed that I was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adams of New Haven," she said. She was surprised at the calmness with which she spoke, while her heart was beating like the wings of a poor, imprisoned bird fluttering in its cage. He was surprised to learn that she knew nothing of the contest concerning the alleged will in her behalf, and seemed utterly indifferent to the good fortune that had thus befallen her, if his statements prove to be true.

To him, up to this moment, she was but one of the thousands of female clerks in Washington whose living was dependent upon their salaries, and whose appointment depended upon the will or caprice of government officials, with all the demoralization which that implies.

"But what are you going to do about it?" he asked, as he saw that she was preparing to leave the room.

"What am I going to do about what? As for the property which you say this 'Mr. Carter Lee, Sr., deceased,' left to me, who never heard of him before in all my life, I do not care one copper about it, and I do not propose to accept it."

"You surely don't mean what you say!" he exclaimed, with an incredulous look.

"I surely do mean it; and I mean to say, further, that I trust I will never hear from it or from you again. Good day, sir."

This was startling, and left him no nearer the goal of his hopes than he was before. Unless she would consent to marry him, or would deed the property to him for a reasonable consideration, it was lost to him forever.

Anticipating her, therefore, he stepped between her and the door and faced her with the remark :

"You must not leave this room without promising to marry me. Your name will be blasted forever if I proclaim who and what you are. Once united in marriage to me, no man will, or can assail it, and, in return for

giving to me an assured competency, I will do all I can to make you happy."

He leaped to the door and closed and locked it, throwing her against the wall in his impetuous haste. For a second Amanda was too much startled to think, then she felt against the wall for support, and in so doing touched Rodney Lee's walking cane. She seized this cane, as he approached her after bolting the door, and raised it with both hands, for instantly her strange power as experienced in the friendly tilt with Professor Von Donhoff came to her aid now. Without reflection it was done, and, fixing her eyes upon his, she awaited his coming with the cane held in both hands as she had held the billiard-cue; for she did not know that she could exercise the same power by mere force of will. That experience had been prompted by a mischievous desire to have a little fun at the expense of her old friend; this was designed to protect her in what seemed to be the most perilous hour of her life. Yet not by one word, or look, or act had Rodney Lee evinced any desire or intention of injuring her. To her, honor was dearer than life, and he had already learned that much.

In truth he had no well-defined purpose in thus imprisoning her in that large room with no one present except himself, other than to force her to remain until he had exhausted all argument to induce her to restore his lost fortune and assure her own social position by becoming his wife. She could see that he was trembling violently, but she attributed this to excitement, while it was in truth due to the departing influence of the opium which he had taken to steady him for this interview. She knew nothing of his habits or history, and awaited his movements with an intensity of anxiety that can be imagined better than it can be described.

"Don't strike me, but listen to me: I mean you no harm. Will you marry me and thus assure my fortune and happiness, and gain for yourself that position by which alone you can hope to have social recognition? It is life or death to me: it is ruin to you, if you refuse."

"No gentleman would act as you have done, sir; and no man with a spark of manly honor would thus seek to

intimidate a defenseless woman. I would not marry you if you were worth millions. Open that door, and release me this instant!"

This retort surprised and disconcerted him for a moment, and then, as if for lack of anything else to think of, he seized the cane and endeavored to take it from her.

This was her opportunity, and she soon saw that he was to be as pliable an instrument in her hands as the redoubtable Professor had been. With both hands he tried to wrest the cane from her, and steadily but surely she led him away from the table and around the room. In vain he sought to disengage his hands from the cane, as he felt a mysterious power overcoming his strength like unto that of opium itself. Then his anger arose; and he struggled as he would have done had he been in mortal combat with a strong man. And during it all she seemed as calm and strong as when the struggle commenced. Rapidly they passed around and around the room, his breath now coming fast until his physical strength seemed to be as that of a child. His nerves seemed shattered; his will forever gone; and at last, she, with one upward turn of her wrist, sent him reeling to the floor. His head struck the iron grate with such force as to leave him for a moment unconscious, and Amanda, taking advantage of the respite thus granted, quickly unlocked the door and departed. As she emerged from the room, she was vexed to see the same Senator whom she had noticed in the rotunda, and who greeted her with a smile that seemed insulting to her as she passed out.

While unfortunate for her, it was fortunate for Rodney Lee that this Senator saw her as she left the room, for curiosity led him there and he was amazed to find Lee sitting on the floor as if in a dazed condition, the blood trickling from the wound in his head.

"What's the matter, Lee? Did that beautiful girl, with a face like a seraph's and a form like a goddess, stab you? Truly, you can't trust the best of them—I mean Washington women, you know," said the Senator, as he aided the young man to rise.

Rodney Lee was born and reared a gentleman, and,

while opium had enchain'd him a slave in its ruthless grasp, the instincts of a gentleman remained.

"You do the lady injustice," he answered. "She is as innocent as your wife or daughter, sir; and, moreover, is a distant relative of mine. I had a fit, that is all, and she did all she could to relieve me until I begged her to leave."

The Senator's face, assuming as it did an incredulous look, would have been a good study for a painter, so quickly did its expression change to one of sympathy as Lee's eyes sought his; for Rodney Lee might yet get the estate and, if he did, would be one of his most influential constituents.

"Ah! well, I am glad to hear it—and I repeat, she has the face of a Madonna, and I can readily believe all that you say in her favor. But I did not know you were subject to fits—"

"I am not; this is the first I ever had, and I think it must be caused by weakness."

The Senator knew, as all of Rodney Lee's acquaintances knew, that he was a victim to the morphine habit, and when the drug had left his system that he was correctly described by Bishop Hunter as "an insignificant human." He knew, too, that the use of this infamous drug deprives one of all will power, and converts the most truthful person to a liar of Munchausen proportions. He had read DeQuincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater," and had sought to verify his statements by observing the characteristics of this young man whom he had known from his infancy. He was not a bad man, as Senators go, but morality was not his strong point; on the contrary it was said that he was very lax in his own conduct sometimes.

"Mr. Lee," said he, cheerily, "you must not have any more meetings with pretty women, whether relatives or not, in our committee room. You'll lose your place if you do, and you know I had the devil of a time in keeping it open for you. Rutherford will never forgive me, and he controls a good many votes, I hear."

"Senator, this won't happen any more. But—pardon me for asking it—I have carried my case to the Supreme Court, you know—"

"Yes, yes; I understand—how much do you need—make it as small an amount as you can—I am cramped myself to-day—"

"Thank you. Ten dollars will do. I'll give you my note—"

"Here is the money — don't want your note, my boy. But call around and pay it back when you are paid your salary to-morrow, or this is the last time I can favor you."

Rodney Lee eagerly accepted the money, and, placing his hat on his head, went quickly to the nearest drug store — his limbs and hands shaking meanwhile as if with palsy — and got his dose of opium.

"Poor fellow!" said the Senator, as he watched him go down the great steps that led from the Capitol. "Poor fellow! he is not bad at heart — as that lie he told to save the reputation of that girl shows. I must learn who she is. But Rodney Lee will be dead or insane in a year, I am afraid."

It was not surprising that Amanda pleaded indisposition and was unable to go to her work the next day, or the next. Indeed, her mental suffering, the keenness of her misery at the thought that all her efforts to lead a pure and earnest life of labor under the assumed name of "Miss Anda," would end thus in an exposure which would disgrace her and cause her to be unjustly suspected, was enough to appall and discourage her. Had Dr. DuBose appeared then and urged his suit he would have won her, for now the fear of disgrace — removal from her position because of a faint trace of negro blood in her veins — was stronger than her love for the demented man whom she might never see again.

But Dr. DuBose now had no desire to marry her. He loved her still, but love with him was controlled by his reason, and no consideration, except, perhaps, the saving of her life, would have tempted him to unite himself in marriage with one thus condemned by her unfortunate birth. In this matter he was as relentless as is the orthodox Hindoo in matters pertaining to caste.

The change in her manner and appearance was so notable when she returned to her place at her desk, that the

young girl who had accompanied her the day she was accosted by Rodney Lee, said to her, flippantly:

"So, you have had a lark at last, I see; so have I." Then she laughed giddily, as if inviting a mutual confidence.

Amanda's face turned crimson as she answered: "I do not understand you, Miss Russell. You surely do not know to whom you are speaking. I trust that you will not presume in that manner again."

The girl, who was richly dressed for one who earned so small a salary, turned away abashed and without answer. Amanda had won her respect, and had caused a jealous enmity to spring up in the mind of this fair girl, who could not appreciate the lofty sentiments of honor of a lady like Amanda.

Who can gauge a woman's nature? Who measure the boundless love and the latent depravity which dwells in the same breast? Too many of them are creatures of circumstances, and, once the false step taken, though without premeditation, all is lost forever. Human sympathy is not for them.

XXVIII.

What a wonderful pageant was that at Delhi, in sight of the ancient capital of the Mogul rulers of Hindoostan! And yonder slender but stalwart looking young gentleman seems unlike the English gentry among whom he stands. His face seems strangely familiar, and his graceful bearing is very like that of Carter Lee.

With exact and minute formality, England's Viceroy greeted each of the princes of India who were assembled to hear the news from the Viceroy himself, giving to each one the exact measure of recognition due to his rank—for caste rules in India, from the prosperous Parsee to the despised Pariah—and, at the conclusion of the splendid ceremonial, they, one and all, tendered their allegiance to the Empress of India.

The plain in which the gorgeous durbar was held was dotted with tents ornamented with Oriental display, and with each princeeling came a band of superbly mounted

retainers. Camels, elephants and horses, as well as their riders, bore evidences of the wealth and power of their masters, and pomp and power seemed never so resplendent.

"And yet it all means vassalage—the millions to the thousands, the natives to the foreigner; and these strangers, the subjects of the British Isles, thousands of miles distant!" exclaimed the young man, who was, indeed, Carter Lee, who had been so long mourned as dead.

It was amid such scenes that Carter Lee had lived for more than a year, and all of his friends believed him to be dead except Mary Windom. She, with that instinct which seems to be woman's prerogative, doubted the truth of the report that he had been drowned. Indeed she had repeatedly expressed to Amanda the hope that she would meet Lee again.

To no one else did she confide this hope, and she persisted in wearing mourning as if she were a widow, and devoted her life to works of charity. Nor did she permit herself to doubt Lee's constancy in his affection for her for one moment.

The public construed her retirement from social life to mean grief for the misfortune that had befallen her brother, and she was content to leave that impression upon their minds. No sister of charity lived a more unselfish life, and she was rewarded with the love and respect of all who knew her.

Could Carter Lee have had the fashioning of her character, he would not have changed it one iota, except to bring back her old gayety of manner, and restore to her cheeks the rich color that was wont to beautify her lovely complexion.

At Amanda's urgent request she had ceased to write to her, for Amanda desired nothing so much as complete obscurity, so that her former friends in fashionable life might never seek her, should occasion cause them to visit Washington.

Afar in her home in America, the saddened girl thought of him that very day as among the living, and the only day dreams that brightened her existence was the hope that she would meet him again. And never once did she

doubt the constancy of his affection for her. But to the eyes of a stranger, Lee's thoughts were concentrated upon the moving pageant before him, and if misery had ever been his portion, he seemed to have gotten bravely over it. But superficial eyes cannot judge such a character as Carter Lee's.

The circular letter of credit with which he had provided himself had given him ample means to travel anywhere in the civilized world, so long as his deposit in the London bank was not overdrawn. Furnished with this convenient means of travel, Lee had sailed from England for India; and he was ignorant that he had a namesake in Virginia who had sailed from San Francisco for Yokohama about the same time. He was also ignorant that that unfortunate individual had been drowned, with all on board, when the ill-fated vessel went down in the waters of the Pacific.

His friends were likewise ignorant of these facts, and of the existence of another Carter Lee. Thus it happened that he was mourned as dead by those friends whom he supposed had turned their backs upon him forever—those friends against whom he tried in vain to conjure some malicious feeling.

Since his arrival in the Orient, months had glided away like weeks, and, if he had not explored all India, he had at least made good use of his time. At first he had brooded over the past, and he had written to his banker at New York for information concerning his friends. From him he had learned that Windom had not died but was in an asylum for the insane. Where this asylum was, was not stated. Then the banker ceased to answer his letters, and from the newspapers he learned that this banker had suddenly failed.

This was true, and business anxiety had caused him to neglect to reply to Lee's letter. The latter, however, interpreted the silence of his financial friend to mean consideration for his feelings, and he felt convinced that his acquaintance was no longer desired by any of the friends of Charles Windom.

He believed that Mary Windom loved him as he loved her, but he knew that poor human nature can scarcely withstand the appeals that he imagined had been made

to her to forget him entirely. Thus study became his second love, and his travels were extended, and thus the young man recorded his thoughts:

"Not the ruins of the Parthenon, nor the walls of the Acropolis restored by Pericles—not the temples of Jupiter Sator at Rome, nor the walls of the Roman Coliseum, can vie with these ruins in Balhek. These enormous blocks, thirty feet long by eight feet in height, repose upon each other without cement, and bear evidences of Indian sculpture. Who built them? In the Temple of the Sun are doors and windows of enormous size and height, made of marble, and sculptured with beautiful embroidery. These arches are ornamented with exquisite tracery chiseled in the stone, and seeming too fragile to endure a year. They have withstood the tempests of thousands of years! Wonderful climate of the desert that has preserved so many and such perfect works of art in one locality in the middle of a desert, and on the ruins of a city whose history is lost amid the *débris* of time.

"Surely they attest the refinement of the most artistic civilization. The artists of ancient India were of the great Red Race, which still peoples Asia, and which has no semblance or affinity with the negro race. Are there such ruins in Africa? Were negroes ever artists? The ruins found in Mashonaland, East Africa, do not bear hieroglyphics, nor do they indicate any ancient civilization of the ancestors of the black race.

"The most peaceful people, perhaps, under the sun are those among whom I have lived and traveled for a year. Whether seen in that famous street called Chand nichow, in Delhi, or the Moti Bah in Poona; or the streets of Jeypoor, Agra or Poena, or other cities, the people seem placid and contented; yes, as peaceful in their intercourse, as free from modern dress and customs as they were three thousand years ago, when these ruins formed the city of Balbek! But even my varied experience has scarcely prepared me for this oppressive silence, or for the delicious air of the desert at night. In the cities the stately palms sing a requiem in the wind as do our Georgia pines—the only native thing that reminds me of home, or of any modern country or people.

"Here the centuries stand guard, and one life seems but

a span—a hand's breadth in the world. It is not strange that these Hindoos love light, and flowers, and jewels, if once they have passed a day in their cities, 'neath the clear skies, and surrounded by color in flowers, birds and raiment. How far removed they are from the negro! And yet, it seems to me, that these are the people whose ancestors were the Mound Builders in America. A thousand relics found in those American mounds attest it.

"It is certain that two races as distinct and separate as the natives of Hindooostan and the American Indians, inhabited the continent of America long before its discovery by Columbus, and that the Indian (so called) is the more modern of the two. I recall now this expression of Professor Von Donhoff when we were at the Isles of Shoals, and I now think he was correct.

"In the Mexican and Peruvian Polytheism are to be seen the characteristic features of that religious faith which lay at the very root of the ancient mythology of Egypt and Hindooostan—the idea of a universal soul from which all life emanates.

"The Pharaohs, like the Peruvian Incas, were called 'Children of the Sun.' The Hindoos offer sacrifices of flowers to Vishnu, and of blood to Siva, as the Aztecs did to Quetezalcoatl and Tezcatlipoca, and as the Egyptians did to Osiris and to Typhon.

"As surely as these ruins prove the civilization of the unknown dwellers in this city of the desert, thousands of years ago, so do the ruins at Cuzco in Yucatan, and in Peru and Mexico attest to a similar religion and a like civilization. I know, now, that Professor Von Donhoff was right in thinking the cross on the pinnacle of the temple of the sun at Cuzeo does not indicate a knowledge of the trinity, but does indicate its Hindoo origin. Superstition worships the figure 'three' in the doctrines of the mystics.

"In the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, Saturn divided the earth between his three sons. The Greeks speculated upon such ancient myths which resulted in the 'divine Triadē' of Plato. Noah divided the earth among his three sons; and the triune head, found on the two pyramids at Palenque, Mexico, which suggested the

thought that the Aztecs had knowledge of the trinity, symbolizes the same thing which is represented on the tomb at Babel el Malek, near Thebes, viz., the three great races of the human family—red, white and black.

"So much for the links that connect the Aztec in America with the Hindoos. But there is no chain or tradition to show that the negro has any great past like the Aztec: he is truly of the Dark Continent. He has my profoundest sympathy and — so — has — Miss Amanda!

"But the people who executed these vast monuments thousands of years ago need no pity: *their works stand, like sentinels of history, above the sands of time.* In no land can be found the like of the rock temples of India; and nowhere else can Saracenic architecture be found that will equal in symmetry and splendor of ornamentation the mosques, palaces, and tombs of the Mohammedan emperors. And now, as I stand here, on the eve of my return to America, I recall the sensations which greeted me as I viewed the most famous mausoleum on earth — the Taj Mahal. Why was the whole empire made to pay tribute in order to make it a monument of unexampled splendor? It required twenty thousand men seventeen years to build it, and truly, 'they built like Titans, and finished like jewelers.' For the dome and sides of the tomb are inlaid with agate, sapphire, jasper and other precious stones, all wrought into flowers, wreaths and vines of exquisite loveliness.

"But it was not this lavish display of wealth and artistic excellence which touched me most—which caused me to remember anew all that I had lost. It was the inscription above the sarcophagi underneath the magnificent dome:

“‘TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNDYING LOVE.’”

Thus ended the last page of Carter Lee's diary.

What had become of her, the one woman in all the world to whom he had plighted *his* undying love? Had she been married to DuBose? Jealousy answered "yes" to the question. What right had he to object to it, or complain of it, if she had? Such thoughts tortured the young man and drove away all artistic or philosophic reflections. In a moment he forgot the impressions made

upon him by his visit to Mexico and Central America the year before he had met Mary Windom.

And as quickly fled his enthusiasm concerning the transcendent genius of the ancient Asiatic artists, whose skill had commanded his admiration, and stimulated his desire for the acquisition of knowledge daily during the year of his travels in the East; and his diary ceased with that visit to the Taj Mahal.

In his love, at least, Lee was himself again; and all study or ambition were of secondary importance to this young traveler, whose one absorbing thought was his "undying love."

XXIX.

Amanda became more circumspect even than before, and, as she heard no more from Rodney Lee, she was beginning to hope that a merciful God had listened to her prayers, when she was annoyed one day by the persistent attentions of a young gentleman who boarded at the same place that she did. He had been introduced to her as an *attaché* of the British Embassy. It is very difficult for a pretty young woman to avoid such attentions in Washington City, but she had escaped them thus far, and the manner of his rebuff on this occasion, she thought, would save her from further annoyance. Several months passed, and she had almost forgotten the incident, when he appeared one day at the door of the office where she worked and pointed her out to his companion, a handsome man, who seemed to be an Englishman of the better class. She avoided his glance, and tried to persuade herself that he was staring at some one else.

The stranger was Charles Windom. Nearly a year had passed before Charles Windom was fully restored to his mental and physical health. Meanwhile he was conscious of his mental disease which, he had been informed, was due to the wound received in the duel. Singular to say, his engagement to Amanda seemed utterly forgotten. Finally his condition justified the operation of trepanning his skull, which operation having been successfully performed, the whole sad history was suddenly

revealed to him, first as a "nightmare," then as the saddest of realities. Then his natural manliness reasserted itself, and he informed Dr. DuBose of his intention of marrying Amanda and bringing his wife to Europe, and there making his home, where neither prejudice nor gossip could assail them.

"Whatever the result may be, DuBose, she is innocent, and I shall care for and protect my wife in the manner most conducive to her happiness." Thus he spoke to his friend, and DuBose entered cordially into the scheme.

Impelled by this cheering hope, he sought the physician under whose care Windom had been so long a patient.

"I think," said the physician, "that Mr. Windom is entirely cured; indeed, could trepanning have been accomplished earlier, he might have left us a sound man in every respect six months ago. His malady was undoubtedly caused by the wound received in the duel."

Finally, all objections being withdrawn by his physician, Windom prepared to return to America and seek his affianced wife. He had no desire to live again in New Haven, for he knew that the New Haven public attributed their separation to his mental aberration. He longed to become reconciled to her, but he knew that accident or the tongue of gossip might at any time reveal the social barrier which could never be removed in the United States.

"All men are, and of right ought to be, free and equal," he soliloquized, quoting from the Declaration of Independence, from Great Britain. Then with a smile of disdain: "What a farce—a sham—is this thing they call 'freedom' and 'equality!'" Why, Thomas Jefferson, the author of that so-called 'ark of our covenant,' was a slaveholder, as was George Washington the 'Father of the Republic.' And she, my precious, innocent darling, the purest, sweetest of women, thus cursed because a remote ancestor, perhaps, belonged to that ill-fated race whom all the world is even now seeking to despoil of its rightful territories in Africa. Ah, me! But I must cease this train of thought or the old penalty will return. Oh! God—God Almighty—protect me from *that*, and point the way for her redemption through me!"

It was well for his mental equilibrium that the duty of packing up his clothing and other preparations diverted his mind from these somber forebodings, or he would not have been able to leave the sanitarium the next day. He knew that she was a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington, and, in spite of the advice of Dr. DuBose against so rash an undertaking, he determined to abandon his tour on the Continent, and to see her at her desk, hoping that she would not know who he was. To effect this he disguised himself for the first time in his life, and, traveling incognito, sailed for New York.

His long residence in England, while a student at Oxford University, had made the English pronunciation, particularly the "broad A," as natural to him as the flat New Haven "A." It was easy, therefore, to assume the manner and bearing of an Englishman, and, in order the better to accomplish his purpose, he had secured from a mutual friend in London a letter introducing him to an *attaché* of the British Legation at Washington. Perhaps "the end excused the means;" but at any rate, he represented himself as an American, born of English parentage, by name Wilson; for, under this name he had been registered in the sanitarium.

By the young diplomat, he was shown the sights of the National Capital, and, under other circumstances, it would have been refreshing to any patriotic American to have heard the disparaging remarks of this young British diplomat concerning all things in "The States."

But Windom's whole mind and heart were concentrated upon the approaching boon of a glimpse once more of the one being whom he loved more than all else in the world. He agreed, therefore, with his new-found friend in his hypercritical criticism of the Corcoran Art Gallery which in other moods he would have properly appreciated, and of the daubs in the Capitol that purport to be works of art. Again and again, he informed his *cicerone* that he had no taste for art (it had been a passion with him in former days) and desired to see the practical workings of the financial methods of the government of "The States." "For Amanda," he thought, "is a clerk in the Treasury Department."

And there, seated at her desk, he saw her. She seemed

oblivious to all save her work, and he seemed rooted to the spot, while she was absorbed in the task before her. It was not rare for strangers to stare at her, for, in spite of her mourning garb and the lines which sorrow had traced on her face, she was a rarely graceful and lovely woman.

"Don't stare at her so; it's no use; I've done it time and again," said the young diplomat. "She is impervious to flattery, and freezes by her manner any attempt to form her acquaintance."

"Do you know her?" asked Windom, clutching his arm nervously.

"Certainly; that is to say, I have been presented to her, but while I know her, she does not seem to know me."

"Take the chances and present me to her."

"That's a good joke; I'll do it, but I warn you that we will retire utterly routed. I would as soon present you to Queen Victoria without her permission."

"Ah, Miss, pardon; may I present my friend, Mr. Wilson, of Chester, England?"

Amanda looked up with indignant impatience, which justified the criticism which he had made a few moments before; then, in spite of the mutton-chop whiskers and the wig which he wore, she recognized Windom, and, with hands uplifted in agony and one appealing glance, she sank to the floor in a swoon. The young diplomat was amazed at the developments which followed. Windom knelt down by the side of the unconscious woman, and, raising her, kissed her passionately, with the most endearing expressions. Then, realizing that she should be left in a recumbent position and needed air, he placed her tenderly on the floor, and asked the young gentlemen, who were crowding around them now, to open the windows and give her plenty of air. Meanwhile his wig had fallen off, and he had cast aside the false "mutton-chops" which made his handsome features homely, and said to his companion: "I will explain everything to you later; please leave us; she is a very dear relative, whom I have not seen for a long time." With this explanation the young gentlemen present withdrew, but gossip did not spare either of them.

"After all her prudishness, this 'Miss A. M. Anda' has a lover," said one of the female clerks.

"She will not be so reserved hereafter," said another.

"She has always been different from the rest of us; I wonder who she is, anyway," chimed in a third.

"There they go, now! and he is supporting her as if she was a sister."

"Or a wife," said another.

In truth, Amanda's returning consciousness brought with it the wholesome decision to avoid a scene if possible, and to walk out thus with Windom seemed the most natural and most sensible course to take. And both of them were astonished at the ease with which they adapted themselves to the situation and the comfort they found in being thus thrown together again. Correspondence could never have effected it, for, had Amanda known that Windom was in Washington, she would have fled from the city as from a pestilence. True, she had never ceased to love him more than life itself, for she thought that nothing but mental aberration had caused him to desert her at the most critical hour of her life. But the cause of that mental aberration! She stopped at the street corner as this thought greeted her like a thunder-clap.

"I can go no farther with you, Mr. Windom," she said.

"Say not so! Please do not say that, Amanda, my precious darling! Since I have found you at last, no power on earth must separate us again."

She saw that he would be true to her now, despite the separation it might entail from all his relatives — yea, despite the prejudice of all of the Anglo-Saxon race in America, rather than relinquish her whom he loved so fondly. She did not heed the passing crowd which, in its heedless rush on "business" bent, nearly brushed them both from the pavement; but, putting her hand in his, with a look of unutterable love, she said: "Oh! my beloved! I feel that heaven itself can hardly be compared to this unexpected bliss."

He hailed a passing cab, and, placing her in it, took a seat beside her. His eyes answered her look of fondest affection, and once again he held her form to his and kissed her repeatedly.

"Peace, blessed peace, at last—at last!" She murmured.

But "peace, blessed peace" was not yet to be her portion. Gossip, with its Medusa fangs, had circulated many unfounded rumors concerning her meeting with the handsome Englishman. The landlady, with woman's charity for her sex, took good care to see that these rumors reached Amanda. She became ill, for she did not know how to repel such slanderous insinuations, which increased from day to day.

She could not be moved, and her illness resulted in brain fever. Long and patiently did Mrs. Adams nurse the invalid, and never a day passed without inquiries from "Mr. Wilson." Weeks passed, during which delirium clouded her brain most of the time, and she hovered, more like a spirit than a human being, between life and death.

Grievous as was the ordeal to her, it was the brain-tonic needed by him, and his mind became clear as hers became obscured.

But physical strength, even of the strongest, must give way at last, and the crafty woman whose jealousy of Amanda's beauty and culture had caused her illness, assuming the deepest contrition for her sad mistake, took Mrs. Adams' place as nurse when she became too much exhausted to remain longer in the room. It was then that she noted carefully Amanda's ravings, and, putting them together, word by word and thread by thread, what had been incoherent became a clear revelation of the sad history of this beautiful daughter of an octoroon mother. And, gradually, the truth was rumored in the "Departments," and many quizzical smiles and shrugs accompanied the report as one fair clerk said to another: "I told you so!"

Widom blessed the only good fortune that remained to them, viz., that both were known only by assumed names.

In vain did the "colored Congressman" from a Southern State do all in his power to have Amanda reinstated in her former position. He did not know her personally, but all the sympathy which one unfortunate can feel for

another was illustrated in his efforts in behalf of the persecuted "Miss A. M. Anda."

Could the newspapers have learned her real name, or Windom's, they would have as eagerly printed the "facts" as given by this woman, and thus have blighted two lives forever under the plea of "enterprise."

But Windom adopted the more sensible expedient of requesting Amanda, who was still ill and knew nothing of this newspaper publicity, to write her resignation, and he bore it in person to the chief. That functionary, seeing the bearing of the determined man before him, did not hesitate to accept it, and bowed his acquiescence to the terms; for Windom quietly informed him that he would hold him personally responsible if another word was uttered or published concerning this unfortunate affair.

XXX.

In the United States of America, the so-called "Race Problem," concerns only the Red, White and Black races, the first being by far the least important; in India fifty races of the human family characterized by the greatest diversity of manner, appearance, language and religion confronted Lee, and he wondered at the contrasts which these various races exhibited. He recalled Bishop Hunter's question: "Have any two races ever lived together peaceably under similar conditions?" as he reflected upon this fact. In America the Red race has been so robbed and oppressed by the merciless rule of the white man, that it is but a question of years when, like the buffalo of the Plains, the Red men will become, as a race, extinct.

In India, on the contrary, he had noticed that the Red race predominates; and he reflected that the Caucasian race is a minority race among the children of men. He heard of no "colored men" in India, and he had seen no black people of the Congo negro type.

True, there are Jews in Malabar who are perfectly black. These black Jews were the equal of all other Jews, but

were of an inferior caste, not because of their color, but because of their religion.

They did not resemble any negroes that he had ever seen. They suffered because they were Jews, as do the Russian Jews.

"In America it is a matter of color; in India of caste," thought Lee.

But the life of a student and traveler was nearing its end for Carter Lee, and his philosophic reflections and archæological investigations were brought to a sudden close when he reached Algiers. There, for the first time in many months, he read the New York newspapers, and in them he found an item which startled and shocked him. He read the announcement in the telegraphic columns, under the caption: "Woman's Cruel Prejudice." As he read the story contained in the special, he recognized Miss A. M. Anda as Amanda Adams. To his mind she had evidently taken this name as the only one to which, in her morbid sensitiveness, she felt entitled, and his conscience smote him anew as he reflected upon the horrible truth which had been communicated to him by Bishop Hunter. He read it twice.

WOMAN'S CRUEL PREJUDICE.

WASHINGTON, —, 1889.

Investigation of the revolt of the plate printers against the appointment of Frances Rivers as assistant has brought to light another case of a similar nature in the Treasury Department. "Miss A. M. Anda" is not merely pretty—she is looked upon as beautiful.

But there flows in the poor woman's blood, a fatal trace, a mere shadow, of African blood, which has blighted her hopes, removed her from places of luxury and refinement, and will probably consign her to menial employment.

Her mother was a handsome woman, and the favorite servant of a wealthy gentleman of Georgia. The war deprived her master of the bulk of his fortune, but after gaining her freedom, the faithful former slave and favorite refused to leave his family.

She lived only a few years to enjoy her freedom. Her infant was taken care of, and during childhood was reared as carefully and enjoyed the same advantages of education as did the children of her master's household. She was never required to do menial labor, and was allowed to occupy the position of playmate, companion and equal of the other children in all their pastimes and studies. Her beauty attracted the attention of

the only son of the proud Southerner, who became so enamored of his fair playmate that the concealment of his passion was no longer possible. The father remonstrated with his son in vigorous terms, and told him the girl's history for the first time in his life. The young man disappeared and was seen a few weeks later in Seattle, having joined the army stationed there. She came to this city, passed a civil service examination, and was assigned to duty in the numbering division of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

The rest of Miss A. M. Anda's history is soon told. When it became known that she had African blood in her veins, the women of the division made such vigorous protests that she was removed to the less desirable position of plate-printer's assistant; but here she met with even more concerted and effective opposition, and is again to be removed to the position of messenger, where those sufficiently interested in her history may probably find her seated on a wooden bench waiting her superior's bidding, patient and uncomplaining, but broken hearted and hopeless.

As he finished reading this brief sketch of Amanda's life since that great misfortune, the knowledge of her unfortunate birth, had shadowed it, he could not refrain from giving utterance to his thoughts:

"But for me," he exclaimed, "but for her unfortunate acquaintance with me, she might never have discovered the secret of her birth. Whatever her misfortunes may be, no blame can be attached to her—the purest and gentlest of women." The paper dropped from his hand and he sat silent communing with his thoughts. "I pity her from the bottom of my heart," he said, finally; "but the same cruelty which causes the gentlest of women to avoid those of her sex who have fallen, will debar her from being received in the social circles which she once so graced."

"Here, in India, I have learned the fate of the Pariah, who, like the Helot of old, is an outcast. The modern Pariah is the unfortunate and innocent child, born of octoroon parents, in free America. In India these 'out-castes' know their fate from their birth; in the United States of America, they are taught from infancy to think that 'all men are created free and equal,' and the effort to abolish *caste* distinction by false political theories fomented by demagogues, has caused this modern Pariah to seek vainly to overcome Nature's law. For it is as easy for the leopard to change its spots as it is for the

child of an octoroon to outlive and render null the social prejudice against any white person who is cursed with negro blood. Sad and cruel as is this fate, civilization demands that unrelenting ostracism shall follow miscegenation."

From that day he counted the days and hours that must elapse before he could arrive in Washington to offer her all the reparation that it was in his power to make.

Perchance the vessel that contained Amanda, now Mrs. Charles Windom, *en route* for Liverpool, passed the ship which bore Carter Lee to New York.

For, early after her recovery from the dangerous illness which had resulted from her meeting with Windom, she realized that there was no middle course for her to pursue: she must either accede to his ardent request, and that of Colonel and Mrs. Adams, or resume her life as a clerk in Washington. Still she loved him too well to link her destiny with his, blighted as it was by her unfortunate birth. But a letter from Bishop Hunter to Colonel Adams changed her decision, and filled her heart with gladness. The facts contained in this letter were more precious to her than the inheritance of the greatest fortune on earth would have been. The letter was as follows:

BETHEL CHURCH, —, 1890.

Dear Sir: I have just preached the funeral sermon over the remains of my good old friend, Elbert Hoard. Before his death he related to me a most remarkable statement concerning the young woman whom you and I knew as Amanda and who was the mother of your adopted daughter. Truly, God hath mysterious ways "His wonders to perform;" and this *ante-mortem* statement of Elbert Hoard is the most remarkable story I ever heard, and I believe every word of it. You will remember that I told you that I had known Elbert forty years, but I do not think that I informed you that I had not seen him but once since the close of the war which emancipated all the slaves in the South. We corresponded occasionally, and kept posted as to each other's mode of life and family history, but both of our lives were so occupied with work in our chosen fields that we did not have time to seek each other. On the few occasions when our Conference met in the town of V—, or when my other duties called me briefly to that locality, Elbert, who was not a member of our church, but a primitive Baptist of the "Hard-Shell" variety, was absent. The one occasion which caused us to meet was shortly after the death of Amanda, and he was greatly shocked to hear of it. Indeed, he had come to

his old home, which was near my old master's plantation, chiefly to have an interview with her, for, he said, he had never felt entirely satisfied in his mind that the octoroon woman who was in charge of the infant (Amanda) when his master bought her from the negro trader in New Orleans, was really Amanda's mother, as the said negro trader had represented her to be. He told me then the following story, which I will give in his language, except that I will try to tell it grammatically.

"When master took me to Alabama with him as his 'body-servant' in 1845," he said, "he decided to visit New Orleans and stay there until the *Mardi Gras* festivities were over. Those were wild days; and the young gentlemen of the country lived fast and drank champagne like water. Some of them gambled recklessly, and sometimes Mr. Hoard himself took a hand at a game of poker. The steamboats on the Mississippi River were the finest in the country, and gambling went on night and day all through our trip to New Orleans. Two days before we reached New Orleans, a man got on board who was accompanied by a nearly white woman who carried a white child in her arms. The man wore crape on his hat, and we learned that his wife had died of the cholera, and had been buried on his plantation the day before. I thought I had seen this gentleman before, but his face bore such evidence of dissipation and he kept his hat down over his eyes so, as he passed up the deck, that I could not be sure that I recognized him. But I had my suspicions, and I tried to find out from the woman, who seemed to be the nurse, though she afterwards claimed to be the mother, of the child. Before I could get a chance to talk to her, I saw the negro trader—whose 'gang' of slaves was on board, having been brought from Virginia for the purpose of being sold in the New Orleans market—in a long and confidential conversation with her. This woman, though a very likely young woman, had a deceitful, treacherous look in her eyes that caused me to distrust her from the first.

"That day the gentleman began to drink hard, and soon took a hand in the poker game that was being played, and the luckiest of the players was the negro trader. Finally, latethat night, he had lost all his money, and had borrowed a thousand dollars from the negro trader, who seemed to be an acquaintance of his.

"Four times I saw my master try to persuade the stranger to stop playing, and finally I heard him protest against his signing the note which the negro trader presented him. He became angry, and when master said to the negro trader, 'A note signed by a drunken man cannot be legally collected, and I shall do my best to prevent you from robbing Mr. Lee,' the stranger jumped up and said, 'Attend to your own business, sir! My name is Rodney; it will be well for you to remember that I am not your friend, Mr. Lee.' In those days, to continue a discussion of that nature meant a duel, or a pistol fight, then and there. My master will ever command my love and respect for what he did then. Turning to Mr. Rodney Lee—for it was

the disinherited son of Mr. Carter Lee, Senior's, father—he placed his hand on his shoulder and said: ‘Pardon me, Mr. Rodney, I thought I knew you. But I wish to be your friend, and, if you need one, you can command my services to-morrow. This is not the time and place for a quarrel.’ I had seen the negro trader receive the note, which Mr. Rodney Lee had signed without reading it, draw his pistol and hold it under the table, and I rushed to master’s state-room to get his pistol and hand it to him. When I returned, Mr. Rodney Lee, who had seemed to become sober instantly when master thus proposed to act as his second if a duel should become necessary, was denouncing the negro trader as a thief and scoundrel, and demanding the return of his note. As I handed master his pistol, he refused to receive it, saying that he was acting as Mr. Rodney’s friend, not as the enemy of his antagonist. This seemed to pacify the two men, and my master requested the negro trader to step aside with him. I followed them, and heard him appeal to him not to let the matter go further; that Mr. Rodney was evidently not responsible for his words or actions.

“‘I had the drop on him and could have killed him,’ replied the man.

“‘I know you did—I knew it all the time—and you would have probably been acquitted in case of a trial for murder. But wait until he is sober, then demand your rights.’

“‘You are a stranger to me, sir, and you seem to be a fair man. You don’t know Mr. Rodney; I do; and he will not challenge me, or accept a challenge from me, because he claims that I am not a gentleman by reason of my calling. He has won money from me before this, and I have had trouble with him before. If he attacks me to-morrow I will defend myself, and I will show him no mercy. He may have been a gentleman once, but he is now going to the dogs as fast as a man can. I shall not return his note until it is paid. Good night, sir.’

“By the time we reached Mr. Rodney Lee, he was suffering great pain and seemed in such physical torture that all recollection of his difficulty was, for the moment, obliterated. In two hours it was learned that he had contracted the disease from which his wife died, for he had nursed her faithfully during her illness. The captain of the steamer declared that he would not risk the lives of his passengers and crew by having a cholera patient on board, and Mr. Rodney Lee was put off in the darkness at the next landing. My master determined to go with him, and I decided to accompany him, though each of us knew that such a course would almost certainly mean that we would also have the dreaded disease. In a few hours he died, and, so great was his suffering and so rapidly did death claim him, that all that we could learn was that the child which we had left on the boat was his, and that he had a little son in New Orleans. Now, you will remember what a stern, but kind, old master Mr. Rodney Lee’s father was, for I have often heard you say so when we were boys together. You will remember that you and I witnessed the last meeting between the father and

son, though we were concealed from their view. He upbraided him with having squandered a fortune and dishonored his name by bringing with him from France, where he had been a medical student five years, a young French girl who was not his social equal. You will remember the defiant manner of the young man when he said: 'Yes, I did ! and I shall continue to live as I have lived. I shall not again subject myself to such reproof, and I will go forth to the world, bearing an assumed name, rather than change my profession to the practice of medicine as you desire ; or abandon the woman who has sacrificed all that she loved most in order to follow me.' You know that he did go away and all the efforts made by his father and brother, your old master, to find him were fruitless. After his death, my master went to New Orleans and found the woman and child in possession of the negro trader who claimed them as his property. The woman declared that she was the mother of the child, and that her mother was a quadroon slave in Virginia. Yet she consented to part from it; and, rather than have a law-suit, which would thus bring the names of the Lee's and the alleged facts into publicity, he bought the infant and we carried it to your old master, and left it in the care of Mrs. Carter Lee.

"You will remember that you often said to me that you could not understand why such a marked preference and favor was always accorded to Amanda, who was reared as the companion and playmate of Mr. Lee's children, rather than as a servant. We both attributed it to sympathy for the helpless orphan. Recently I was summoned by telegraph to go to New Orleans to see that negro trader, who had lived to a very old age. It was his 'dying request,' he wrote in a letter that I had received the week before, that I should hear a confession which he had to make, and that he would die miserable unless he could confide the secret to some one by whom the facts to be stated could be proved. He added that, as my master was dead, he could prove this by me alone. I left immediately and reached his bedside shortly before he died. He then informed me that the slave and octoroon woman, whom he had held as his property to redeem Mr. Rodney Lee's note, was not the mother of the infant, whom he had sold to my master, but that her mother was a French woman with not one drop of negro blood in her veins ! He had known her personally, and knew that she was the wife of Mr. Rodney. She had been a maid in a household where Mr. Rodney Lee boarded when a student in Paris. Mr. Rodney, he said, practiced what is known as animal magnetism, which is different from the practice of medicine as practiced in this country, and this young woman traveled with him as his patient. It was not generally known that she was his wife. Mr. Rodney prospered in his profession, and had bought a plantation to 'settle down' in life shortly before the illness which had resulted fatally to his wife and himself. After giving me this history and begging me to do all in my power to find that child-and assure her that she was not of negro origin, he died, and I

returned home. Now, I feel that I have not long to live, and have not the strength to begin a search which seems to me hopeless. You and I feel that, in the sight of God, a black skin is as good as a white one; and we know that the principal woes of our race in this country arise from a mingling of the two races. And we cannot disguise from our own minds and hearts the knowledge that such illicit connections result in social ostracism to the children, so far as the white race is concerned. Use, therefore, your energies and influence, and intelligence, to discover whether that unfortunate child is still living. I never could believe that she was the child of the woman who claimed to be her mother and yet parted from her without a tear. If she is living, impart to her the knowledge that she has not one drop of negro blood in her veins, but is as white, and her birth as legitimate, as that of any of her kindred."

He fell back in bed exhausted as he finished this story, and when he was sufficiently restored to admit of hearing my reply, I related to him the history of your adopted daughter, and informed him that I would immediately acquaint you with these facts, and that through you the happy news would be transmitted without delay to Miss Amanda.

How much misery would have been saved you all, and especially the dear young lady herself, had this crime not been committed! How callous and brutal must have been the traffic in human beings if such a crime could be committed! And the goodness of God is shown when He caused your noble wife and yourself to adopt this homeless and nameless waif as your own child. And yet her history is a living proof that the two races should be kept pure, as, in the divine will of Providence, it was intended that they should be. May God's blessings still be with you and yours, including the dear young lady, is the heartfelt prayer of,

Your humble servant,
BISHOP HUNTER.

To take this letter to Mrs. Adams, read it to her, and clasp her in his arms as she exclaimed: "Thank God! we will have our child again!" was the work of but a few minutes; and they lost no time in apprizing Amanda and Windom of its contents. Thus, all reasonable objections having been removed, a quiet marriage was speedily arranged, and they sailed for Europe the following week.

XXXI.

Carter Lee arrived in New York in due time, and immediately wrote to Colonel Adams at New Haven asking permission to call to see him at his residence. For this high spirited and proud man felt humble whenever he thought of the part which he had taken in the troubles which had darkened that once happy home. He felt, too, that he had been an iconoclast, inasmuch as he had destroyed the one idol of his life, his love for Mary Windom, when he yielded to the counsels of a false ideal of "honor" and thereby caused misery to the two families whom he admired and esteemed most.

It was with a feeling of relief that Colonel Adams, now a gray-haired, saddened man, replied by writing a most cordial invitation to Carter Lee to visit him at his home.

"One touch of kindness makes all the world kin," said Lee, as he read this letter, and, for the first time in two years, he felt that the world was full of human kindness to unselfish people.

He seemed ten years older, and at once Mrs. Adamssaw in the lineaments of Lee the history of a noble suffering like unto her own. That evening Colonel Adams drew forth the "Last Will and Testament of Carter Lee, of the County of Hanover, State of Georgia," and handed it to his only surviving son. "I am so glad to know this," said Lee. "It is right and proper, and I honor my father's memory more than ever. To-morrow I will be more than glad to confirm this bequest, so as to avoid any appearance of litigation."

"I thought as much," said Colonel Adams to his wife. "I knew he would do it!" she exclaimed.

Carter Lee looked inquiringly at them both, and Colonel Adams went to his desk and took therefrom a newspaper, and showed Lee the following editorial notice:

THE LEE WILL CASE.

The world does move. After a prolonged contest before the Georgia courts, before jury and bench of appeal, the illegitimate grandchild of Carter Lee, the rich white planter, inherits his estate in this county valued at \$100,000. The

supreme court on yesterday settled the matter finally, and Miss Amanda Adams will enjoy the fine estate. The decision of the supreme court is printed elsewhere in brief and speaks for itself. Thus it shows that the will of the late Carter Lee, as probated, is not against the public policy of the State, as shown by the legislative enactments and by the constitution.

"Who had the authority to contest this will?" asked Carter Lee.

"One of your relatives, who claimed that you had died while traveling in India; but it is all right now."

"Yes," said Lee; "but it grieves and humiliates me to think I have any kindred who would act so contemptibly; and I insist on placing my decision to abide by my father's will on record. Even if he had not so willed his property, it will be but small compensation for the unhappiness which, I fear, I have caused her for life."

"Not so, my friend; Amanda writes from Italy that she was never so happy in her life as she is now. Her husband is devoted to her, and her every want is gratified."

"This is the happiest news which I have heard for years," said Lee.

"I do not doubt it," replied Colonel Adams. "Now will you have the kindness to read this document."

Lee read with conflicting emotions the "QuitClaim Deed," in favor of Carter Lee, Esq., "of all the property described in the aforesaid instrument, situate and lying in the county of Hanover and State of Georgia." This was duly attested and signed by Amanda.

"But I cannot accept it!" said Lee.

"You will make Amanda very unhappy if you do not. She has an ample fortune now, and will inherit all that we have. If you value her happiness you will not give her any trouble about this," said Colonel Adams, with a smile which denoted the truth: "It is better to give than to receive." Lee bowed his head in silence, as Colonel Adams added: "Mr. Lee, you have not asked concerning the mother of Charles Windom—"

"Nor of his sister," added Mrs. Adams, her face indicating her interest in all that concerned him.

"Thank you; thank you! It is what I wished to know above all things. What of them?"

"Mary was ill for a long time, and finally her physician prescribed a change of scene. Dr. DuBose——"

"You don't mean it!" said Lee, interrupting her; "she has not married DuBose?"

"You dear, foolish lover!" said Mrs. Adams. "Of course not; and she will never marry unless one Carter Lee offers himself as a sacrifice."

"My dear, good, kind friend! you surely don't mean that I——"

"Yes, I do; but you will have to expatriate yourself again to win her. She and her mother are with Amanda in Florence."

"Have you any message for her?" said Lee, rising and clasping the hands of both Colonel and Mrs. Adams.

"Why, what are you going to do?" she asked.

"I am going to Italy as soon as possible, and I intend to stay there until Miss Mary will permit me to bring her home again," said Carter Lee, his face radiant with a happiness that he had not known since the day he left Georgia, a conscience-stricken fugitive.

But before leaving these good friends, Carter Lee asked Colonel Adams, privately, if the New Haven public knew of Amanda's misfortune, and what the result was.

The very question started Colonel Adams to walking up and down the room, while his countenance showed the intensity of his indignation. For a time he was silent, as if seeking to conquer his feelings, then he stopped in front of Lee and said: "Pardon me, Mr. Lee; I would not allow myself to speak of this subject to any one else. The world is cruel, merciless, iconoclastic. Have you ever seen the sensitive plant shrink away at the touch? So did Amanda, the purest, gentlest innocent that ever was crushed, without offering any resistance. It was gradual, not immediate; for 'society,' that nameless entity which governs social life with relentless rule, has the velvet touch of a cat when purring to prosperity, and the same feline habit of lengthening the torture of its helpless victim. Here an invitation to some social gathering, where, a month before, she would have queenied it as the belle, is pointedly omitted. There, the very friends who were most demonstrative in their affectionate preference for the society of the petted darling who never wronged

a human being by thought or deed in her life, avert their heads as they meet her! And during it all not one word of censure escaped Amanda. She seemed to feel intuitively that the cross of the martyr was to be her portion, and she accepted it with Christ-like resignation. But her health failed rapidly, and it was clearly evident that her life would be the forfeit unless occupation could be secured for her. I succeeded in having her appointed a clerk in one of the departments in Washington City—and—you know the rest.”

Carter Lee bowed in assent.

“I tell you, sir,” continued Colonel Adams, “it has changed my views of life entirely. You remember Pope’s verses:

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

“The converse of that is Amanda’s experience. So innocent, so virtuous, so guileless was she that she could not conceive how people could be wicked. And the moment when her innocent misfortune was revealed to her she felt inexpressibly humiliated. She, who had been the pet of society, shunned all publicity as if it were a leprous taint. It is the old story of ‘man’s inhumanity to man,’ woman’s heartlessness to woman.” The cordial hand-clasp, the sympathetic glance from Carter Lee’s eyes, told his sympathy with this grief of a parent which passeth understanding.

Then Colonel Adams drew forth the letter of Bishop Hunter, and handed it to Lee who read it with amazement and gratification. “What a grand old trump he is!” Lee exclaimed.

“Yes, indeed, he has made us a reunited family again, and Amanda is as happy as so refined a nature as hers can be after such an experience; for all that love and wealth can do to make her happy and contented are now freely lavished upon her.”

With this knowledge, Lee returned to New York with a lighter heart than he had thought he could ever have again. Rapidly he arranged his business affairs so that he might go in search of Mary Windom, and round his

life with that union which had been his hope for so long a time.

It was midsummer, and New York City was almost deserted by the society people whom he had known. Even his friends of the club were absent at sea-shore or mountain resorts, and the papers were teeming with descriptions of social life there.

"Will she receive me?" he asked himself. "She is certainly to be excused if she does not. I am not vain enough to think that women are usually partial to me, but if Kitty DeBrosses was not greatly interested in my attentions to her, I am not a judge of women, and I think I am. And what a splendid creature she was! Yes, I will go to see her, and take the chances of a rebuff."

His toilet finished, he glanced at the columns of the paper of that date, and his attention was quickly enlisted as he read the following concerning the young lady whom he had summoned courage to visit again:

Fair Women at the Resorts.

The List Includes Titled Dames and Court Favorites.

But the Simple Native Girl Easily Holds Her Own.

Many of the Lovely Daughters of the South Are Here.

He knew several of the Southern belles, whose names and attractions were thus chronicled, but his attention was particularly drawn to the following graphic description:

HOTEL KAATERSKILL, August 10th.

Dreamy gray eyes, black-lashed, that can sparkle with mirth, flash fire, or grow meltingly sad; a clear, white skin with the faintest tinge of pink; black hair with the sheen of satin; a Greek nose with thin, wide quivering nostrils that mark the fine-fibered and high-strung spirit; lips clearly cut making a perfect Cupid's bow; a full figure, with wonderful curves—such is the vision of splendid womanhood Mrs. Tracy Wilmer presents. She has come to spend a few days in the Catskills to be reminded of the scenes which pleased her venerable father most, before she exchanged her belleship to become the wife of the handsome young Southerner whose phenomenal success in the Stock Exchange had already made him one of the most noted figures on Wall street. As Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, he is deservedly popular; and people hesitate to say which is the more to be congratulated, this handsome young capitalist who has won the hand of the fair daughter of the millionaire lawyer, the late Mr. DeBrosses, or this beautiful bride, conceded to be one of the belles of the metropolis, whose destiny has evidently been placed in safe hands.

He laughed as he read this, and then exclaimed : "Tracy Wilmer! of all men on earth, he is the last whom I would have supposed could have married Kitty DeBrosses. Why, she ridiculed him in my presence; and her father pronounced him a 'ne'er do well!' and almost upbraided me for introducing 'the extravagant young spendthrift' as he styled him. 'Handsome young Southerner.' Well, he is that—yes, he is the handsomest man I know; but, 'Commodore of the Yacht Club!' 'Brilliant young capitalist!!' Why, how in the — did Tracy Wilmer make so much money and such a reputation in so short a time? It beats Aladdin's lamp all hollow!"

Then Lee sat down to think it over, drawing off his gloves as he did so, for he had abandoned the idea of going to see Kitty DeBrosses. That individual had evolved into a blooming matron. He was silent now as he laid the paper on the table and remembered that this splendid prize was once within his grasp. That all he had to do was to declare himself her lover and ask her to be his wife. "Had she learned to love Wilmer? Yes, because she was too proud to sell herself for money, and there was no necessity for this marriage unless she loved him. It is stranger than fiction; but I am glad that it is as it is. I would rather marry Mary Windom if she were penniless than to wed the wealthiest and most brilliant woman in existence. Next to Mary Windom, Kitty DeBrosses was the most attractive girl I ever saw, though; and a better fellow than Wilmer don't live. So, away with 'sour grapes,' and 'may their shadows never grow less!'"

But his *amour propre* had been wounded, nevertheless, despite his forced philosophy; his vanity was hurt when he realized how soon Kitty DeBrosses had forgotten him, and that even the report of his death had not caused her to shed any useless tears.

And then he thought of Mary Windom's constancy, as shown by her life and demeanor since his death by drowning had been reported and accepted as true by all save her, and he felt comforted.

He was as eager now to cross again the ocean and the continent that separated him from her, as he had been to return to aid Amanda a few weeks previous.

XXXII.

Six weeks later Carter Lee called on Mary Windom in Florence. Her mother met Lee most cordially, and expressed great regret that Charles Windom and his wife were absent on a six months' tour in Egypt and the East. Her daughter, she said, was spending the morning at the Palazzo degli Uffizi; and—would he not dine with them at seven?

Lee accepted the invitation, and, after a few moments of friendly conversation, left the house, ostensibly to return to his hotel, but really to go in search of Mary Windom.

In spite of his delicate mission, he could not refrain from feeling the inspiration which Florence imparts to every scholarly nature. Settled forty years before the birth of Christ by Augustus, now the modern Athens and the first capital of united Italy, fame, oratory, art, sculpture, painting, poetry, all here salute the eager eyes of the intelligent traveler. He hears the voices of the past, the "*illustri defunti*;" draws in with every breath the delicious atmosphere of classic Florence, and, passing the bronze gates of the Baptistère, pronounced by Michael Angelo to be worthy the gates of Paradise, sees the rich stores of the classic past garnered up for the living, moving present. Here dwelt Dante, whose love was as chaste and devoted as his own; Galileo, Giotto, Machiavelli, and the illustrious host whose busts adorn the arches in the courts which lead to the Palace of the Offices—that gallery of Florence which is famous the world over, and which sheltered at that moment the one woman who made the living present far more cherished than all the past.

From the Place de la Signoria he walked along the banks of the Arno—the Arno of Ariosto—the Arno born of the Apennines, that winds through these hills of Fiesole, the mother city of Florence and the crown of Etruscan glory. He passes by the statue-filled niches of the Palazzo degli Uffizi, and gives but a hurried glance

at the statues which adorn these courts: Americus Vespuclius, from whom America took its name; Michael Angelo Buonorotti, the great architect and painter of the Old Testament; of Boccacio, Dante, Petrarca, Galileo, Benvenuto Cellini, Machiavelli, Donatello, and others—all great sons of Tuscany, all citizens of Florence. Some other day, perhaps, he will examine them, but not now. He enters the vestibule, the sculpture gallery. What to him are the statues of Mars, of Silenus with Bacchus, of Apollo, of the Roman Emperors, Augustus, Trajan and Adrian? *She is not there*, and he passes on. He enters the hall of Greek and Latin inscriptions, with its beautiful works of sculpture, but neither Leda nor the Nereide on a marine horse, nor the splendid statue of the Roman Empress attracts him at all: *she is not there*. He passes through the hall of antique bronzes, and scarcely gives this most wonderful collection a notice. He enters the hall of Niobe, that wondrous group which pictures, as no other does, Grief in marble. And there he saw her.

He stood quietly and watched her as she sat at one of the octagon mosaic tables, upon which twenty-two skilled artists had worked for thirty-five years, and he neither noted that they were the richest of their kind in the world, nor that around him and her were paintings and sculptures which would in themselves repay one for the voyage to Europe. What to him was this table which had cost over two millions of dollars? What to him were all the treasures of Art in comparison to the suspense, the anxiety which tormented him as to the manner in which she would greet his coming? She knew only that he was not dead, and had returned to America the same vigorous, handsome young man whom she had known and loved.

Was all love for him dead in that heart which he had so grievously wounded? Did she hate him? Would she pardon him? He moved among the group of sightseers that he might see her face without being seen. He was grieved to see that the bright, merry face he had known was changed to a settled melancholy which seemed in unison with Niobe and her daughters. For Niobe differs from all other statues of antiquity in that the group rep-

resents one general expression, and that one is grief. The ancient sculptors made each muse separate, isolated, so as to have each statue represent one separate attribute, and left to painting the work of grouping them in one tableau. Was she thinking of this unique attribute of Niobe? Was she thinking of art at all? He moved again, guide-book in hand, as if examining the works of art, so that she might see him and his head could be turned away from her. He stood thus motionless for a few moments, then turned and faced her. She had risen to her feet and was gazing at him with a startled look, and when she saw that it was indeed Carter Lee, she sank back in her chair and seemed dazed. Immediately he advanced to her with hands extended as if he, too, had suddenly discovered her. The blood mantled her cheeks, as he reached her chair and said, very gently:

"I have come here in search of you, Miss Mary. I am so glad to find you again."

Ah, love! Ah, life in love, and love in life, how beautiful it is!

She said not a word, but placed her hand in his as soon as she could regain her self-possession, and looked up to his eyes with one timid glance of gladness.

"Let me put your shawl around you, Miss Mary; I am afraid the draught may harm you; the temperature of this climate is very changeable at this season," said Lee, for the curious eyes of tourists were now directed to them.

"Thank you, thank you! Mr. Lee," this with a smile that filled his heart with sunshine.

"Now, if it suits you, Miss Mary, we will return; your mother has invited me to dine with you to-day, and I am going to escort you to your home."

It was the day of the *fête* of St. John, and as they passed the *Baptistère* she called attention to the history carved on its bronze doors, and said: "There is not a street nor square in this city that is not a lesson in history; scarce a house that is not unique to a foreigner's eyes; and the statues and paintings one could not weary of in years." Her face showed enthusiasm for art, for art had been her love since she had mourned for him as for the dead.

He drew her on until they stood before the beautiful group of Donatello's statues called "Hope and Charity," and he said to her: "These two are emblematic of our future," and his hand clasped hers, which rested on his arm, as if he would hold it forever.

Another day they wandered to the porta Romana, and thence ascended the hill of the Bellosuardo, and enjoyed the lovely panorama of Florence and its environs, and talked of "Etruscan Shades" and "flowery paths of Valambrosa;" for here were the "Etruscan Shades," and there, in the distance, was the famous vale of Valambrosa which inspired the muse of the poets of antiquity.

It is the old, old tale, old as humanity is, and sweet as is the perfume of the loveliest flower; aye, "it is always old, yet ever new," this love which sanctifies that blessed hour in youth when one heart pleads and another yearns to give itself unto the pleader.

"But in all these weary months, Mr. Lee, you did not once write to me, and how could you expect me to believe that—"

"That I loved you, my darling," said he, interrupting this timid, gentle girl, whose loving and trustful glance looked the words that she could not express in speech.

Nor were words needed, for, with one strong arm around her, and the other holding her hand, which she had raised in modest protest, he drew her trembling form to his, and sealed his love with that first kiss which no man nor woman who truly loves can ever forget. The pure passion of his manly heart shone in his eyes, and was reflected in hers, as they looked down on that lovely face, as her head now rested against his breast, and all the wistful tenderness of her angelic nature was then and there revealed to him.

"Did you ever doubt that I loved you—you only—better than I love my life, my precious love?"

"Yes, I could not help it at times, and it made me very unhappy. And I could not bear to hear you reproached and criticised unfavorably," she replied.

"Then they abused me roundly, did they? I cannot blame them; for no real criminal ever suffered more from the result of yielding to his quick temper than I have daily suffered until I learned that your brother was

entirely restored to health. I felt as if I had slain my brother."

"I know it—have known it all the time. I knew that you were incapable of an ignoble thought or deed, and yet—"

"And yet, what?" said he, kissing her again.

"Yet I could not openly defend you, without implying a censure of the words and acts of my poor brother, whose jealousy was aroused by your attentions to Amanda."

"And I loved you all the time, and never, for one moment, thought of Miss Amanda except as a very dear friend, made doubly dear by her sympathy when I told her that my happiness depended on your reciprocating my attachment."

"Then you have no doubt about it now?"

(This, archly, just for the sake of having him repeat that which he had just expressed.)

"No, I have never doubted it since I saw the expression in your eyes when I found you, the other day, in the Art Gallery. Ah, my love, those gentle expressive eyes of yours are more eloquent than any words which tongue ever uttered."

"My poor eyes! and I tried my very best to hide from you the joy I felt at seeing you again."

He did not answer, but drew her hands up, one after the other, until her arms, white as Parian marble and rounded like those of the Venus de Medici, encircled his neck, and, caressing her hair, was about to kiss her again when voices were heard, and suddenly these two lovers became as precise and proper in their deportment as if they stood in a drawing-room, surrounded by the most conventional society. Day after day these walks and talks were repeated, and the English language as spoken by them seemed to have caught a soft intonation of the Italian tongue which was spoken by those whom they met. For love, such as theirs was, softens all things and modulates the voice to suit the occasion.

Thus time passed fleetly with them reunited, for one was love, and the other her ardent lover.

And the old trustful confidence returned to bless the heart of Mary Windom, and brighten her face with the

winsom loveliness that had first won the heart of Carter Lee. And there in the lovely classic city of Florence, the two were united in marriage, and there we will leave them in the midst of all the stores of the past with their eyes and hearts turned to the future.

THE END.

ETOWAH:

A Romance of the Confederacy.

By FRANCIS FONTAINE.

CRITICISMS OF THE PRESS.

[*From the Boston Herald, January 29, 1888.*]

"ETOWAH."

Mr. Francis Fontaine has written a book on slave life in the *ante bellum* days, and in the war times, from a Southern standpoint, which shows the opposite side of the sombre picture drawn by "Uncle Tom's Cabin." His purpose is to give a correct impression of life in the South, as it was under the *régime* of slavery, and illustrate the heroism and sacrifices of the Southerners during the late war. This he has accomplished without casting any slur upon the conduct of the Northerners. One of his most promising characters is opposed to the opinions entertained by the Confederacy, but when fate throws him into their hands, and he meets with the same kindness that he would experience in his own home, he becomes more interested in their cause. No matter how much he might be in sympathy with them, he was too loyal to his own side to yield the point. The bright and dark sides of the war are so vividly represented that many of the scenes of battle-fields, and many incidents of the struggle, can be fully identified by thousands of people now living.

"Etowah" is not entirely devoted to the strife between the soldiers of the Confederacy; social life enters largely into the romance. Aside from the merits of "Etowah" as a narrative of the war times, it is a story that contains strong portraiture of characters, as well as an accurate description of the social bonds of union existing between families of unquestionable rank. The author is familiar with all the scenes which he depicts, and, consequently, is able to write clearly and understandingly. It is an entertaining story, in which argument is nicely blended with romance.

[From the *Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier*, February 5, 1888.]

ETOWAH: A ROMANCE OF THE CONFEDERACY. By Francis Fontaine.

Etowah is vividly written, and gives the reader realistic pictures of the different phases of life in the South. These include, of course, some of the more notable scenes during the Confederate war, and are supplemented by accounts of the tyranny of the Federal officials in the South after the downfall of the Confederacy. The origin of the Kuklux Klan is sketched and the manner of its operation is shown.

It is difficult, within reasonable bounds, to give more than a faint idea of the many strong points of Etowah, both as a novel and what may be termed, a missionary work. The conditions are so totally changed that Etowah cannot be expected to do for slavery and slaveholders such work as was done for Abolition and Abolitionists by "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" but it shows the South and the Southern people as they were in all their strength and symmetry, and will open the eyes of many who would not care to familiarize themselves with the truth unless it could be given to them in an attractive shape.

[From the *Boston (Mass.) Journal*, February 4, 1888.]

"ETOWAH: A ROMANCE OF THE CONFEDERACY," might be called a novel of vindication. The fierce spirit of war times is alive in its pages. The rights of secession are again argued, the question of slavery discussed and the afflictions of war in a conquered country represented. A slight thread of romance is the softening element, and the author's union of a Northern soldier with a Southern girl shows that his warm sympathy with the South has not brought hatred towards the people of the North. Some interesting pictures of Southern life before and during the war are portrayed, the description of the slave-mart being particularly interesting. One of the chief purposes of the book is that of proving the attachment between master and slaves, and none of the dark incidents of slave life are brought out. The novel is earnest and intense. Its chief faults are lack of proportion and uncertainty in the delineation of character, but the author's earnestness commands respect and consideration, and the work is worth the attention of all who desire to study impartially the period of the Rebellion.

[From the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, January 28, 1888.]

This is a volume of 522 pages. The author makes a failure in his efforts to robe his old institutions with anything resembling beautiful garments, but his stories and sketches of the war are many of them very graphically drawn, and are abundantly interesting. Fortunately the bulk of the volume is given up to these.

[From the *Baltimore American*, January 17, 1888.]

This is a most charming story, and the characters are so gracefully portrayed, and so pleasing is the type of work, that those who commence to read it will not be satisfied until they have read it through. It is a work of the highest literary merit.

[From the *Brooklyn (N. Y.) Daily Eagle*, January 22, 1888.]

A CLEVER STORY FROM THE SOUTH.—This handsome product of the Southern press is more than a mere answer to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Impending Crisis," etc., however, in its picture of Southern life before and since the war. As an answer merely, it might not have been so successful as it is in its character of an interesting *melange* of all that went to make up, to an educated Southern mind, the domestic, social, political, literary, philosophical, material, and finally the all-engulfing military experience which came to so many such minds. There is too much thought and culture visible in the book to allow the reader to wonder at the spirit which also pervades it of acceptance of the results of the war, and even of much of the anti-slavery way of looking at the system which was the cause of the war. The romantic, and even the poetic element, is liberally present for the benefit of those who care little for the moral and political principles discussed in the book.

[From the *Fort Worth (Texas) Gazette*, February 5, 1888.]

ETOWAH: A ROMANCE OF THE CONFEDERACY.—Advance sheets of this work were sent out about three months ago to many of the newspapers of the country, and elicited from them most favorable criticisms. These opinions are sustained by the book as a whole, and there can be little doubt that the author has won for it a permanent place in many libraries. Particularly must this be true in the South, where the great struggle took place, the scars of which are scarce obliterated, and in homes where yet may be found many who were active participants.

Embracing a period of the nation's history replete with strange vicissitudes, many of the vexed questions originating in the war are fairly presented, and if there be a criticism to make, it is that Mr. Fontaine has within too small a compass crowded so great a variety of topics.

The slender thread of love runs through it all, and the union of the Blue and Gray that grew out of the Yankee captain's sojourn in a Southern home exemplifies the sure way that the younger generation will find to render the tie between the two sections forever indissoluble.

[From the *Atlanta Constitution*, February 5, 1888.]

"ETOWAH," BY FRANCIS FONTAINE.—This romance of the Confederacy, by a distinguished Georgian, is one of the best and brightest Southern novels published in many years. Mr. Fon-

taine has a graphic style, and he has given the true local coloring to the scenes and incidents in his book. "Etowah" is a story that will live.

[*From the Mobile (Ala.) Register, February 12, 1888.*]

This is a work of undoubted merit, replete with the evidences of a refined culture, no less than of earnest thought and patient research. It is a faithful portraiture of life in the South before the war and of her struggles during the stormy period of the Confederacy. The characteristic features of Southern society—its eloquence, refinement, hospitality and conservatism, are vividly sketched, and the merits of slavery are set forth in a manner that will recall the well-cared-for Southern slave's contentment in the enjoyment of to-day's plenty with no thought of to-morrow. The negro character, in all its simplicity and in all its contradiction, has never been more perfectly recorded than by Mr. Fontaine's pen; especially is this true of old "Zeke" and his grandchild, "Hez," who is a typical little darkey, full of fun, mischief and deceit.

The scene of the story is laid in Georgia and the well-constructed plot holds the reader's interest throughout.

[*From the Criterion, Atlanta, Ga., March 31, 1888.*]

"ETOWAH," by Mr. Francis Fontaine, of Georgia, is an admirable historical novel. Admirable in all that a historical romance should be—true to life, accurate in statistics, fair to both sides of a stupendous question, loyal to the author's section, and unwavering in his fidelity to innate convictions. It is a book on the South, by a Southerner, and yet it is absolutely free from narrowness and marked by a broad and dispassionate judgment of the case that stamps the able and conscientious historian. Nowhere else can be found so vivid a résumé of the soul-stirring days of the war and the still more harrowing era of the reconstruction. "Etowah" should be read by every youth in the country, North and South, in order to put the recent tremendous conflict before him in the true light, and to inspire him with reverence and admiration for the brave honest men and women on both sides of the contest.

[*From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, April 15, 1888.*]

FRANCIS FONTAINE'S "ETOWAH."—From the South now appears a novel remarkable in many respects, among which we note especially fair dealing with its subject, liberality of thought, and an earnest desire to set right the minds and hearts of both North and South. Its author, Francis Fontaine, of Atlanta, Ga., was himself a Confederate soldier, and his book breathes that spirit of brotherliness and frank acceptance of the outcome of the war which characterizes especially the soldiers, and we believe mainly the people of the South. Mr. Fontaine's novel, "Etowah: A Romance of the Confederacy," covers the greater portion of the war, and is carried on through

the Kuklux horrors, the troubrous adjustment of affairs at the South, to the present time—especial stress being laid on the enormities of the convict system of Georgia. The author's chief personages are of the chivalric class who owe allegiance first to family, then to the State, then to their country, and so, without desire of or faith in secession, followed the call of their State and shared its fortunes. Almost at the very first page occurs the battle of Manassas, and a young Confederate, mortally wounded, conceives a friendship for a Union soldier, and dying commends him to his family, who adopt him into their hearts, and with whom he spends his time while on parole. He remains a prominent character through the story. Among the slaves of the Latanés is one Hallback, the young valet of the son of the house, who accompanies his young master to the war. Around him cluster the chief interests of the book. He is a man strong and heroic in build, full of daring, passionate yet patient, proud of his descent from an African chief, prouder when he becomes a free man and fights for the country to which he owed (in strict justice) no allegiance. After the war is over, this man becomes, naturally enough, the special target for abuse at the hands both of the Carpet-bagger and the Kuklux; and a rascally white man, the terror of the State, being shot by "Judge Lynch," Hallback is arrested, tried by court-martial, convicted and sentenced to twenty years' hard labor in the penitentiary of Georgia—that is twenty years' hard labor in the mines, as one of the convict slave gang, under the whip of an overseer—a fate only paralleled by life in a Siberian mine. The innocent man goes to his fate and serves out eighteen of the twenty years before his former master can get him a release. One can scarcely guess whether this Hallback was originally intended for the hero of the book, or whether his character has unconsciously placed him there; but however that may have been, such is his true position.

[*From the Indianapolis Sentinel, June 17, 1888.*]

Of the book itself we can only say that, while it has grave faults, it has, also, striking merits. It is an attempt in the guise of fiction, to present the conservative Southern view of the war, and of the causes that led to it, and to correct false ideas of the condition of society in the South before, during and since the war, which are claimed to have been disseminated by such works as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Impending Crisis," and a "Fool's Errand." It is singularly temperate in its tone, thoroughly patriotic in its spirit, and aims to be entirely just in its treatment of men and events. Negro slavery in the South, as pictured in these pages, was a very different thing than Mrs. Stowe made it appear in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The colored people in "Etowah" are all well fed, kindly cared for, and greatly attached to their masters.

Even the auction block has its redeeming features, and there is none of that savage cruelty, that brutal lust, that shocking bestiality, which Mrs. Stowe pictured in such vivid colors in her

great book. The truth probably lies between the two extremes. Mrs. Stowe presented the most hideous aspects of the peculiar institution; Mr. Fontaine dwells only on its milder and gentler phases. There were probably ten times as many such masters and slaves as Fontaine draws as there were of the types of Legree and *George Harris*.

It would be well if this book could have a wide reading in the North. The calm philosophical and patriotic spirit in which it treats these vexed questions of the past would be a revelation to thousands of Northerners who have been betrayed by demagogues into a false idea of the existing temper and attitude of the South. If the North knew them as they are, there would speedily be an end of sectionalism in our politics.

[*From the New York Herald, April 14, 1889.*]

For its own sake the story is well worth reading. We have not enough war stories from the South, although hundreds of thousands of readers are waiting for them. "Etowah" contains a good love story, many thrilling recollections of the war, and, better still, a great deal about home life at the South in the days when we at the North knew very little about that section of the country. As the old days and customs of the country are gone never to return, books like "Etowah" have a special and lasting value.

[*From The Washington (D. C.) National Republican, March 2, 1888.*]

ETOWAH: A ROMANCE OF THE CONFEDERACY. By Francis Fountaine, Atlanta, Ga. Published by the author.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that this is the best and most intensely interesting novel that has been published by any Southern author since the close of the late war. Its literary merit is of the highest order. The characters are most graphically drawn, and the interest is kept up to the very last page.

"ETOWAH" is now offered for sale in book stores for the first time, having been sold by subscription heretofore.

